HUGH WYNNE

Free Quaker: Sometime Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel on the Staff of His Excellency General Washington

S·WEIR·MITCHELL

310549

2 vols

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_C0-AEY-864

HUGH WYNNE

Volume I

HUGH WYNNE

Free Quaker: Sometime Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel on the Staff of His Excellency General Washington

BY

S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.
LL.D. Harvard and Edinburgh

VOLUME I

Continental Edition
Illustrated

PUBLISHED BY THE CENTURY CO.
NEW YORK : M·DCCC·XC·IX

Copyright, 1896, 1899, by
THE CENTURY CO.

THE DE VINNE PRESS.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE TO THE CONTINENTAL EDITION

We would express our thanks to Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet for his readily accorded permission to reproduce a number of prints from his valuable collection of Americana for the illustrations of this edition; to Mr. David McN. Stauffer for similar courtesies; to Mr. William H. Rau and others for photographs of present scenes, and to Mr. Albert Rosenthal for valuable information as to the source of many of the prints.

THE CENTURY CO.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN THE PRESENCE OF WASHINGTON ..... *Frontispiece*

Drawn by Howard Pyle. *Photogravure.*

FACING PAGE

THE FREE QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE 4

Present view. From a photograph by William H. Rau.

WILLIAM PENN'S HOUSE 14

Now in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. From a photograph by William H. Rau.

"DIDST THOU TELL THEM I TAUGHT THEE?" 22

Drawn by Howard Pyle. *Photogravure.*

THE SLATE-ROOF HOUSE, BUILT 1685 26

Reproduced from a woodcut in the second edition of Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia."

"FRIEND PEMBERTON'S GARDENS" 28

From Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia," there called "Clarke's Hall and Dock Creek."

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA 32

From a lithograph by J. T. Bowen (1840).

THE OLD ACADEMY AND CHARITY SCHOOLS 36

Fourth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia. Drawn by David McN. Stauffer from a woodcut published in the "Sunday Despatch," illustrating Westcott's "Philadelphia."

AUNT GAINOR 40

Drawn by Howard Pyle. *Photogravure.*

FACING PAGE

ARCH STREET 46
Aunt Gainor's House. From Birch's "Views of Philadelphia," there called "Arch Street, with 2d Presbyterian Church."

THE MOUTH OF DOCK CREEK 54
From Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia," there called "The Landing of Penn at Dock Creek, Philadelphia."

THE BLUE BELL TAVERN 66
Present view. From a photograph by William H. Rau.

HIGH STREET AND MARKET SHAMBLES 70
The Whipping-post. From Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia."

"I WILL TEACH THEE TO ANSWER THY ELDERS" 84
Drawn by Howard Pyle. *Photogravure.*

THE CITY AND PORT OF PHILADELPHIA..... 92
From Birch's "Views of Philadelphia."

LONDON COFFEE-HOUSE 102
From Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia."

"THERE WAS INSTANT SILENCE"..... 112
Drawn by Howard Pyle. *Photogravure.*

FRIENDS' BANK MEETING..... 136
From Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia."

ARCH STREET BRIDGE AT FRONT STREET..... 154
From Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia."

MERION MEETING-HOUSE 162
Present view. From a photograph by William H. Rau.

IN AUNT GAINOR'S GARDEN..... 166
Drawn by Howard Pyle. *Photogravure.*

OLD SWEDE CHURCH, WILMINGTON 172
Present view. From a photograph by William H. Rau.

CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA..... 176
Reproduction of an engraving by J. P. Malcom.

FACING PAGE

PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL 188
From a lithograph by J. T. Bowen (1840).

CARPENTERS' HALL 196
Present view. From a photograph by William H. Rau.

WASHINGTON IN THE COLONIAL UNIFORM OF A PROVINCIAL COLONEL 200
Painted in 1772 by the elder Peale, and now in the possession of Washington and Lee University.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN 204
Painted by Baricolo, and in the National Portrait Gallery at London.

INDEPENDENCE HALL 246
As restored in 1898. From a photograph by William H. Rau.

WHERE WASHINGTON CROSSED THE DELAWARE .. 250
The view is from the New Jersey shore. From a photograph by William W. Ellsworth.

HIGH STREET, PHILADELPHIA 272
From an aquatint in "A Stranger in America," after an engraving by William Birch.

SECOND STREET NORTH FROM MARKET STREET, WITH CHRIST CHURCH 280
From an aquatint by M. Marigot in "A Stranger in America," after Birch's engraving.

AN EAST VIEW OF GRAY'S FERRY ON THE RIVER SCHUYLKILL 284
Drawn and engraved by C. W. Peale. From the "Columbian Magazine."

THE BARTRAM HOUSE 286
Drawn by Joseph Pennell.

HUGH WYNNE

VOL. I

HUGH WYNNE

INTRODUCTORY

IT is now many years since I began these memoirs. I wrote fully a third of them, and then put them aside, having found increasing difficulties as I went on with my task. These arose out of the constant need to use the first person in a narrative of adventure and incidents which chiefly concern the writer, even though it involve also the fortunes of many in all ranks of life. Having no gift in the way of composition, I knew not how to supply or set forth what was outside of my own knowledge, nor how to pretend to that marvellous insight, as to motives and thoughts, which they affect who write books of fiction. This has always seemed to me absurd, and so artificial that, with my fashion of mind, I have never been able to enjoy such works nor agreeably to accept their claim to such privilege of

1

insight. In a memoir meant for my descendants, it was fitting and desirable that I should at times speak of my own appearance, and, if possible, of how I seemed as child or man to others. This, I found, I did not incline to do, even when I myself knew what had been thought of me by friend or foe. And so, as I said, I set the task aside, with no desire to take it up again.

Some years later my friend, John Warder, died, leaving to my son, his namesake, an ample estate, and to me all his books, papers, plate, and wines. Locked in a desk, I found a diary, begun when a lad, and kept, with more or less care, during several years of the great war. It contained also recollections of our youthful days, and was very full here and there of thoughts, comments, and descriptions concerning events of the time, and of people whom we both had known. It told of me much that I could not otherwise have willingly set down, even if the matter had appeared to me as it did to him, which was not always the case; also my friend chanced to have been present at scenes which deeply concerned me, but which, without his careful setting forth, would never have come to my knowledge.

A kindly notice, writ nine years before, bade me use his journal as seemed best to me. When I read this, and came to see how full and clear were his statements of much that I knew, and of some things which I did not, I felt ripely inclined to take up again the story I had left unfinished; and now I have done so, and have used my friend as the third

person, whom I could permit to say what he thought of me from time to time, and to tell of incidents I did not see, or record impressions and emotions of his own. This latter privilege pleases me because I shall, besides my own story, be able to let those dear to me gather from the confessions of his journal, and from my own statements, what manner of person was the true gentleman and gallant soldier to whom I owed so much.

I trust this tale of an arduous struggle by a new land against a great empire will make those of my own blood the more desirous to serve their country with honour and earnestness, and with an abiding belief in the great Ruler of events.

In my title of this volume I have called myself a "Free Quaker." The term has no meaning for most of the younger generation, and yet it should tell a story of many sad spiritual struggles, of much heart-searching distress, of brave decisions, and of battle and of camp.

At Fifth and Arch streets, on an old gable, is this record:

By General Subscription,
For the Free Quakers.
Erected A. D. 1783,
Of the Empire, 8.

In the burying-ground across the street, and in and about the sacred walls of Christ Church, not far away, lie Benjamin Franklin, Francis Hopkinson, Peyton Randolph, Benjamin Rush, and many a gallant soldier and sailor of the war for freedom.

Among them, at peace forever, rest the gentle-folks who stood for the king—the gay men and women who were neutral, or who cared little under which George they danced or gambled or drank their old Madeira. It is a neighbourhood which should be forever full of interest to those who love the country of our birth.

THE FREE QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE.

I

A CHILD'S early life is such as those who rule over him make it; but they can only modify what he is. Yet, as all know, after their influence has ceased, the man himself has to deal with the effects of blood and breed, and, too, with the consequences of the mistakes of his elders in the way of education. For these reasons I am pleased to say something of myself in the season of my green youth.

The story of the childhood of the great is often of value, no matter from whom they are "ascended," as my friend Warder used to say; but even in the lives of such lesser men as I, who have played the part of simple pawns in a mighty game, the change from childhood to manhood is not without interest.

I have often wished we could have the recorded truth of a child's life as it seemed to him day by day, but this can never be. The man it is who writes the life of the boy, and his recollection of it is perplexed by the siftings of memory, which let so much of thought and feeling escape, keeping little more than barren facts, or the remembrance of periods of trouble or of emotion, sometimes quite valueless, while more important moral events are altogether lost.

As these pages will show, I have found it agreeable, and at times useful, to try to understand, as far as in me lay, not only the men who were my captains or mates in war or in peace, but also myself. I have often been puzzled by that well-worn phrase as to the wisdom of knowing thyself, for with what manner of knowledge you know yourself is a grave question, and it is sometimes more valuable to know what is truly thought of you by your nearest friends than to be forever teasing yourself to determine whether what you have done in the course of your life was just what it should have been.

I may be wrong in the belief that my friend Warder saw others more clearly than he saw himself. He was of that opinion, and he says in one place that he is like a mirror, seeing all things sharply except that he saw not himself. Whether he judged me justly or not, I must leave to others to decide. I should be glad to think that, in the great account, I shall be as kindly dealt with as in the worn and faded pages which tell brokenly of the days of our youth. I am not ashamed to say that my eyes have filled many times as I have lingered over these records of my friend, surely as sweet and true a gentleman as I have ever known. Perhaps sometimes they have even overflowed at what they read. Why are we reluctant to confess a not ignoble weakness, such as is, after all, only the heart's confession of what is best in life? What becomes of the tears of age?

This is but a wearisome introduction, and yet

necessary, for I desire to use freely my friend's journal, and this without perpetual mention of his name, save as one of the actors who played, as I did, a modest part in the tumult of the war, in which my own fortunes and his were so deeply concerned. To tell of my own life without speaking freely of the course of a mighty story would be quite impossible. I look back, indeed, with honest comfort on a struggle which changed the history of three nations, but I am sure that the war did more for me than I for it. This I saw in others. Some who went into it unformed lads came out strong men. In others its temptations seemed to find and foster weaknesses of character, and to cultivate the hidden germs of evil. Of all the examples of this influence, none has seemed to me so tragical as that of General Arnold, because, being of reputable stock and sufficient means, generous, in every-day life kindly, and a free-handed friend, he was also, as men are now loath to believe, a most gallant and daring soldier, a tender father, and an attached husband. The thought of the fall of this man fetches back to me, as I write, the remembrance of my own lesser temptations, and with a thankful heart I turn aside to the uneventful story of my boyhood and its surroundings.

I was born in the great city Governor William Penn founded, in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Delaware, and my earliest memories are of the broad river, the ships, the creek before our door, and of grave gentlemen in straight-collared coats and broad-brimmed beaver hats.

I began life in a day of stern rule, and among a people who did not concern themselves greatly as to a child's having that inheritance of happiness with which we like to credit childhood. Who my people were had much to do with my own character, and what those people were and had been it is needful to say before I let my story run its natural and, I hope, not uninteresting course.

In my father's bedroom, over the fireplace, hung a pretty picture done in oils, by whom I know not. It is now in my library. It represents a pleasant park, and on a rise of land a gray Jacobean house, with, at either side, low wings curved forward, so as to embrace a courtyard shut in by railings and gilded gates. There is also a terrace with urns and flowers. I used to think it was the king's palace, until, one morning, when I was still a child, Friend Pemberton came to visit my father with William Logan and a very gay gentleman, Mr. John Penn, he who was sometime lieutenant-governor of the province, and of whom and of his brother Richard great hopes were conceived among Friends. I was encouraged by Mr. Penn to speak more than was thought fitting for children in those days, and because of his rank I escaped the reproof I should else have met with.

He said to my father, "The boy favours thy people." Then he added, patting my head, "When thou art a man, my lad, thou shouldst go and see where thy people came from in Wales. I have been at Wyncote. It is a great house, with wings in the Italian manner, and a fine fountain in the court, and gates

which were gilded when Charles II. came to see the squire, and which are not to be set open again until another king comes thither."

Then I knew this was the picture upstairs, and much pleased I said eagerly:

"My father has it in his bedroom, and our arms below it, all painted most beautiful."

"Thou art a clever lad," said the young lieutenant-governor, "and I must have described it well. Let us have a look at it, Friend Wynne."

But my mother, seeing that William Logan and Friend Pemberton were silent and grave, and that my father looked ill pleased, made haste to make excuse, because it was springtime and the annual house-cleaning was going on.

Mr. Penn cried out merrily, "I see that the elders are shocked at thee, Friend Wynne, because of these vanities of arms and pictures; but there is good heraldry on the tankard out of which I drank James Pemberton's beer yesterday. Fie, fie, Friend James!" Then he bowed to my mother very courteously, and said to my father, "I hope I have not got thy boy into difficulties because I reminded him that he is come of gentles."

"No, no," said my mother.

"I know the arms, madam, and well too: quarterly, three eagles displayed in fesse, and—"

"Thou wilt pardon me, Friend Penn," said my father, curtly. "These are the follies of a world which concerns not those of our society. The lad's aunt has put enough of such nonsense into his head already."

"Let it pass, then," returned the young lieutenant-governor, with good humour; "but I hope, as I said, that I have made no trouble for this stout boy of thine."

My father replied deliberately, "There is no harm done." He was too proud to defend himself, but I heard long after that he was taken to task by Thomas Scattergood and another for these vanities of arms and pictures. He told them that he put the picture where none saw it but ourselves, and, when they persisted, reminded them sharply, as Mr. Penn had done, of the crests on their own silver, by which these Friends of Welsh descent set much store.

I remember that, when the gay young lieutenant-governor had taken his leave, my father said to my mother, "Was it thou who didst tell the boy this foolishness of these being our arms and the like, or was it my sister Gainor?"

Upon this my mother drew up her brows, and spread her palms out,—a French way she had,—and cried, "Are they not thy arms? Wherefore should we be ashamed to confess it?"

I suppose this puzzled him, for he merely added, "Too much may be made of such vanities."

All of this I but dimly recall. It is one of the earliest recollections of my childhood, and, being out of the common, was, I suppose, for that reason better remembered.

I do not know how old I was when, at this time, Mr. Penn, in a neat wig with side rolls, and dressed very gaudy, aroused my curiosity as to these folks in

Wales. It was long after, and only by degrees, that I learned the following facts, which were in time to have a great influence on my own life and its varied fortunes.

In or about the year 1671, and of course before Mr. Penn, the proprietary, came over, my grandfather had crossed the sea, and settled near Chester on lands belonging to the Swedes. The reason of his coming was this: about 1669 the Welsh of the English church and the magistrates were greatly stirred to wrath against the people called Quakers, because of their refusal to pay tithes. Among these offenders was no small number of the lesser gentry, especially they of Merionethshire.

My grandfather, Hugh Wynne, was the son and successor of Godfrey Wynne, of Wyncote. How he chanced to be born among these hot-blooded Wynnes I do not comprehend. He is said to have been gay in his early days, but in young manhood to have become averse to the wild ways of his breed, and to have taken a serious and contemplative turn. Falling in with preachers of the people called Quakers, he left the church of the establishment, gave up hunting, ate his game-cocks, and took to straight collars, plain clothes, and plain talk. When he refused to pay the tithes he was fined, and at last cast into prison in Shrewsbury Gate House, where he lay for a year, with no more mind to be taxed for a hireling ministry at the end of that time than at the beginning.

His next brother, William, a churchman as men

go, seems to have loved him, although he was himself a rollicking fox-hunter; and, seeing that Hugh would die if left in this duress, engaged him to go to America. Upon his agreeing to make over his estate to William, those in authority readily consented to his liberation, since William had no scruples as to the matter of tithes, and with him there would be no further trouble. Thus it came about that my grandfather Hugh left Wales. He had with him, I presume, enough of means to enable him to make a start in Pennsylvania. It could not have been much. He carried also, what no doubt he valued, a certificate of removal from the Quarterly Meeting held at Tyddyn y Garreg. I have this singular document. In it is said of him and of his wife, Ellin ("for whom it may concern"), that "they are faithfull and beloved Friends, well known to be serviceable unto Friends and brethren, since they have become convinced; of a blameless and savory conversation. Also are P'sons Dearly beloved of all Souls. His testimony sweet and tender, reaching to the quicking seed of life; we cannot alsoe but bemoan the want of his company, for that in difficult occasion he was sted-fast—nor was one to be turned aside. He is now seasonable in intention for the Plantations, in order into finding his way clear, and freedom in the truth according to the measure manifested unto him," etc.

And so the strong-minded man is commended to Friends across the seas. In the records of the meetings for sufferings in England are certain of his letters from the jail. How his character descended to

my sterner parent, and, through another generation, to me, and how the coming in of my mother's gentler blood helped in after-days, and amid stir of war, to modify in me, this present writer, the ruder qualities of my race, I may hope to set forth.

William died suddenly in 1679 without children, and was succeeded by the third brother, Owen. This gentleman lived the life of his time, and, dying in 1700 of much beer and many strong waters, left one son, Owen, a minor. What with executors and other evils, the estate now went from ill to worse. Owen Wynne 2d was in no haste, and thus married as late as somewhere about 1740, and had issue, William, and later, in 1744, a second son, Arthur, and perhaps others; but of all this I heard naught until many years after, as I have already said.

It may seem a weak and careless thing for a man thus to cast away his father's lands as my ancestor did; but what he gave up was a poor estate, embarrassed with mortgages and lessened by fines, until the income was, I suspect, but small. Certain it is that the freedom to worship God as he pleased was more to him than wealth, and assuredly not to be set against a so meagre estate, where he must have lived among enmities, or must have died, drunk, and hunted with the rest of his kinsmen and neighbours.

I have a faint memory of my aunt, Gainor Wynne, as being fond of discussing the matter, and of how angry this used to make my father. She had a notion that my father knew more than he was willing to say, and that there had been something further

agreed between the brothers, although what this was she knew not, nor ever did for many a day. She was given, however, to filling my young fancy with tales about the greatness of these Wynnes, and of how the old homestead, rebuilded in James I.'s reign, had been the nest of Wynnes past the memory of man. Be all this as it may, we had lost Wyncote for the love of a freer air, although all this did not much concern me in the days of which I now write.

Under the mild and just rule of the proprietary, my grandfather Hugh prospered, and in turn his son John, my father, to a far greater extent. Their old home in Wales became to them, as time went on, less and less important. Their acres here in Merion and Bucks were more numerous and more fertile. I may add that the possession of many slaves in Maryland, and a few in Pennsylvania, gave them the feeling of authority and position, which the colonial was apt to lose in the presence of his English rulers, who, being in those days principally gentlemen of the army, were given to assuming airs of superiority.

In a word, my grandfather, a man of excellent wits and of much importance, was of the council of William Penn, and, as one of his chosen advisers, much engaged in his difficulties with the Lord Baltimore as to the boundaries of the lands held of the crown. Finally, when, as Penn says, "I could not prevail with my wife to stay, and still less with Tishe," which was short for Lætitia, his daughter, an obstinate wench, it was to men like Markham, Logan, and my grandfather that he gave his full confidence

WILLIAM PENN'S HOUSE.

Now in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

and delegated his authority; so that Hugh Wynne had become, long before his death, a person of so much greater condition than the small squires to whom he had given up his estate, that he was like Joseph in this new land. What with the indifference come of large means, and disgust for a country where he had been ill treated, he probably ceased to think of his forefathers' life in Wales as of a thing either desirable or in any way suited to his own creed.

Soon the letters, which at first were frequent, that is, coming twice a year, when the London packet arrived or departed, became rare; and if, on the death of my great-uncle William, they ceased, or if any passed later between us and the next holder of Wyncote, I never knew. The Welsh squires had our homestead, and we our better portion of wealth and freedom in this new land. And so ended my knowledge of this matter for many a year.

You will readily understand that the rude life of a fox-hunting squire or the position of a strict Quaker on a but moderate estate in Merionethshire would have had little to tempt my father. Yet one thing remained with him awhile as an unchanged inheritance, to which, so far as I remember, he only once alluded. Indeed, I should never have guessed that he gave the matter a thought but for that visit of Mr. John Penn, and the way it recurred to me in later days in connection with an incident concerning the picture and the blazoned arms.

I think he cared less and less as years went by. In

earlier days he may still have liked to remember that he might have been Wynne of Wyncote; but this is a mere guess on my part. Pride spiritual is a master passion, and certain it is that the creed and ways of Fox and Penn became to him, as years created habits, of an importance far beyond the pride which values ancient blood or a stainless shield.

The old house, which was built much in the same fashion as the great mansion of my Lord Dysart on the Thames near to Richmond, but smaller, was, after all, his family home. The picture and the arms were hid away in deference to opinions by which in general he more and more sternly abided. Once, when I was older, I went into his bedroom, and was surprised to find him standing before the hearth, his hands crossed behind his back, looking earnestly at the brightly coloured shield beneath the picture of Wyncote. I knew too well to disturb him in these silent moods, but hearing my steps, he suddenly called me to him. I obeyed with the dread his sternness always caused me. To my astonishment, his face was flushed and his eyes were moist. He laid his hand on my shoulder, and clutched it hard as he spoke. He did not turn, but, still looking up at the arms, said, in a voice which paused between the words and sounded strange:

"I have been insulted to-day, Hugh, by the man Thomas Bradford. I thank God that the Spirit prevailed with me to answer him in Christian meekness. He came near to worse things than harsh words. Be warned, my son. It is a terrible set-back from

right living to come of a hot-blooded breed like these Wynnes."

I looked up at him as he spoke. He was smiling. "But not all bad, Hugh, not all bad. Remember that it is something, in this nest of disloyal traders, to have come of gentle blood."

Then he left gazing on the arms and the old home of our people, and said severely, "Hast thou gotten thy tasks to-day?"

"Yes."

"It has not been so of late. I hope thou hast considered before speaking. If I hear no better of thee soon thou wilt repent it. It is time thou shouldst take thy life more seriously. What I have said is for no ear but thine."

I went away with a vague feeling that I had suffered for Mr. Bradford, and on account of my father's refusal to join in resistance to the Stamp Act; for this was in November, 1765, and I was then fully twelve years of age.

My father's confession, and all he had said following it, made upon me one of those lasting impressions which are rare in youth, but which may have a great influence on the life of a man. Now all the boys were against the Stamp Act, and I had at the moment a sudden fear at being opposed to my father. I had, too, a feeling of personal shame because this strong man, whom I dreaded on account of his severity, should have been so overwhelmed by an insult. There was at this period, and later, much going on in my outer life to lessen the relentless influence of

the creed of conduct which prevailed in our home for me, and for all of our house. I had even then begun to suspect at school that non-resistance did not add permanently to the comfort of life. I was sorry that my father had not resorted to stronger measures with Mr. Bradford, a gentleman whom, in after-years, I learned greatly to respect.

More than anything else, this exceptional experience as to my father left me with a great desire to know more of these Wynnes, and with a certain share of that pride of race, which, to my surprise, as I think it over now, was at that time in my father's esteem a possession of value. I am bound to add that I also felt some self-importance at being intrusted with this secret, for such indeed it was.

Before my grandfather left Wales he had married a distant cousin, Ellin Owen, and on her death, childless, he took to wife, many years later, her younger sister, Gainor;[1] for these Owens, our kinsmen, had also become Friends, and had followed my grandfather's example in leaving their home in Merionethshire. To this second marriage, which occurred in 1713, were born my aunt, Gainor Wynne, and, two years later, my father, John Wynne. I have no remembrance of either grandparent. Both lie in the ground at Merion Meeting-house, under nameless, unmarked graves, after the manner of Friends. I like it not.

My father, being a stern and silent man, must needs be caught by his very opposite, and, accord-

[1] Thus early we shed the English prejudice against marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

ing to this law of our nature, fell in love with Marie Beauvais, the orphan of a French gentleman who had become a Quaker, and was of that part of France called the Midi. Of this marriage I was the only surviving offspring, my sister Ellin dying when I was an infant. I was born in the city of Penn, on January 9, 1753, at 9 P. M.

II

HAVE but to close my eyes to see the house in which I lived in my youth. It stood in the city of Penn, back from the low bluff of Dock Creek, near to Walnut street. The garden stretched down to the water, and before the door were still left on either side two great hemlock-spruces, which must have been part of the noble woods under which the first settlers found shelter. Behind the house was a separate building, long and low, in which all the cooking was done, and upstairs were the rooms where the slaves dwelt apart.

The great garden stretched westward as far as Third street, and was full of fine fruit-trees, and in the autumn of melons, first brought hither in one of my father's ships. Herbs and simples were not wanting, nor berries, for all good housewives in those days were expected to be able to treat colds and the lesser maladies with simples, as they were called, and to provide abundantly jams and conserves of divers kinds.

There were many flowers too, and my mother loved to make a home here for the wildings she found in the governor's woods. I have heard her regret that the most delicious of all the growths of spring, the

ground-sweet, which I think they now call arbutus, would not prosper out of its forest shelter.

The house was of black and red brick, and double; that is, with two windows on each side of a white Doric doorway, having something portly about it. I use the word as Dr. Johnson defines it: a house of port, with a look of sufficiency, and, too, of ready hospitality, which was due, I think, to the upper half of the door being open a good part of the year. I recall also the bull's-eye of thick glass in the upper half-door, and below it a great brass knocker. In the white shutters were cut crescentic openings, which looked at night like half-shut eyes when there were lights within the rooms. In the hall were hung on pegs leathern buckets. They were painted green, and bore, in yellow letters, "Fire" and "J. W."

The day I went to school for the first time is very clear in my memory. I can see myself, a stout little fellow about eight years old, clad in gray homespun, with breeches, low shoes, and a low, flat beaver hat. I can hear my mother say, "Here are two big apples for thy master," it being the custom so to propitiate pedagogues. Often afterward I took eggs in a little basket, or flowers, and others did the like.

"Now run! run!" she cried, "and be a good boy; run, or thou wilt be late." And she clapped her hands as I sped away, now and then looking back over my shoulder.

I remember as well my return home to this solid house, this first day of my going to school. One is apt to associate events with persons, and my mother

stood leaning on the half-door as I came running back. She was some little reassured to see me smiling, for, to tell the truth, I had been mightily scared at my new venture.

This sweet and most tender-hearted lady wore, as you may like to know, a gray gown, and a blue chintz apron fastened over the shoulders with wide bands. On her head was a very broad-brimmed white beaver hat, low in the crown, and tied by silk cords under her chin. She had a great quantity of brown hair, among which was one wide strand of gray. This she had from youth, I have been told. It was all very silken, and so curly that it was ever in rebellion against the custom of Friends, which would have had it flat on the temples. Indeed, I never saw it so, for, whether at the back or at the front, it was wont to escape in large curls. Nor do I think she disliked this worldly wilfulness, for which nature had provided an unanswerable excuse. She had serious blue eyes, very large and wide open, so that the clear white was seen all around the blue, and with a constant look as if of gentle surprise. In middle life she was still pliant and well rounded, with a certain compliment of fresh prettiness in whatever gesture she addressed to friend or guest. Some said it was a French way, and indeed she made more use of her hands in speech than was common among people of British race.

Her goodness seems to me to have been instinctive, and to have needed neither thought nor effort. Her faults, as I think of her, were mostly such as

arise from excess of loving and of noble moods. She would be lavish where she had better have been merely generous, or rash where some would have lacked even the commoner qualities of courage. Indeed, as to this, she feared no one—neither my grave father nor the grimmest of inquisitive committees of Friends.

As I came she set those large, childlike eyes on me, and opening the lower half-door, cried out:

"I could scarce wait for thee! I wish I could have gone with thee, Hugh; and was it dreadful? Come, let us see thy little book. And did they praise thy reading? Didst thou tell them I taught thee? There are girls, I hear," and so on—a way she had of asking many questions without waiting for a reply.

As we chatted we passed through the hall, where tall mahogany chairs stood dark against the whitewashed walls, such as were in all the rooms. Joyous at escape from school, and its confinement of three long, weary hours, from eight to eleven, I dropped my mother's hand, and, running a little, slid down the long entry over the thinly sanded floor, and then slipping, came down with a rueful countenance, as nature, foreseeing results, meant that a boy should descend when his legs fail him. My mother sat down on a settle, and spread out both palms toward me, laughing, and crying out:

"So near are joy and grief, my friends, in this world of sorrow."

This was said so exactly with the voice and manner of a famous preacher of our Meeting that even

I, a lad then of only eight years, recognised the imitation. Indeed, she was wonderful at this trick of mimicry, a thing most odious among Friends. As I smiled, hearing her, I was aware of my father in the open doorway of the sitting-room, tall, strong, with much iron-gray hair. Within I saw several Friends, large rosy men in drab, with horn buttons and straight collars, their stout legs clad in dark silk hose, without the paste or silver buckles then in use. All wore broad-brimmed, low beavers, and their gold-headed canes rested between their knees.

My father said to me, in his sharp way, "Take thy noise out into the orchard. The child disturbs us, wife. Thou shouldst know better. A committee of overseers is with me." He disliked the name Marie, and was never heard to use it, nor even its English equivalent.

Upon this the dear lady murmured, "Let us fly, Hugh," and she ran on tiptoe along the hall with me, while my father closed the door. "Come," she added, "and see the floor. I am proud of it. We have friends to eat dinner with us at two."

The great room where we took our meals is still clear in my mind. The floor was two inches deep in white sand, in which were carefully traced zigzag lines, with odd patterns in the corners. A bare table of well-rubbed mahogany stood in the middle, with a thin board or two laid on the sand, that the table might be set without disturbing the patterns. In the corners were glass-covered buffets, full of silver and Delft ware; and a punch-bowl of Chelsea was

on the broad window-ledge, with a silver-mounted cocoanut ladle.

"The floor is pretty," she said, regarding it with pride, "and I would make flowers too, but that thy father thinks it vain, and Friend Pemberton would set his bridge spectacles on his nose, and look at me, until I said naughty words, oh, very! Come out; I will find thee some ripe damsons, and save thee cake for thy supper, if Friend Warder does not eat it all. He is a little man, and eats much. A solicitous man," and she became of a sudden the person she had in mind, looking somehow feeble and cautious and uneasy, with arms at length, and the palms turned forward, so that I knew it for Joseph Warder, a frequent caller, of whom more hereafter.

"What is so—solicitous?" I said.

"Oh, too fearful concerning what may be thought of him. Vanity, vanity! Come, let us run down the garden. Canst thou catch me, Hugh?" And with this she fled away, under the back stoop and through the trees, light and active, her curls tumbling out, while I hurried after her, mindful of damsons, and wondering how much cake Friend Warder would leave for my comfort at evening.

Dear, ever dear lady, seen through the mist of years! None was like you, and none as dear, save one who had as brave a soul, but far other ways and charms.

And thus began my life at school, to which I went twice a day, my father not approving of the plan of three sessions a day, which was common, nor, for

some reason, I know not what, of schools kept by Friends. So it was that I set out before eight, and went again from two to four. My master, David Dove, kept his school in Vidall's Alley, nigh to Chestnut, above Second. There were many boys and girls, and of the former John Warder, and Graydon, who wrote certain memoirs long after. His mother, a widow, kept boarders in the great Slate-roof House near by; for in those days this was a common resource of decayed gentlewomen, and by no means affected their social position. Here came many officers to stay, and their red coats used to please my eyes as I went by the porch, where at evening I saw them smoking long pipes, and saying not very nice things of the local gentry, or of the women as they passed by, and calling "*Mohair!*" after the gentlemen, a manner of army word of contempt for citizens. I liked well enough the freedom I now enjoyed, and found it to my fancy to wander a little on my way to school, although usually I followed the creek, and, where Second street crossed it, lingered on the bridge to watch the barges or galleys come up at full of tide to the back of the warehouses on the northeast bank.

I have observed that teachers are often eccentric, and surely David Dove was no exception, nor do I now know why so odd a person was chosen by many for the care of youth. I fancy my mother had to do with the choice in my case, and was influenced by the fact that Dove rarely used the birch, but had a queer fancy for setting culprits on a stool, with the birch switch stuck in the back of the jacket, so as to

THE SLATE ROOF HOUSE, BUILT 1685.

[Home of Samuel Casey, 1st.]

stand up behind the head. I hated this, and would rather have been birched *secundum artem* than to have seen the girls giggling at me. I changed my opinion later.

Thus my uneventful life ran on, while I learned to write, and acquired, with other simple knowledge, enough of Latin and Greek to fit me for entrance at the academy, which Dr. Franklin had founded in 1750, in the hall on Fourth street, built for Whitefield's preaching.

At this time I fell much into the company of John Warder, a lad of my own age, and a son of that Joseph who liked cake, and was, as my mother said, solicitous. Most of the games of boys were not esteemed fitting by Friends, and hence we were somewhat limited in our resources; but to fish in the creek we were free; also to haunt the ships and hear sea yarns, and to skate in winter, were not forbidden. Jack Warder I took to because he was full of stories, and would imagine what things might chance to my father's ships in the West Indies; but why, in those early days, he liked me, I do not know.

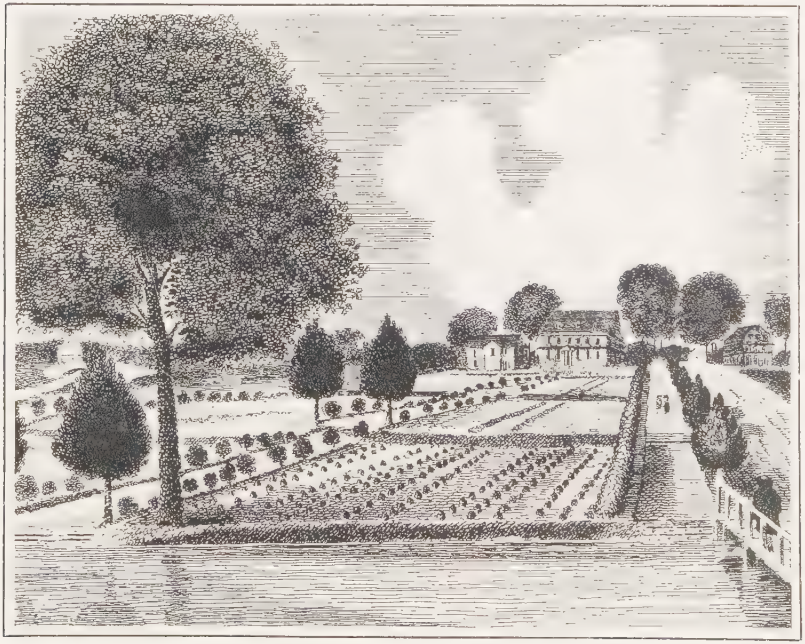
Our school life with Dove ended after four years in an odd fashion. I was then about twelve, and had become a vigorous, daring boy, with, as it now seems to me, something of the fortunate gaiety of my mother. Other lads thought it singular that in peril I became strangely vivacious; but underneath I had a share of the relentless firmness of my father, and of his vast dislike of failure, and of his love of truth. I have often thought that the father in me

saved me from the consequences of so much of my mother's gentler nature as might have done me harm in the rude conflicts of life.

David Dove, among other odd ways, devised a plan for punishing the unpunctual which had considerable success. One day, when I had far overstayed the hour of eight, by reason of having climbed into Friend Pemberton's gardens, where I was tempted by many green apples, I was met by four older boys. One had a lantern, which, with much laughter, he tied about my neck, and one, marching before, rang a bell. I had seen this queer punishment fall on others, and certainly the amusement shown by people in the streets would not have hurt me compared with the advantage of pockets full of apples, had I not of a sudden seen my father, who usually breakfasted at six, and was at his warehouse by seven. He looked at me composedly, but went past us saying nothing.

On my return about eleven, he unluckily met me in the garden, for I had gone the back way in order to hide my apples. I had an unpleasant half-hour, despite my mother's tears, and was sent at once to confess to Friend James Pemberton. The good man said I was a naughty boy, but must come later when the apples were red ripe, and I should take all I wanted, and I might fetch with me another boy, or even two. I never forgot this, and did him some good turns in after-years, and right gladly too.

In my own mind I associated David Dove with this painful interview with my father. I disliked him the more because, when the procession entered



"FRIEND PEMBERTON'S GARDENS."

the school, a little girl for whom Warder and I had a boy friendship, in place of laughing, as did the rest, for some reason began to cry. This angered the master, who had the lack of self-control often seen in eccentric people. He asked why she cried, and on her sobbing out that it was because she was sorry for me, he bade her take off her stays. These being stiff, and worn outside the gown, would have made the punishment of the birch on the shoulders of trifling moment.

As it was usual to whip girls at school, the little maid said nothing, but did as she was bid, taking a sharp birching without a cry. Meanwhile I sat with my head in my hands, and my fingers in my ears lest I should hear her weeping. After school that evening, when all but Warder and I had wandered home, I wrote on the outside wall of the school-house with chalk, "David Dove Is A Cruel Beast," and went away somewhat better contented.

Now, with all his seeming dislike to use the rod, David had turns of severity, and then he was far more brutal than any man I have ever known. Therefore it did not surprise us next morning that the earlier scholars were looking with wonder and alarm at the sentence on the wall, when Dove, appearing behind us, ordered us to enter at once.

Going to his desk, he put on his spectacles, which then were worn astride of the nose. In a minute he set on below them a second pair, and this we knew to be a signal of coming violence. Then he stood up, and asked who had written the opprobrious epithet

on the wall. As no one replied, he asked several in turn, but luckily chose the girls, thinking, perhaps, that they would weakly betray the sinner. Soon he lost patience, and cried out he would give a king's pound to know.

When he had said this over and over, I began to reflect that, if he had any real idea of doing as he promised, a pound was a great sum, and to consider what might be done with it in the way of marbles of Amsterdam, tops, and of certain much-desired books, for now this latter temptation was upon me, as it has been ever since. As I sat, and Dove thundered, I remembered how, when one Stacy, with an oath, assured my father that his word was as good as his bond, my parent said dryly that this equality left him free to choose, and he would prefer his bond. I saw no way to what was for me the mysterious security of a bond, but I did conceive of some need to stiffen the promise Dove had made before I faced the penalty.

Upon this I held up a hand, and the master cried, "What is it?"

I said, "Master, if a boy should tell thee wouldst thou surely give a pound?"

At this a lad called "Shame!" thinking I was a telltale.

When Dove called silence and renewed his pledge, I, overbold, said, "Master, I did it, and now wilt thou please to give me a pound—a king's pound?"

"I will give thee a pounding!" he roared; and upon this came down from his raised form, and gave

me a beating so terrible and cruel that at last the girls cried aloud, and he let me drop on the floor, sore and angry. I lay still awhile, and then went to my seat. As I bent over my desk, it was rather the sense that I had been wronged, than the pain of the blows, which troubled me.

After school, refusing speech to any, I walked home, and ministered to my poor little bruised body as I best could. Now this being a Saturday, and therefore a half-holiday, I ate at two with my father and mother.

Presently my father, detecting my uneasy movements, said, "Hast thou been birched to-day, and for what badness?"

Upon this my mother said softly, "What is it, my son? Have no fear." And this gentleness being too much for me, I fell to tears, and blurted out all my little tragedy.

As I ended, my father rose, very angry, and cried out, "Come this way!" But my mother caught me, saying, "No! no! Look, John! see his poor neck and his wrist! What a brute! I tell thee, thou shalt not! it were a sin. Leave him to me," and she thrust me behind her as if for safety.

To my surprise, he said, "As thou wilt," and my mother hurried me away. We had a grave, sweet talk, and there it ended for a time. I learned that, after all, the woman's was the stronger will. I was put to bed and declared to have a fever, and given sulphur and treacle, and kept out of the paternal paths for a mournful day of enforced rest.

On the Monday following I went to school as usual, but not without fear of Dove. When we were all busy, about ten o'clock, I was amazed to hear my father's voice. He stood before the desk, and addressed Master Dove in a loud voice, meaning, I suppose, to be heard by all of us.

"David Dove," he said, "my son hath been guilty of disrespect to thee, and to thy office. I do not say he has lied, for it is my belief that thou art truly an unjust and cruel beast. As for his sin, he has suffered enough [I felt glad of this final opinion]; but a bargain was made. He, on his part, for a consideration of one pound sterling, was to tell thee who wrote certain words. He has paid thee and thou hast taken interest out of his skin. Indeed, Friend Shylock, I think he weighs less by a pound. Thou wilt give him his pound, Master David."

Upon this a little maid near by smiled at me, and Warder punched me in the ribs. Master Dove was silent a moment, and then answered that there was no law to make him pay, and that he had spoken lightly, as one might say, "I would give this or that to know." But my father replied at once:

"The boy trusted thee, and was as good as his word. I advise thee to pay. As thou art Master to punish boys, so will I, David, use thy birch on thee at need, and trust to the great Master to reckon with me if I am wrong."

All this he said so fiercely that I trembled with joy, and hoped that Dove would deny him; but, in place of this, he muttered something about Meeting

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

and Friends, and meanwhile searched his pockets and brought out a guinea. This my father dropped into his breeches pocket, saying, "The shilling will be for interest" (a guinea being a shilling over a king's pound). After this, turning to me, he said, "Come with me, Hugh," and went out of the schoolhouse, I following after, very well pleased, and thinking of my guinea. I dared not ask for it, and I think he forgot it. He went along homeward, with his head bent and his hands behind his back. In common, he walked with his head up and his chin set forward, as though he did a little look down on the world of other men; and this in truth he did, being at least six feet three inches in his stocking-feet, and with no lack of proportion in waist or chest.

Next day I asked my mother of my guinea, but she laughed gaily, and threw up her hands, and cried, "A bad debt! a bad debt, Hugh! Dost thou want more interest? My father used to say they had a proverb in the Midi, 'If the devil owe thee money it were best to lose it.' *Le diable!* Oh, what am I saying? *Mon fils*, forget thy debt. What did thy father say?" And I told it again to her amusement; but she said at last, very seriously:

"It has disturbed thy father as never before did anything since he would not join with Friend Bradford against the Stamp Act. I would I had seen him then, or this time. I like sometimes to see a strong man in just anger. Oh, *mon Dieu!* what did I say! I am but half a Quaker, I fear." My mother never would turn away from the creed of her peo-

ple, but she did not altogether fancy the ways of Friends.

"Eh, *mon fils*, sometimes I say naughty words. Give me a sweet little pat on the cheek for my badness, and always come to me with all thy troubles." Then I kissed her, and we went out to play hide-and-find in the orchard.

My father's grim, sarcastic humour left him as years went on, and he became as entirely serious as I ever knew a man to be. I think on this occasion his after-annoyance, which endured for days, was more because of having threatened Dove than for any other cause. He no doubt regarded me as the maker of the mischief which had tempted him for a moment to forget himself, and for many a day his unjust severity proved that he did not readily forgive. But so it was always. My mother never failed to understand me, which my father seemed rarely able to do. If I did ill he used the strap with little mercy, but neither in these early years, nor in those which followed, did he ever give me a word of praise. Many years afterward I found a guinea in a folded paper, laid away in my father's desk. On the outer cover he had written, "This belongs to Hugh. He were better without it."

My mother scarce ever let slip her little French expletives or phrases in my father's hearing. He hated all French things, and declared the language did not ring true—that it was a slippery tongue, in which it was easy to lie. A proud, strong man he was in those days, of fixed beliefs, and of unchanging loy-

alty to the king. In his own house he was feared by his son, his clerks, and his servants; but not by my mother, who charmed him, as she did all other men, and had in most things her desire.

Outside of his own walls few men cared to oppose him. He was rich, and coldly despotic; a man exact and just in business, but well able, and as willing, to help with a free hand whatever cause was of interest to Friends. My Aunt Gainor, a little his senior, was one of the few over whom he had no manner of control. She went her own way, and it was by no means his way, as I shall make more clear by and by.

Two days later I was taken to the academy, or the college, as some called it, which is now the university. My father wrote my name, as you may see it in the catalogue, and his own signature, with the date of 6th month 4th, 1763. Beneath it is the entry of John Warder and his father, Joseph; for Jack had also been removed from Dove's dominion because of what my father said to Joseph, a man always pliable, and advised to do what larger men thought good. Thus it came about that my friend Jack and I were by good fortune kept in constant relation. Our schoolmate, the small maid so slight of limb, so dark and tearful, was soon sent away to live with an aunt in Bristol, on the Delaware, having become an orphan by the death of her mother. Thus it came about that Darthea Peniston passed out of my life for many years, having been, through the accident of her tenderness, the means for me of a complete and fortunate change.

III

THE academy was, and still is, a plain brick building, set back from Fourth street, and having a large gravelled space in front and also at the back. The main school-room occupied its whole westward length, and upstairs was a vast room, with bare joists above, in which, by virtue of the deed of gift, any Christian sect was free to worship if temporarily deprived of a home. Here the great Whitefield preached, and here generations of boys were taught. Behind the western playground was the graveyard of Christ Church. He was thought a brave lad who, after school at dusk in winter, dared to climb over and search around the tombs of the silent dead for a lost ball or what not.

I was mightily afraid of the academy. The birch was used often and with severity, and, as I soon found, there was war between the boys and the town fellows who lived to north and east. I was also to discover other annoyances quite as little to the taste of Friends, such as stone fights or snowball skirmishes. Did time permit, I should like well to linger long over this school life. The college, as it

THE OLD ACADEMY AND CHARITY SCHOOLS.

Fourth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia.

was officially called, had a great reputation, and its early catalogues are rich with names of those who made an empire. This task I leave to other pens, and hasten to tell my own personal story.

In my friend Jack Warder's journal there is a kind page or two as to what manner of lad I was in his remembrance of me in after-years. I like to think it was a true picture.

"When Hugh Wynne and I went to school at the academy on Fourth street, south of Arch, I used to envy him his strength. At twelve he was as tall as are most lads at sixteen, but possessed of such activity and muscular power as are rarely seen, bidding fair to attain, as he did later, the height and massive build of his father. He was a great lover of risk, and not, as I have always been, fearful. When we took apples, after the fashion of all Adam's young descendants, he was as like as not to give them away. I think he went with us on these, and some wilder errands, chiefly because of his fondness for danger, a thing I could never comprehend. He still has his mother's great eyes of blue, and a fair, clear skin. God bless him! Had I never known him I might perhaps have been, as to one thing, a happier man, but I had been less deserving of such good fortune as has come to me in life. For this is one of the uses of friends: that we consider how such and such a thing we are moved to do might appear to them. And this for one of my kind, who have had—nay, who have—many weaknesses, has been why Hugh Wynne counts for so much to me.

"We, with two other smaller boys, were, at that time, the only sons of Friends at the academy, and were, thanks to the brute Dove, better grounded in the humanities than were some, although we were late in entering."

I leave this and other extracts as they were writ. A more upright gentleman than John Warder I know not, nor did ever know. What he meant by his weaknesses I cannot tell, and as to the meaning of one phrase, which he does not here explain, these pages shall perhaps discover.

Not long after our entrance at the academy, my father charged me one morning with a note to my aunt, Gainor Wynne, which I was to deliver when the morning session was over. As this would make me late, in case her absence delayed a reply, I was to remain and eat my midday meal. My father was loath always to call upon his sister. She had early returned to the creed of her ancestors, and sat on Sundays in a great square pew at Christ Church, to listen to the Rev. Robert Jennings. Hither, in September of 1763, my aunt took me, to my father's indignation, to hear the great Mr. Whitefield preach.

Neither Aunt Gainor's creed, dress, house, nor society pleased her brother. She had early made clear, in her decisive way, that I was to be her heir, and she was, I may add, a woman of large estate. I was allowed to visit her as I pleased. Indeed, I did so often. I liked no one better, always excepting my mother. Why, with my father's knowledge of her views, I was thus left free I cannot say. He was

the last of men to sacrifice his beliefs to motives of gain.

When I knocked at the door of her house on Arch street, opposite the Friends' Meeting-house, a black boy, dressed as a page, let me in. He was clad in gray armozine, a sort of corded stuff, with red buttons, and he wore a red turban. As my aunt was gone to drive, on a visit to that Madam Penn who was once Miss Allen, I was in no hurry, and was glad to look about me. The parlour, a great room with three windows on the street, afforded a strange contrast to my sober home. There were Smyrna rugs on a polished floor, a thing almost unheard of. Indeed, people came to see them. The furniture was all of red walnut, and carved in shells and flower reliefs. There were so many tables, little and larger, with claw-feet or spindle-legs, that one had to be careful not to overturn their loads of Chinese dragons, ivory carvings, grotesque Delft beasts, and fans, French or Spanish or of the Orient. There was also a spinet, and a corner closet of books, of which every packet brought her a variety. Upstairs was a fair room full of volumes, big and little, as I found to my joy rather later, and these were of all kinds: some good, and some of them queer, or naughty. Over the wide, white fireplace was a portrait of herself by the elder Peale, but I prefer the one now in my library. This latter hung, at the time I speak of, between the windows. It was significant of my aunt's idea of her own importance that she should have wished to possess two portraits of herself. The lat-

ter was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds when she was in England in 1750, and represents her as a fine, large woman with features which were too big for loveliness in youth, but in after-years went well with her abundant gray hair and unusual stature; for, like the rest of us, she was tall, of vigorous and wholesome build and colour, with large, well-shaped hands, and the strength of a man—I might add, too, with the independence of a man. She went her own way, conducted the business of her estate, which was ample, with skill and ability, and asked advice from no one. Like my father, she had a liking to control those about her, was restlessly busy, and was never so pleased as when engaged in arranging other people's lives, or meddling with the making of matches.

To this ample and luxurious house came the better class of British officers, and ombre and quadrille were often, I fear, played late into the long nights of winter. Single women, after a certain or uncertain age, were given a brevet title of "Mistress." Mistress Gainor Wynne lost or won with the coolness of an old gambler, and this habit, perhaps more than aught beside, troubled my father. Sincere and consistent in his views, I can hardly think that my father was, after all, unable to resist the worldly advantages which my aunt declared should be mine. It was, in fact, difficult to keep me out of the obvious risks this house and company provided for a young person like myself. He must have trusted to the influence of my home to keep me in the ways of

Aunt Gamor.

Friends. It is also to be remembered, as regards my father's motives, that my Aunt Gainor was my only relative, since of the Owens none were left.

My mother was a prime favourite with this masterful lady. She loved nothing better than to give her fine silk petticoats or a pearl-coloured satin gown; and if this should nowadays amaze Friends, let them but look in the "Observer," and see what manner of finery was advertised in 1778 as stole from our friend, Sarah Fisher, sometime Sarah Logan, a much respected member of Meeting. In this, as in all else, my mother had her way, and, like some of the upper class of Quakers, wore at times such raiment as fifty years later would have surely brought about a visit from a committee of overseers.

Waiting for Aunt Gainor, I fell upon an open parcel of books just come by the late spring packet. Among these turned up a new and fine edition of "Captain Gulliver's Travels," by Mr. Dean Swift. I lit first, among these famous adventures, on an extraordinary passage, so wonderful, indeed, and so amusing, that I heard not the entrance of my father, who at the door had met my aunt, and with her some fine ladies of the governor's set. There were Mrs. Ferguson, too well known in the polities of later years, but now only a beautiful and gay woman, Madam Allen, and Madam Chew, the wife of the Attorney-General.

They were eagerly discussing, and laughingly inquiring of my father, what colour of masks for the street was to be preferred. He was in no wise em-

barrassed by these fine dames, and never, to my thinking, was seen to better advantage than among what he called "world's people." He seemed to me more really at home than among Friends, and as he towered, tall, and gravely courteous in manner, I thought him a grand gentleman.

As I looked up, the young Miss Chew, who afterward married Colonel Eager Howard, was saying saucily, "Does not Madam Wynne wear a mask for her skin? It is worth keeping, Mr. Wynne."

"Let me recommend to you a vizard with silver buttons to hold in the mouth, or, better, a riding-mask," cried Aunt Gainor, pleased at this gentle badgering, "like this, John. See, a flat silver plate to hold between the teeth. It is the last thing."

"White silk would suit her best," cried Mrs. Ferguson, "or green, with a chin-curtain—a loo-mask. Which would you have, sir?"

"Indeed," he said quietly, "her skin is good enough. I know no way to better it."

Then they all laughed, pelting the big man with many questions, until he could not help but laugh, as he declared he was overwhelmed, and would come on his business another day. But on this the women would not stay, and took themselves and their high bonnets and many petticoats out of the room, each dropping a curtsey at the door, and he bowing low, like Mr. John Penn, as never before I had seen him do.

No sooner were they gone than he desired me to give him the note he had written to his sister, since

now it was not needed, and then he inquired what book I was reading. Aunt Gainor glanced at it, and replied for me, "A book of travels, John, very improving too. Take it home, Hugh, and read it. If you find in it no improprieties, it may be recommended to your father." She loved nothing better than to tease him.

"I see not what harm there could be in travels," he returned. "Thou hast my leave. Gainor, what is this I hear? Thou wouldst have had me sell thee for a venture threescore hogsheads of tobacco from Annapolis. I like not to trade with my sister, nor that she should trade at all; and now, when I have let them go to another, I hear that it is thou who art the real buyer. I came hither to warn thee that other cargoes are to arrive. Thou wilt lose."

Aunt Gainor said nothing for a moment, but let loose the linen safeguard petticoat she wore against mud or dust when riding, and appeared in a rich brocade of gray silken stuff, and a striped under-gown. When she had put off her loose camlet over-jacket, she said, "Will you have a glass of Madeira, or shall it be Hollands, John? Ring the bell, Hugh."

"Hollands," said my father.

"What will you give me for your tobacco to-day, John?"

"Why dost thou trifle?" he returned.

"I sold it again, John. I am the better by an hundred pounds. Two tobacco-ships are wrecked on Hinlopen. An express is come. Have you not heard?"

"Farewell," he said, rising. He made no comment on her news. I had an idea that he would not have been unhappy had she lost on her venture.

Joseph Warder was her agent then and afterward. She rarely lost on her purchases. Although generous, and even lavish, she dearly loved a good bargain, and, I believe, liked the game far more than she cared for success in the playing of it.

"Come, Hugh," she said, "let us eat and drink. Take the book home, and put it away for your own reading. Here is sixpence out of my gains. I hope you will never need to trade, and, indeed, why should you, whether I live or die? How would the king's service suit you, and a pair of colours?"

I said I should like it.

"There is a pretty tale, Hugh, of the French gentlemen, who, being poor, have to make money in commerce. They leave their swords with a magistrate, and when they are become rich enough take them back again. There is some pleasing ceremony, but I forget. The Wynnes have been long enough in drab and trade. It is time we took back our swords, and quitted bow-thouing and bow-theeing."

I said I did not understand.

"Oh, you will," said Aunt Gainor, giving me a great apple-dumpling. "Take some molasses. Oh, as much as you please. I shall look away, as I do when the gentlemen take their rum."

You may be sure I obeyed her. As to much that she said, I was shocked; but I never could resist a laugh, and so we made merry like children, as was

usual, for, as she used to say, "To learn when to laugh and when not to laugh is an education."

When my meal was over, and my stomach and my pockets all full, Aunt Gainor bade me sit on her knees, and began to tell me about what fine gentlemen were the Wynnes, and how foolish my grandfather had been to turn Quaker and give up fox-hunting and the old place. I was told, too, how much she had lost to Mr. Penn last night, and more that was neither well for me to hear nor wise for her to tell; but as to this she cared little, and she sent me away then, as far too many times afterward, full of my own importance, and of desire to escape some day from the threatened life of the ledger and the day-book.

At last she said, "You are getting too heavy, Hugh. Handsome Mrs. Ferguson says you are too big to be kissed, and not old enough to kiss," and so she bade me go forth to the afternoon session of the academy.

After two weeks at the academy I got my first lesson in the futility of non-resistance, so that all the lessons of my life in favour of this doctrine were, of a sudden, rendered vain. We were going home in the afternoon, gay and happy, Jack Warder to take supper with me, and to use a boat my aunt had given me.

Near to High street was a vacant lot full of bushes and briers. Here the elder lads paused, and one said, "Wynne, you are to fight."

I replied, "Why should I fight? I will not."

"But it is to get your standing in the school, and Tom Alloway is to fight you."

"This was a famous occasion in our lives," writes my friend Jack; "for, consider: I, who was a girl for timidity, was sure to have my turn next, and here were we two little fellows, who had heard every First-day, and ever and ever at home, that all things were to be suffered of all men (and of boys too, I presume). I was troubled for Hugh, but I noticed that while he said he would not fight he was buttoning up his jacket and turning back the cuff of one sleeve. Also he smiled as he said, 'No, I cannot;' and many times since I have seen him merry in danger.

"For, of a truth, never later did he or I feel the sense of a great peril as we did that day, with the bigger boys hustling us, and Alloway crying, 'Coward!' I looked about for some man who would help us, but there was no one; only a cow hobbled near by. She looked up, and then went on chewing her cud. I, standing behind Hugh, said, 'Run! run!'

"The counsel seemed good to me who gave it. As I think on it now, I was in great perplexity of soul, and had a horrible fear as to bodily hurt. I turned, followed by Hugh, and ran fleetly across the open ground and through the bushes. About midway I looked back. Two lads were near upon us, when I saw Hugh drop upon his hands and knees. Both fellows rolled over him, and he called out, as they fell to beating him, 'Run, Jack!'

"But I was no longer so minded. I kicked one boy, and struck another, and even now recall how a strange joy captured me when I struck the first blow."

There was a fine scrimmage, for no quarter was

Anne Hutchinson's House.

ARCH STREET.

asked or given, and I saw my poor Jack's girl face bloody. This was the last I remember clearly, for the lust of battle was on me, and I can recall no more of what chanced for a little, than I could in later years of the wild melley on the main street of Germantown, or of the struggle in the redoubt at Yorktown.

Presently we were cast to right and left by a strong hand, and, looking up, as I stood fierce and panting, I saw Friend Rupert Forest, and was overwhelmed with fear; for often on First-day I had heard him preach solemnly, and always it was as to turning the other cheek, and on the wickedness of profane language. Just now he seemed pleased rather than angered, and said, smiling:

"This is a big war, boys. What is it about?"

I said, "I must fight for my standing, and I will not."

"I think thou wert scarcely of that mind just now. There will be bad blood until it is over."

To this I replied, "It is Alloway I am to fight."

To my surprise, he went on to say, "Then take off thy jacket and stand up, and no kicking."

I asked nothing better, and began to laugh. At this my foe, who was bigger and older than I, cried out that I would laugh on the other side of my mouth—a queer boy phrase of which I could never discover the meaning.

"And now, fair play," said Friend Forest. "Keep cool, Hugh, and watch his eyes."

I felt glad that he was on my side, and we fell to with no more words. I was no match for the prac-

tised fists of my antagonist; but I was the stronger, and I kept my wits better than might have been expected. At last I got his head under my arm with a grip on his gullet, and so mauled him with my right fist that Friend Forest pulled me away, and my man staggered back, bloody, and white too, while I was held like a dog in leash.

"He hath enough, I think. Ask him."

I cried out, "No! Damn him!" It was my first oath.

"Hush!" cried Forest. "No profane language."

"I will not speak to him," said I, "and—and—he is a beast of the pit." Now this fine statement I had come upon in a book of Mr. William Penn's my father owned, wherein the governor had denounced one Mr. Muggleton.

Friend Forest laughed merrily. "Thou hast thy standing, lad." For Alloway walked sullenly away, not man enough to take more or to confess defeat. Jack, who was still white, said:

"It is my turn now, and which shall it be?"

"Shade of Fox!" cried Friend Forest. "The war is over. Come, boys, I must see you well out of this." And so reassuring us, he went down Fourth street, and to my home.

My father was in the sitting-room, taking his long-stemmed reed pipe at his ease. He rose as we followed Friend Forest into the room.

"Well," he said, "what coil is this?" For we were bloody, and hot with fight and wrath, and, as to our garments, in very sad disorder.

Friend Forest very quietly related our story, and made much of his own share in the renewal of our battle. To my surprise, my father smiled.

"It seems plain," he said, "that the lads were not to blame. But how wilt thou answer to the Meeting, Rupert Forest?"

"To it, to thee, to any man," said the Quaker.

"It is but a month ago that thy case was before Friends because of thy having beaten Friend Waln's man. It will go ill with thee—ill, I fear."

"And who is to spread it abroad?"

"Not I," said my father.

"I knew that," returned the Friend, simply. "I am but a jack-in-the-box Quaker, John. I am in and out in a moment, and then I go back and repent."

"Let us hope so. Go to thy mother, Hugh; and as to thee, John Warder, wait until I send with thee a note to thy father. There are liquors on the table, Friend Forest."

My mother set us in order, and cried a little, and said:

"I am glad he was well beaten. Thou shouldst never fight, my son; but if thou must, let it be so that thy adversary repent of it. *Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! j'en ai peur;* the wild Welsh blood of these Wynnes! And thy poor little nose—how 't is swelled!"

Not understanding her exclamations, Jack said as much, but she answered:

"Oh, it is a fashion of speech we French have. I shall never be cured of it, I fear. This wild blood—

what will come of it?" And she seemed—as Jack writes long after, being more observing than I—as if she were looking away into the distance of time, thinking of what might come to pass. She had, indeed, strange insight, and even then, as I knew later, had her fears and unspoken anxieties. And so, with a plentiful supper, ended a matter which was, I may say, a critical point in my life.

IV

AFTER this my days went by more peacefully. The help and example of Jack assisted me greatly in my lessons, which I did little relish. I was more fond of reading, and devoured many books as I sat under our orchard trees in the spring, or nestled up to the fire on the long winter evenings, coiled on the settle, that its high back might keep off drafts. My aunt lent me an abundance of books after that famous "Travels" of Mr. Gulliver. Now and then my father looked at what she gave me, but he soon tired of this, and fell asleep in the great oak chair which Governor Penn gave my grandfather.

Many volumes, and some queer ones, I fell upon in my aunt's house, but, save once, as to the naughtiness of Mrs. Aphra Behn, she never interfered. We liked greatly a book called "Peter Wilkins," by one Paltock, full of a queer folk, who had winged "graundees," a sort of crimson robe made of folds of their own skin. None read it now. My dear Jack fancied it much more than I.

I was nigh to fifteen before we read "Robinson Crusoe," but even earlier I devoured at my aunt's

"Captain Jack" and "The History of the Devil." The former book filled us with delight. Jack and I used to row over to Windmill Island, on the great Delaware, and there at the south end we built a hut, and slew bullfrogs, and found steps on the sand, I being thereafter Friday, and Jack my master. We made, too, a sail and mast for my boat, and, thus aided, sailed of Saturdays up and down the noble river, which I have always loved.

A still greater joy was to go in our chaise with my mother to the governor's woods, which extended from Broad street to the Schuylkill, and from Callowhill to South street. There we tied the horse, and under the great trees we found in spring arbutus, even beneath the snow, and later fetched thence turkey-foot ferns, and wild honeysuckle, and quaker-ladies, with jack-in-the-pulpits and fearful gray corpse-lights hid away in the darker woods. In the forest my mother seemed even younger than at home, and played with us, and told us quaint tales of her French people, or fairy stories of Giant Jack and others, which were by no means such as Friends approved.

In our house one same stern, unbending rule prevailed. I have been told by my aunt, Gainor Wynne, that when he was young my father was not always so steadfast in conduct as to satisfy Friends. When I was old enough to observe and think, he had surely become strict enough; but this severity of opinion and action increased with years, and showed in ways which made life difficult for those near to him. In fact, before I attained manhood the tinted arms and

the picture of Wyncote were put away in the attic room. My mother's innocent love of ornament also became to him a serious annoyance, and these peculiarities seemed at last to deepen whenever the political horizon darkened. At such times he became silent, and yet more keen than usual to detect and denounce anything in our home life which was not to his liking.

The affairs of a young fellow between the ages of childhood and younger manhood can have but meagre interest. Our school life went on, and while we worked or played, our elders saw the ever-increasing differences between king and colonies becoming year by year more difficult of adjustment. Except when some noisy crisis arose, they had for us lads but little interest.

Most people used the city landings, or lightered their goods from ships in the stream. We, however, had a great dock built out near to the mouth of Dock Creek, and a warehouse. Hither came sloops from my father's plantation of tobacco, near Annapolis, and others from the "permitted islands," the Cape de Verde and the Madeiras. Staves for barrels, tobacco, and salt fish were the exports, and in return came Eastern goods brought to these islands, and huge tuns of Madeira wine. Rum, too, arrived from New England, and salted mackerel. What else my father imported, of French goods or tea, reached us from England, for we were not allowed to trade with the continent of Europe nor directly with India.

Once my father took me with him to Lewes, near

Cape Hinlopen, on one of his ships, and to my joy we were met there by Tom, our black slave, with horses, and rode back during two days by Newcastle and Chester. As I rode ill, of course, and was sore for a week, my father thought it well that I should learn to ride, and this exercise I took to easily. Just before I was sixteen my aunt gave me a horse, and after we had separated abruptly a few times, and no harm to any, I became the master, and soon an expert rider, as was needful in a land where most long journeys were made on horseback.

It seems to me now, as I look back, that the events of life were preparing me and my friend Jack for what was to follow. Our boating made every part of the two rivers familiar. Now that I had a horse, Jack's father, who would always do for him readily what my Aunt Gainor did for me, yielded to his desire to ride; and so it was that we began, as leisure served, to extend our rides to Germantown, or even to Chestnut Hill. Thus all the outlying country became well known to both of us, and there was not a road, a brook, or a hill which we did not know.

Until this happy time I had been well pleased to follow my aunt on a pillion behind her servant, Cæsar, but now I often went with her, perched on my big horse, and got from my aunt, an excellent horsewoman, some sharp lessons as to leaping, and certain refinements in riding that she had seen or known of in London.

A Captain Montresor—he who afterward, when a colonel, was Howe's engineer—used to ride with her

THE MOUTH OF DOCK CREEK.

in the spring of '69. He was a tall, stout man of middle age, and much spoken of as likely to marry my Aunt Gainor, although she was older than he, for, as fat Oliver de Lancey said years after, "There is no age to a woman's money, and guineas are always young." My aunt, Gainor Wynne, was still a fine gentlewoman, and did not look her years. As concerned this question of age, she was like a man, and so in fact she was in some other ways. She would tell any one how old she was. She once informed Mr. de Lancey that she was so much more of a man than any British officer she knew that she did not see how she could decently marry any of them.

I think it was about this time that I saw a little scene which much impressed me, and which often recurs to my memory. We—that is, Mr. Montresor, and my Aunt Gainor and I—of a Saturday afternoon rode over by the lower ferry and up Gray's Lane, and so to Mr. Hamilton's country-seat. "The Woodlands," as it was called, stood on a hill amid many beautiful trees and foreign shrubs and flowers. Below it ran the quiet Schuylkill, and beyond, above the governor's woods, could be seen far away Dr. Kearsley's fine spire of Christ Church. No better did Master Wren himself ever contrive, or more proportioned to the edifice beneath it.

On the porch were Mr. Hamilton and Mrs. Penn, with saucy gray eyes, and Mrs. Ferguson. A slim young girl, Rebecca Franks, was teasing a cat. She teased some one all her days, and did it merrily, and not unkindly. She was little and very pretty, with a

dark skin. Did she dream she should marry a British soldier—a baronet and general—and end her days in London well on in the century yet to come?

Andrew Allen, whose father, the chief justice, took his wife, Margaret, from this house, sat on the steps near Miss Franks, and beside her little Peggy Shippen, who already gave promise of the beauty which won for her so pitiful a life. Nothing in this garden of gay women and flowers foretold the tragedy of West Point. I think of it now with sad wonder.

In one or another way these people became known in our annals. Most of them were of the more exclusive party known as the governor's set, and belonged to the Church of England. With the Galloways, Cadwaladers, Willings, Shippens, Rawles, and others, they formed a more or less distinct society, affecting London ways, dining at the extreme hour of four, loving cards, the dance, fox-hunting, and to see a main of game-cocks. Among them—not of them—came and went certain of what were called "genteel" Quakers—Morrises, Pembertons, Whartons, and Logans. They had races too,—that is, the governor's set,—and one of my delights was, on the way to the academy, to stop in Third street, above Chestnut, and see the race-horses in the Widow Nichols's stables at the sign of the Indian Queen.

But I have left the laughter of the last century echoing among the columns of Andrew Hamilton's home. The guests were made welcome, and had a dish of tea or a glass of punch; and those desiring no more

bohea set a spoon across the cup, and fell into groups. My aunt opened the velvet bag which hung at her waist, to pay Mrs. Ferguson a small gambling debt of the night before.

"Ah, here!" she cried gaily, "Mr. Montresor, this is for you. One of Mr. Grenville's stamps; I kept two. I was lucky enough to get them from Master Hughes, the stamp officer—a great curiosity. You shall have one."

Mr. Montresor bowed. "I will keep it," he said, "until it comes into use again."

"That will be never," said Andrew Allen, turning.

"Never!" repeated Miss Wynne. "Let us hope, sir, it may be a lesson to all future ministers."

"A man was wanted in New York in place of Mr. Gage," cried Mrs. Ferguson. "As to those New England Puritans, they were in rebellion before they came over, and have been ever since."

"And what of New York, and this town, and Virginia?" said my Aunt Gainor, with her great nose well up.

"I would have put an end to their disloyal ways, one and all," cried Mrs. Ferguson.

"It is curious," said Mr. Galloway, "that the crown should be so thwarted. What people have more reason to be contented?"

"Contented!" said Miss Wynne. "Already they talk of taxes in which we are to have no voice. Contented! and not a ship dare trade with France. It amazes me that there is a man in the plantations to sit quiet under it."

"I am of your opinion, madam," said Mr. Macpherson, "and I might go still further."

"They consider us as mere colonials, and we may not so much as have a bishop of our own. I would I had my way, sir."

"And what would you do, Mistress Wynne?" asked Mr. Chew.

"I would say, 'Mr. Attorney-General, give us the same liberty all the English have, to go and come on the free seas!'"

"And if not?" said Montresor, smiling.

"And if not," she returned, "then—" and she touched the sword at his side. I wondered to see how resolute she looked.

The captain smiled. "I hope you will not command a regiment, madam."

"Would to God I could!"

"I should run," he cried, laughing. And thus pleasantly ended a talk which was becoming bitter to many of this gay company.

Destiny was already sharpening the sword we were soon to draw, and of those who met and laughed that day there were sons who were to be set against fathers, and brothers whom war was to find in hostile ranks. A young fellow of my age, the son of Mr. Macpherson, sat below us on the steps with the girls. He was to leave his young life on the bastion at Quebec, and, for myself, how little did I dream of what I should get out of the devil-pot of war which was beginning to simmer!

Very soon I was sent with Rebecca Franks and

Miss Chew to gather flowers. Miss Franks evidently despised my youth, and between the two little maids I, being unused to girls, had not a pleasant time, and was glad to get back to the porch, where we stood silent until bidden to be seated, upon which the girls curtseyed and I bowed, and then sat down to eat cakes and drink syllabub.

At last my aunt put on her safeguard petticoat, the horses came, and we rode away. For a while she was silent, answering the captain in monosyllables; but just beyond the ferry his horse cast a shoe, and went so lame that the officer must needs return to Woodlands leading him, there to ask a new mount.

For yet a while my aunt rode on without a word, but at last she began to rally me as to Miss Chew. I had to confess I cared not for her or the other, or, indeed, for maids at all.

"It will come," said she. "Oh, it will come soon enough. Peggy Chew has the better manners. And, by the way, sir, when you bow, keep your back straight. Mr. Montresor has a pretty way of it. Observe him, Hugh. But he is a fool, and so are the rest; and as for Betty Ferguson, I should like to lay a whip over her back like that," and she hit my horse sharply, poor thing, so that I lost a stirrup and came near to falling.

When the beast got quiet I asked why these nice people, who had such pleasant ways, were all fools.

"I will tell you," she said. "There are many and constant causes of trouble between us and the king. When one ends, like this Stamp Act, another is

hatched. It was the best of us who left England, and we are trained to rely on ourselves, and have no need of England. You will live to see dark days, Hugh—just what, God alone can tell; but you will live to see them, and your life will have to answer some questions. This may seem strange to you, my lad, but it will come."

What would come I knew not. She said no more, but rode homeward at speed, as she liked best to do.

Thus time went by, until I was full sixteen, having been at the college a year later than was usual. I had few battles to fight, and contrived to keep these to myself, or to get patched up at my Aunt Wynne's, who delighted to hear of these conflicts, and always gave me a shilling to heal my wounds. My dear, fair-haired Jack, Aunt Gainor thought a girl-boy, and fit only to sell goods, or, at best, to become a preacher. His father she used and disliked.

Meanwhile we had been through Horace and Cicero,—and Ovid for our moral improvement, I suppose,—with Virgil and Sallust, and at last Cæsar, whom alone of them all I liked. Indeed, Jack and I built over a brook in my Aunt Gainor's garden at Chestnut Hill a fair model of Cæsar's great bridge over the Rhine. This admired product of our ingenuity was much praised by Captain Montresor, who was well aware of my aunt's weakness for a certain young person.

My father's decisions came always without warning. In the fall of 1769 I was just gone back to the academy, and put to work at mathematics and some

Greek under James Wilson, at that period one of the tutors, and some time later an associate judge of the Supreme Court. This great statesman and lawyer of after-days was a most delightful teacher. He took a fancy to my Jack, and, as we were inseparable, put up with my flippancy and deficient scholarship. Jack's diary says otherwise, and that he saw in me that which, well used, might make of me a man of distinction. At all events, he liked well to walk with us on a Saturday, or to go in my boat, which was for us a great honour. My father approved of James Wilson, and liked him on the holiday to share our two-o'clock dinner. Then, and then only, did I understand the rigour and obstinacy of my father's opinions, for they ofttimes fell into debate as to the right of the crown to tax us without representation. Mr. Wilson said many towns in England had no voice in Parliament, and that, if once the crown yielded the principle we stood on, it would change the whole political condition in the mother-land; and this the king would never agree to see. Mr. Wilson thought we had been foolish to say, as many did, that, while we would have no internal taxes, we would submit to a tax on imports. This he considered even worse. My father was for obedience and non-resistance, and could not see that we were fighting a battle for the liberty of all Englishmen. He simply repeated his opinions, and was but a child in the hands of this clear-headed thinker. My father might well have feared for the effect of Mr. Wilson's views on a lad of my age, in whose mind he opened

vistas of thought far in advance of those which, without him, I should ever have seen.

John Wynne was, however, too habitually accustomed to implicit obedience to dream of danger, and thus were early sown in my mind the seeds of future action, with some doubt as to my father's ability to cope with a man like our tutor, who considerately weighed my father's sentiments (they were hardly opinions), and so easily and courteously disposed of them that these logical defeats were clear even to us boys.

Our school relations with this gentleman were abruptly broken. One day, in late October of 1769, we went on a long walk through the proprietary's woods, gathering for my mother boughs of the many-tinted leaves of autumn. These branches she liked to set in jars of water in the room where we sat, so that it might be gay with the lovely colours she so much enjoyed. As we entered the forest about Eighth street Mr. Wilson joined us, and went along, chatting agreeably with my mother. Presently he said to me: "I have just left your father with Mr. Pemberton, talking about some depredations in Mr. Penn's woods. He tells me you boys are to leave school, but for what I do not know. I am sorry."

Jack and I had of late expected this, and I, for one, was not grieved, but my friend was less well pleased.

We strolled across to the Schuylkill, and there, sitting down, amused ourselves with making a little crown of twisted twigs and leaves of the red and yel-

low maples. This we set merrily on my mother's gray beaver, while Mr. Wilson declared it most becoming. Just then Friend Pemberton and my father came upon us, and, as usual when the latter appeared, our laughter ceased.

"I shall want thee this afternoon, Hugh," he said. "And what foolishness is this on thy head, wife? Art thou going home in this guise?"

"It seems an innocent prettiness," said Pemberton, while my mother, in no wise dismayed, looked up with her big blue eyes.

"Thou wilt always be a child," said my father.

"*Je l'espére*," said the mother; "must I be put in a corner? The *bon Dieu* hath just changed the forest fashions. I wonder is He a Quaker, Friend Pemberton?"

"Thou hast ever a neat answer," said the gentle old man. "Come, John, we are not yet done."

My father said no more, and we boys were still as mice. We went homeward with our mirth quite at an end, Jack and Wilson leaving us at Fourth street.

In the afternoon about six—for an hour had been named—I saw my aunt's chaise at the door. I knew at once that something unusual was in store, for Mistress Wynne rarely came hither except to see my mother, and then always in the forenoon. Moreover, I noticed my father at the window, and never had I known him to return so early. When I went in he said at once:

"I have been telling thy aunt of my intention in regard to thee."

"And I utterly disapprove of it," said my aunt.

"Wait," he said. "I desire that thou shalt enter as one of my clerks; but first it is my will that, as the great and good proprietary decreed, thou shouldst acquire some mechanic trade; I care not what."

I was silent; I did not like it. Even far later, certain of the stricter Friends adhered to a rule which was once useful, but was now no longer held to be of imperative force.

"I would suggest shoemaking," said my Aunt Gainor, scornfully, "or tailoring."

"I beg of thee, Gainor," said my mother, "not to discontent the lad."

"As to this matter," returned my father, "I will not be thwarted. I asked thee to come hither, not to ridicule a sensible decision, but to consult upon it."

"You have had all my wisdom," said the lady. "I had thought to ask my friend, Charles Townsend, for a pair of colours; but now that troops are sent to Boston to override all reason, I doubt it. Do as you will with the boy. I wash my hands of him."

This was by no means my father's intention. I saw his face set in an expression I well knew; but my mother laid a hand on his arm, and, with what must have been a great effort, he controlled his anger, and said coldly: "I have talked this over with thy friend, Joseph Warder, and he desired that his son should share in my decision as to Hugh. Talk to him, Gainor."

"I do not take counsel with my agent, John. He does as I bid him. I could shift his opinions at a

word. He is a Tory to-day, and a Whig to-morrow, and anything to anybody. Why do you talk such nonsense to me? Let me tell you that he has already been to ask me what I think of it. He feels some doubt, poor man. Indeed, he is disposed to consider. Bother! what does it matter what he considers?"

"If he has changed his mind I have not. Joseph hath ever a coat of many colours."

"I shall tell him," she cried, laughing. The Quaker rule of repression and non-resistance by no means forbade the use of the brutal bludgeon of sarcasm, as many a debate in Meeting could testify. She rose as she spoke, and my mother said gently:

"Thou wilt not tell him, Gainor."

Meanwhile I stood amazed at a talk which so deeply concerned me.

"Shall it be a smithy?" said my father.

"Oh, what you like. The Wynnes are well down in the world—trade, horseshoeing. Good evening."

"Gainor! Gainor!" cried my mother; but she was gone in wrath, and out of the house.

"Thou wilt leave the academy. I have already arranged with Lowry, in South street, to take thee. Three months should answer."

To this I said, "Yes, yes," and went away but little pleased, my mother saying, "It is only for a time, my son."

V

SAYS my friend Jack in his journal:

"The boys were in these times keen politicians whenever any unusual event occurred, and the great pot was like soon to boil furiously, and scald the cooks. Charles Townsend's ministry was long over. The Stamp Act had come and gone. The Non-importation Agreement had been signed even by men like Andrew Allen and Mr. Penn. Lord North, a gentle and obstinate person, was minister. The Lord Hillsborough, a man after the king's heart, had the colonial office. The troops had landed in Boston, and the letters of Dickinson and Vindex had fanned the embers of discontent into flame.

"Through it all we boys contrived to know everything that was happening. I had a sense of fear about it, but to Hugh I think it was delightful. A fire, a mob, confusion, and disorder appeal to most boys' minds as desirable. My father was terrified at the disturbance of commerce, and the angry words which began to be heard. Mr. John Wynne very coolly adjusted his affairs, as I have heard, and settled down with the Friends, such as Waln and Shoemaker and

THE BLUE BELL TAVERN.

Pemberton and the rest, to accept whatever the king might decree."

Jack and I talked it all over in wild boy fashion, and went every day at six in the morning to Lowry's on South street. At first we both hated the work, but this did not last; and, once we were used to it, the business had for fellows like ourselves a certain charm. The horses we learned to know and understand. Their owners were of a class with which in those days it was not thought seemly for persons of our degree to be familiar; here it was unavoidable, and I soon learned how deep in the hearts of the people was the determination to resist the authority of the crown.

The lads we knew of the gay set used to come and laugh at us, as we plied the hammer or blew the bellows; and one day Miss Franks and Miss Peggy Chew, and I think Miss Shippen, stood awhile without the forge, making very merry. Jack got red in the face, but I was angry, worked on doggedly, and said nothing. At last I thrashed soundly one Master Galloway, who called me a horse-cobbler, and after that no more trouble.

I became strong and muscular as the work went on, and got to like our master, who was all for liberty, and sang as he struck, and taught me much that was useful as to the management of horses, so that I was not long unhappy. My father, pleased at my diligence, once said to me that I seemed to be attentive to the business in hand; and, as far as I remember, this was the only time in my life that

he ever gave me a word of even the mildest commendation.

It was what Jack most needed. His slight, graceful figure filled out and became very straight, losing a stoop it had, so that he grew to be a well-built, active young fellow, rosy, and quite too pretty, with his blond locks. After our third month began, Lowry married a widow, and moved away to her farm up the country and beyond the Blue Bell tavern, where he carried on his business, and where he was to appear again to me at a time when I sorely needed him. It was to be another instance of how a greater Master overrules our lives for good.

Just after we had heard the news of the widow, my father came into the forge one day with Joseph Warder. He stood and watched me shoe a horse, and asked Lowry if I had learned the business. When he replied that we both might become more expert, but that we could make nails, and shoe fairly well, my father said:

"Take off these aprons, and go home. There will be other work for both of you."

We were glad enough to obey, and, dropping our leathern aprons, thus ended our apprenticeship. Next week Tom Lowry, our master, appeared with a fine beaver for me, saying, as I knew, that it was the custom to give an apprentice a beaver when his time was up, and that he had never been better served by any.

My Aunt Gainor kept away all this time, and made it clear that she did not wish my black hands

at her table. My father, no doubt, felt sure that, so far as I was concerned, she would soon or late relent. This, in fact, came about in midwinter, upon her asking my mother to send me to see her. My father observed that he had no will to make quarrels, or to keep them alive. My mother smiled demurely, knowing him as none other did, and bade me go with her.

In her own room she had laid out on the bed a brown coat of velveteen, with breeches to match, and stockings with brown clocks, and also a brown beaver, the back looped up, all of which she had, with sweet craftiness, provided, that I might appear well before my Aunt Gainor.

"Thou wilt fight no one on the way, Hugh. And now, what shall be done with his hands, so rough and so hard? Scrub them well. Tell Gainor I have two new lilies for her, just come from Jamaica. Bulbs they are; I will care for them in the cellar. I was near to forget the marmalade of bitter orange. She must send; I cannot trust Tom. Thy father had him whipped at the jail yesterday, and he is sulky. Put on thy clothes, and I will come again to see how they fit thee."

In a little while she was back again, declaring I looked a lord, and that if she were a girl she should fall in love with me, and then—"But I shall never let any woman but me kiss thee. I shall be jealous. And now, sir, a bow. That was better. Now, as I curtsey, it is bad manners to have it over before I am fully risen. Then it is permitted that *les beaux yeux*

se rencontrent. Comme ça. Ca va bien. That is better done."

"What vanities are these?" said my father at the door she had left open.

She was nowise alarmed. "Come in, John," she cried. "He does not yet bow as well as thou. It would crack some Quaker backs, I think. I can hear Friend Waln's joints creak when he gets up."

"Nonsense, wife! Thou art a child to this day."

"Then kiss me, *mon père.*" And she ran to him and stood on tiptoe, so engaging and so pretty that he could not help but lift up her slight figure, and, kissing her, set her down. It was a moment of rare tenderness. Would I had known or seen more like it!

"Thou wilt ruin him, wife."

As I ran down the garden she called after me, "Do not thou forget to kiss her hand. To-morrow will come the warehouse; but take the sweets of life as they offer. Adieu." She stood to watch me, all her dear heart in her eyes, something pure, and, as it were, virginal in her look. God rest her soul!

It was late when I got to my aunt's, somewhere about eight, and the hum of voices warned me of her having company. As I entered she rose, expecting an older guest, and, as I had been bid, I bowed low and touched her hand with my lips, as I said:

"Dear Aunt Gainor, it has been so long!" I could have said nothing better. She laughed.

"Here is my nephew, Mr. Etherington"—this to an English major; "and, Captain Wallace of the king's navy, my nephew."

The Whipping-post.

HIGH STREET AND MARKET SHAMBLES.

The captain was a rough, boisterous sailor, and the other a man with too much manner, and, as I heard later, risen from the ranks.

He saluted me with a lively thump on the shoulder, which I did not relish. "Zounds! sir, but you are a stout young Quaker!"

"We are most of us Quakers here, captain," said a quiet gentleman, who saw, I fancy, by my face that this rude greeting was unpleasant to me.

"How are you, Hugh?" This was the Master of the Rolls, Mr. John Morris. Then my aunt said, "Go and speak to the ladies—you know them;" and as I turned aside, "I beg pardon, Sir William; this is my nephew, Hugh Wynne." This was addressed to a high-coloured personage in yellow velvet with gold buttons, and a white flowered waistcoat, and with his queue in a fine hair-net.

"This is Sir William Draper, Hugh; he who took Manilla, as you must know." I did not, nor did I know until later that he was one of the victims of the sharp pen of Junius, with whom, for the sake of the Marquis of Granby, he had rashly ventured to tilt. The famous soldier smiled as I saluted him with my best bow.

"Fine food for powder, Mistress Wynne, and already sixteen! I was in service three years earlier. Should he wish for an ensign's commission, I am at your service."

"Ah, Sir William, that might have been, a year or so ago, but now he may have to fight General Gage."

"The gods forbid! Our poor general!"

"Mistress Wynne is a rank Whig," put in Mrs. Ferguson. "She reads Dickinson's 'Farmer's Letters,' and all the wicked treason of that man Adams."

"A low demagogue!" cried Mrs. Galloway. "I hear there have been disturbances in Boston, and that because one James Otis has been beaten by our officers, and because our bands play 'Yankee Doodle' on Sundays in front of the churches—I beg pardon, the meetings—Mr. Robinson, the king's collector, has had to pay and apologise. Most shameful it is!"

"I should take short measures," said the sailor.

"And I," cried Etherington. "I have just come from Virginia, but not a recruit could I get. It is like a nest of ants in a turmoil, and the worst of all are the officers who served in the French war. There is, too, a noisy talker, Patrick Henry, and a Mr. Washington."

"I think it was he who saved the wreck of the king's army under Mr. Braddock," said my aunt. "I can remember how they all looked. Not a wig among them. The lodges must have been full of them, but their legs saved their scalps."

"Is it for this they call them wigwams?" cries naughty Miss Chew.

"Fie! fie!" says her mamma, while my aunt laughed merrily.

"A mere Potomac planter," said Etherington, "'pon my soul—and with such airs, as if they were gentlemen of the line."

"Perhaps," said my aunt, "they had not had your opportunities of knowing all grades of the service."

The major flushed. "I have served the king as well as I know how, and I trust, madam, I shall have the pleasure to aid in the punishment of some of these insolent rebels."

"May you be there to see, Hugh," said my aunt, laughing.

Willing to make a diversion, Mrs. Chew said, "Let us defeat these Tories at the card-table, Gainor."

"With all my heart," said my aunt, glad of this turn in the talk.

"Come and give me luck, Hugh," said Mrs. Ferguson. "What a big fellow you are! Your aunt must find you ruffles soon, and a steenkirk."

With this I sat down beside her, and wondered to see how eager and interested they all became, and how the guineas and gold half-joes passed from one to another, while the gay Mrs. Ferguson, who was at the table with Mrs. Penn, Captain Wallace, and my aunt, gave me my first lesson in this form of industry.

A little later there was tea, chocolate, and rusks, with punch for the men; and Dr. Shippen came in, and the great Dr. Rush, with his delicate, clean-cut face under a full wig. Dr. Shippen was full of talk about some fine game-cocks, and others were busy with the spring races in Centre Square.

You may be sure I kept my ears open to hear what all these great men said. I chanced to hear Dr. Rush deep in talk behind the punch-table with a handsome young man, Dr. Morgan, newly come from London.

Dr. Rush said, "I have news to-day, in a letter from

Mr. Adams, of things being unendurable. He is bold enough to talk of separation from England; but that is going far, too far."

"I think so, indeed," said Morgan. "I saw Dr. Franklin in London. He advises conciliation, and not to act with rash haste. These gentlemen yonder make it difficult."

"Yes; there is no insolence like that of the soldier." And this was all I heard or remember, for my aunt bade me run home and thank my mother, telling me to come again and soon.

The plot was indeed thickening, and even a lad as young as I could scent peril in the air. At home I heard nothing of it. No doubt my father read at his warehouse the "Pennsylvania Journal," or more likely Galloway's gazette, the "Chronicle," which was rank Tory, and was suppressed in 1773. But outside of the house I learned the news readily. Mr. Warder took papers on both sides, and also the Boston "Packet," so that Jack and I were well informed, and used to take the gazettes when his father had read them, and devour them safely in our boat, when by rare chance I had a holiday.

And so passed the years 1770, 1771, and 1772, when Lord North precipitated the crisis by attempting to control the judges in Massachusetts, who were in future to be paid by the crown, and would thus pass under its control. Adams now suggested committees of correspondence, and thus the first step toward united action was taken.

These years, up to the autumn of 1772, were not

without influence on my own life for both good and evil. I was, of course, kept sedulously at work at our business, and, though liking it even less than farriery, learned it well enough. It was not without its pleasures. Certainly it was an agreeable thing to know the old merchant captains, and to talk to their men or themselves. The sea had not lost its romance. Men could remember Kidd and Blackbeard. In the low-lying dens below Dock Creek and on King street, were many, it is to be feared, who had seen the black flag flying, and who knew too well the keys and shoals of the West Indies. The captain who put to sea with such sailors had need to be resolute and ready. Ships went armed, and I was amazed to see, in the holds of our own ships, carronades, which out on the ocean were hoisted up and set in place on deck; also cutlasses and muskets in the cabin, and good store of pikes. I ventured once to ask my father if this were consistent with non-resistance. He replied that pirates were like to wild beasts, and that I had better attend to my business; after which I said no more, having food for thought.

These captains got thus a noble training, were splendid seamen, and not unused to arms and danger, as proved fortunate in days to come. Once I would have gone to the Madeiras with Captain Biddle, but unluckily my mother prevailed with my father to forbid it. It had been better for me had it been decided otherwise, because I was fast getting an education which did me no good.

"Indeed," says Jack later on in his diary, "I was

much troubled in those seventies" (he means up to '74, when we were full twenty-one) "about my friend Hugh. The town was full of officers of all grades, who came and went, and brought with them much licence and contempt for colonists in general, and a silly way of parading their own sentiments on all occasions. Gambling, hard drinking, and all manner of worse things became common and more openly indulged in. Neither here nor in Boston could young women walk about unattended, a new and strange thing in our quiet town.

"Mistress Gainor's house was full of these gentlemen, whom she entertained with a freedom only equalled by that with which she spoke her good Whig mind. The air was full of excitement. Business fell off, and Hugh and I had ample leisure to do much as we liked.

"I must honestly declare that I deserve no praise for having escaped the temptations which beset Hugh. I hated all excess, and suffered in body if I drank or ate more than was wise. As regards worse things than wine and cards, I think Miss Wynne was right when she described me as a girl-boy; for the least rudeness or laxity of talk in women I disliked, and as to the mere modesties of the person, I have always been like some well-nurtured maid.

"Thus it was that when Hugh, encouraged by his aunt, fell into the company of these loose, swaggering captains and cornets, I had either to give up him, who was unable to resist them, or to share in their vicious ways myself. It was my personal

disgust at drunkenness or loose society which saved me, not any moral or religious safeguards, although I trust I was not altogether without these helps. I have seen now and then that to be refined in tastes and feelings is a great aid to a virtuous life. Also I have known some who would have been drunkards but for their heads and stomachs, which so behaved as to be good substitutes for conscience. It is sometimes the body which saves the soul. Both of these helps I had, but my dear Hugh had neither. He was a great, strong, masculine fellow, and if I may seem to have said that he wanted refined feelings, that is not so, and to him, who will never read these lines, and to myself, I must apologise."

I did come to see these pages, as you know. I think he meant, that with the wine of youth and at times of other vintages, in my veins, the strong paternal blood, which in my father only a true, if hard, religion kept in order, was too much for me. If I state this awkwardly it is because all excuses are awkward. Looking back, I wonder that I was not worse, and that I did not go to the uttermost devil. I was vigorous, and had the stomach of a temperate ox, and a head which made no complaints. The morning after some mad revel I could rise at five, and go out in my boat and overboard, and then home in a glow, with a fine appetite for breakfast; and I was so big and tall that I was thought to be many years older than I was.

I should have been less able unwatched to go down this easy descent, had it not been for a train

of circumstances which not only left me freer than I ought to have been, but, in the matter of money, made it only too possible for me to hold my own amid evil or lavish company. My aunt had lived in London, and in a society which had all the charm of breeding, and all the vices of a period more coarse than ours. She detested my father's notions, and if she meant to win me to her own she took an ill way to do it. I was presented to the English officers, and freely supplied with money, to which I had been quite unused, so long as my father was the only source of supply. We were out late when I was presumed to be at my Aunt Gainor's; and to drink and bet, or to see a race or cock-fight, or to pull off knockers, or to bother the ancient watchmen, were now some of my most reputable amusements. I began to be talked about as a bit of a rake, and my Aunt Gainor was not too greatly displeased; she would hear of our exploits and say "Fie! fie!" and then give me more guineas. Worse than all, my father was deep in his business, lessening his ventures, and thus leaving me more time to sow the seed of idleness. Everything, as I now see it, combined to make easy for me the downward path. I went along it without the company of Jack Warder, and so we drew apart; he would none of it.

When my father began to withdraw his capital my mother was highly pleased, and more than once in my presence said to him: "Why, John, dost thou strive for more and more money? Hast thou not enough? Let us give up all this care and go to our

great farm at Merion, and live as peaceful as our cattle." She did not reckon upon the force with which the habits of a life bound my father to his business.

I remember that it was far on in April, 1773, when my Aunt Gainor appeared one day in my father's counting-house. Hers was a well-known figure on King street, and even in the unpleasant region alongshore to the south of Dock street. She would dismount, leave her horse to the groom, and, with a heavily mounted, silver-topped whip in hand, and her riding-petticoat gathered up, would march along, picking her way through mud and filth. Here she contrived to find the queer china things she desired, or in some mysterious way she secured cordials and such liquors as no one else could get.

Once she took my mother with her, and loaded her with gods of the Orient and fine China pongee silks.

"But, Hugh," said the dear lady, "*il n'est pas possible de vous la décrire. Mon Dieu!* she can say terrible words, and I have seen a man who ventured some rudeness to me—no, no, *mon cher*, nothing to anger you; *il avait peur de cette femme.* He was afraid of her—her and her whip. He was so alarmed that he let her have a great china mandarin for a mere nothing. I think he was glad to see her well out of his low tavern."

"But the man," I urged; "what did he say to thee, mother?"

"*N'importe, mon fils.* I did want the mandarin. He nodded this way—this way. He wagged his head

as a dog wags his tail, like Thomas Scattergood in the Meeting. *Comme çà.*" She became that man in a moment, turning up the edge of her silk shawl, and nodding solemnly. I screamed with laughter. Ever since I was a child, despite my father's dislikes, she had taught me French, and when alone with me liked me to chatter in her mother language. In fact, I learned it well.

On the occasion of which I began just now to speak, my Aunt Gainor entered, with a graver face than common, and I rising to leave her with my father, she put her whip across my breast as I turned, and said, "No; I want you to hear what I have to say."

"What is it, Gainor?"

"This business of the ship 'Gaspee' the Rhode Island men burned is making trouble in the East. The chief justice of Rhode Island, Hopkins, has refused to honour the order to arrest these Rhode-Islanders."

"Pirates!" said my father.

"Pirates, if you like. We shall all be pirates before long."

"Well, Gainor, is that all? It does not concern me."

"No; I have letters from London which inform me that the Lord North is but a puppet, and as the king pulls the wires he will dance to whatever tune the king likes. He was a nice, amiable young fellow when I stayed at his father's, my Lord Guilford's, and not without learning and judgment. But for the Exchequer—a queer choice, I must say."

"It is to be presumed that the king knows how to

choose his ministers. Thou knowest what I think, Gainor. We have but to obey those whom the Lord has set over us. We are told to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to go our ways in peace."

"The question is, What are Cæsar's?" said my aunt. "Shall Cæsar judge always? I came to tell you that it is understood in London, although not public, that it is meant to tax our tea. Now we do not buy; we smuggle it from Holland; but if the India Company should get a drawback on tea, we shall be forced to take it for its cheapness, even with the duty on it of threepence a pound."

"It were but a silly scheme, Gainor. I cannot credit it."

"Who could, John? and yet it is to be tried, and all for a matter of a few hundred pounds a year. It will be tried not now or soon, but next fall when the tea-ships come from China."

"And if it is to be as thou art informed, what of it?"

"A storm—a tempest in a teapot," said she.

My father stood still, deep in thought. He had a profound respect for the commercial sagacity of this clear-headed woman. Moreover, he was sure, as usual, to be asked to act in Philadelphia as a consignee of the India Company.

She seemed to see through her brother, as one sees through glass. "You got into trouble when the stamps came."

"What has that got to do with this?"

"And again when you would not sign the Non-importation Agreement in '68."

"Well?"

"They will ask you to receive the tea."

"And I will do it. How can I refuse? I should lose all their India trade."

"There will soon be no trade to lose. You are, as I know, drawing in your capital. Go abroad. Wind up your affairs in England; do the same in Holland. Use all your ships this summer. Go to Madeira from London. Buy freely, and pay at once so as to save interest; it will rise fast. Come home in the fall of '74 late. Hold the goods, and, above all, see that in your absence no consignments be taken. Am I clear, John?"

I heard her with such amazement as was shared by my father. The boldness and sagacity of the scheme impressed a man trained to skill in commerce, and ever given to courageous ventures.

"You must sail in October or before; you will need a year. No less will do."

"Yes—yes."

I saw from his look that he was captured. He walked to and fro, while my Aunt Gainor switched the dust off her petticoat or looked out of the window. At last she turned to me. "What think you of it, Hugh?"

"Mr. Wilson says we shall have war, aunt, and Mr. Attorney-General Chew is of the same opinion. I heard them talking of it last night at thy house. I think the king's officers want a war." I took refuge,

shrewdly, in the notions of my elders. I had no wiser thing to say. "I myself do not know," I added.

"How shouldst thou?" said my father, sharply.

I was silent.

"And what think you, John?"

"What will my wife say, Gainor? We have never been a month apart."

"Let me talk to her."

"Wilt thou share in the venture?" He was testing the sincerity of her advice. "And to what extent?"

"Five thousand pounds. You may draw on me from London, and buy powder and muskets," she added, with a smile.

"Not I. Why dost thou talk such folly?"

"Then Holland blankets and good cloth. I will take them off your hands at a fair profit."

"I see no objection to that."

My aunt gave me a queer look, saying, "The poor will need them. I shall sell them cheap."

It was singular that I caught her meaning, while my father, reflecting on the venture as a whole, did not.

"I will do it," he said.

"Then a word more. Be careful here as to debts. Why not wind up your business, and retire with the profit you will make?" It was the same advice my mother had given, as I well knew.

"Hast thou been talking to my wife?" he said.

"No," she replied, surprised; "may I?"

"Yes. As to going out of business, Gainor, I

should be but a lost man. I am not as well-to-do as thou dost seem to think."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried my aunt. "I believe Thomas Willing is no better off in what you call this world's gear, nor Franks, nor any of them. You like the game, and, after all, what is it but a kind of gambling? How do you know what hands the ocean holds? Your ventures are no better than my guineas cast down on the loo-table." These two could never discuss anything but what it must end in a difference.

"Thou art a fool, Gainor, to talk such wicked nonsense before this boy. It is not worth an answer. I hear no good of Hugh of late. He hath been a concern to James Pemberton and to my friend, Nicholas Waln, and to me—to me. Thy gambling and idle redcoats are snares to his soul. He has begun to have opinions of his own as to taxes, and concerning the plain duty of non-resistance. As if an idle dog like him had any right to have an opinion at all!"

"Tut! tut!" cried Miss Wynne.

"I am not idle," I said, "if I am a dog."

He turned and seized me by the collar. "I will teach thee to answer thy elders." And with this he shook me violently, and caught up a cane from a chair where he had laid it.

And now, once again, that disposition to be merry came over me, and, perfectly passive, I looked up at him and smiled. As I think of it, it was strange in a young fellow of my age.

"Wouldst thou laugh?" he cried. "Has it gone

"I will teach thee to answer thy elders!"

that far?" and he raised his stick. My Aunt Gainor jerked it out of his hand, and, standing, broke it over her knee as if it had been a willow wand.

He fell back, crying, "Gainor! Gainor!"

"My God! man," she cried, "are you mad? If I were you I would take some heed to that hot Welsh blood. What would my good Marie say? Why have you not had the sense to make a friend of the boy? He is worth ten of you, and has kept his temper like the gentleman he is."

It was true. I had some queer sense of amusement in the feeling that I really was not angry; neither was I ashamed; but an hour later I was both angry and ashamed. Just now I felt sorry for my father, and shared the humiliation he evidently felt.

My aunt turned to her brother, where, having let me go, he stood with set features, looking from her to me, and from me to her. Something in his look disturbed her.

"You should be proud of his self-command. Cannot you see that it is your accursed repression and dry, dreary life at home that has put you two apart?"

"I have been put to scorn before my son, Gainor Wynne. It is thy evil ways that have brought this about. I have lost my temper and would have struck in anger, when I should have reflected, and, after prayer, chastised this insolence at home."

"I heard no insolence."

"Go away, Hugh, and thou, Gainor. Why dost thou always provoke me? I will hear no more!"

"Come, Hugh," she said; and then: "It seems to

me that the boy has had a good lesson in meekness, and as to turning that other cheek."

"Don't, Aunt Gainor!" said I, interrupting her.

"Oh, go!" exclaimed my father. "Go! go, both of you!"

"Certainly; but, John, do not mention my news or my London letter."

"I shall not."

"Then by-by! Come, Hugh!"

VI

THERE must have been in this troubled country many such sad scenes as I have tried to recall. Father and son were to part with hot words, brother to take sides against brother. My unpleasant half-hour was but prophetic of that which was to come in worse shape, and to last for years.

My Aunt Gainor said, "Do not tell your mother," and I assuredly did not.

"He will tell her. He tells her everything, soon or late. I must see her at once. Your father is becoming, as the French say, impossible. The times, and these wrangling Friends, with their stupid testimonies, irritate him daily until he is like a great, strong bull, such as the Spaniards tease to madness with little darts and fireworks. You see, Hugh, events are prickly things. They play the deuce with obstinate people. Your father will be better away from home. He has never been in England, and he will see how many, like Mr. Pitt and Colonel Barré, are with us. As for myself, I have been a bit of a fool about you, and your father is more or less right. We must abjure sack and take physic."

"What?" said I.

"To be plain, we must—that is, you must—play less and drink less, and in your father's absence look sharply, with my help, to his business."

I was to need other doctors before I mended my ways. I said my aunt was right, and I made certain good resolutions, which were but short-lived and never reached adult maturity of usefulness.

My aunt walked with me north between the warehouses, taverns, and ship-chandlers on the river-front, and so across the bridge over Dock Creek, and up to Third street. She said I must not talk to her. She had thinking to do, and for this cause, I suppose, turning, took me down to Pine street. At St. Peter's Church she stopped, and bade me wait without, adding, "If I take you in I shall hear of it; wait."

There was a midday service at this time, it being Lent. I waited idly, thinking of my father, and, as I before said, vexed and sorry and ashamed by turns. Often now I pause before I enter this sacred edifice, and think of that hour of tribulation. I could hear the fine, full voice of the Rev. Dr. Duché as he intoned the Litany. He lies now where I stood, and under the arms on his tomb is no record of the political foolishness and instability of a life otherwise free from blame. As I stood, Mrs. Ferguson came out, she who in days to come helped to get the unlucky parson into trouble. With her came my aunt.

"I said a prayer for thee, Hugh," she whispered. "No; no cards in Lent, my dear Bess. Fie! for shame! This way, Hugh;" and we went east,

through Pine street, and so to the back of our garden, where we found a way in, and, walking under the peach-trees, came to where my mother sat beneath a plum-tree, shelling peas, her great Manx cat by her side.

She wore a thin cap on top of the curly head, which was now wind-blown out of all order. "Come, Gainor," she cried, seeing us; "help me to shell my peas. Thou shalt have some. They are come in a ship from the Bermudas. What a pretty pale green the pods are! I should like an apron of that colour."

"I have the very thing, dear. Shall it be the minuet pattern, or plain?"

"Oh, plain. Am I not a Friend? *Une Amie? Ciel!* but it is droll in French. Sarah Logan is twice as gay as I, but John does not love such vanities. *Quant à moi, je les adore.* It seems odd to have a colour to a religion. I wonder if drab goodness be better than red goodness. But what is wrong, Gainor? Yes, there is something. Hugh, thy collar is torn; how careless of me not to have mended it!"

Then my Aunt Gainor, saying nothing of my especial difficulty, and leaving out, too, her London news, related with remarkable clearness the reasons why my father should go overseas in the early fall and be gone for a year. The mother went on quietly shelling the peas, and losing no word. When Gainor had done, the bowl of peas was set aside, and my mother put back her curls, fixed her blue eyes on her sister-in-law, and was silent for a moment longer. At last she said, "It were best, for many reasons best. I see

it," and she nodded her head affirmatively. "But my son? my Hugh?"

"You will have him with you at home. Everything will go on as usual, except that John will be amusing himself in London."

At this the little lady leaped up, all ablaze, so to speak. Never had I seen her so moved. "What manner of woman am I, Gainor Wynne, that I should let my husband go alone on the seas, and here and there, without me? I will not have it. My boy is my boy; God knows I love him; but my husband comes first now and always, and thou art cruel to wish to part us."

"But I never wished to part you. Go with him, Marie. God bless your sweet heart! Leave me your boy; he cannot go. As God lives, I will take care of him!"

Upon this the two women fell to weeping in each other's arms, a thing most uncommon for my Aunt Gainor. Then they talked it all over, as if John Wynne were not: when it would be, and what room I was to have, and my clothes, and the business, and so on—all the endless details wherewith the cunning affection of good women knows to provide comfort for us, who are so apt to be unthankful.

It amazed me to see how quickly it was settled, and still more to learn that my father did not oppose, but fell in with all their plans.

Now back of all my weaknesses and folly I had, as I have said, some of the sense of honour and proud rectitude of my father, who strictly abided by his

creed and his conscience. I returned no more that day to the counting-house, but, saying to my mother I had business, I went off, with a hunk of bread, to my boat, and down the creek to the Delaware. I pulled out, past our old playground on the island, and far away toward the Jersey shore, and then, as the sun fell, drifted with the tide, noting the ruddy lines of the brick houses far away, and began to think.

The scene I had gone through had made a deep impression. It has been ever so with me. Drinking, gaming, betting, and worse, never awakened my conscience or set me reflecting, until some sudden, unlooked-for thing took place, in which sentiment or affection was concerned. Then I would set to work to balance my books and determine my course. At such times it was the dear mother who spoke in me, and the father who resolutely carried out my decision.

The boat drifted slowly with the flood-tide, and I, lying on the bottom, fell to thought of what the day had brought me. The setting sun touched the single spire of Christ Church, and lit up yellow squares of light in the westward-looking windows of the rare farm-houses on the Jersey shore. Presently I was aground on the south end of Petty's Island, where in after-years lay rotting the "Alliance," the remnant ship of the greatest sea-fight that ever was since Grenville lay in the "Revenge," with the Spanish fleet about him. I came to ground amid the reeds and spatter-docks, where the water-lilies were just in bud. A noisy orchestra of frogs, with, as Jack said, fiddles and

bassoons in their throats, ceased as I came, and pitched headlong off the broad green floats. Only one old fellow, with a great bass voice, and secure on the bank, protested loudly at intervals, like the owl in Mr. Gray's noble poem, which my Jack loved to repeat.

At last he—I mean my frog—whose monastery I had disturbed, so vexed me, who wanted stillness, that I smacked the water with the flat of an oar, which he took to be a hint, and ceased to lament my intrusion.

I was now well on to twenty, and old enough to begin at times to deal thoughtfully with events. A young fellow's feelings are apt to be extreme, and even despotic, so that they rule the hour with such strength of sway as may be out of proportion to the cause. I might have seen that I had no just cause to blame myself, but that did not help me. The mood of distressful self-accusation was on me. I had no repeated impulse to smile at what, in my father's conduct, had appeared to me a little while ago odd, and even amusing. I could never please him. I had grinned as I always did when risks were upon me. He never understood me, and I was tired of trying. What use was it to try? I had one of those minutes of wishing to die, which come even to the wholesome young. I was well aware that of late I had not, on the whole, satisfied my conscience; I knew this quite too well; and now, as I lay in the boat discontented, I felt, as the youthful do sometimes feel, as if I were old, and the ending of things were near.

View of PHILADELPHIA on the River Delaware from Kensington

It was but a mood, but it led up to serious thought. There are surely hours in youth when we are older than our years, and times in age when we are again young. Sometimes I wonder whether Jack was right, who used to say it may be we are never young or old, but merely seem to be so. This is the queer kind of reflection which I find now and then in Jack's diary, or with which he used to puzzle me and please James Wilson. Of course a man is young or is old. and there 's an end on 't, as a greater man has said. But Jack has imagination, and I have none.

I asked myself if I had done wrong in what I had said. I could not see that I had. With all my life-long fear of my father, I greatly honoured and respected him, finding in myself something akin to the unyielding firmness with which he stood fast when he had made up his mind.

That this proud and steadfast man, so looked up to by every one, no matter what might be their convictions religious or political, should have been humiliated by a woman, seemed to me intolerable; this was the chief outcome of my reflections. It is true I considered, but I fear lightly, my own misdoings. I made up my mind to do better, and then again the image of my father in his wrath and his shame came back anew. I turned the boat, and pulled steadily across the river to our landing.

My father was in the counting-house in his own room, alone, although it was full late. "Well?" he said, spinning round on his high stool. "What is it? Thou hast been absent, and no leave asked."

"Father," I said, "if I was wrong this morning I wish to ask thy pardon."

"Well, it is full time."

"And I am come to say that I will take the punishment here and now. I did not run away from that."

"Very good," he replied, rising. "Take off thy fine coat."

I wished he had not said this of my coat. I was in a heroic temper, and the sarcasm bit cruelly, but I did as I was bid. He went to the corner, and picked up a rattan cane. To whip fellows of nineteen or twenty was not then by any means unusual. What would have happened I know not, nor ever shall. He said, "There, I hear thy mother's voice. Put on thy coat." I hastened to obey him.

The dear lady came in with eyes full of tears. "What is this, John, I hear? I have seen Gainor. I could not wait. I shall go with thee."

"No," he said; "that is not to be." But she fell on his neck, and pleaded, and I, for my part, went away, not sorry for the interruption. As usual she had her way.

I remember well this spring of '73. It was early by some weeks, and everything was green and blossoming in April. My father and mother were not to sail until the autumn, but already he was arranging for the voyage, and she as busily preparing or thinking over what was needed.

When next I saw my Aunt Gainor, she cried out, "Sit down there, bad boy, and take care of my mandarin. He and my great bronze Buddha are my only

counsellors. If I want to do a thing I ask Mr. Mandarin—he can only nod yes; and if I want not to do a thing I ask Buddha, and as he can neither say no nor yes, I do as I please. What a wretch you are!"

I said I could not see it; and then I put my head in her lap, as I sat on the stool, and told her of my last interview with my father, and how for two days he had hardly so much as bade me good-night.

"It is his way, Hugh," said my aunt. "I am sorry; but neither love nor time will mend him. He is what his nature and the hard ways of Friends have made him."

I said that this was not all, nor the worst, and went on to tell her my latest grievance. Our family worship at home was, as usual with Friends in those days, conducted at times in total silence, and was spoken of by Friends as "religious retirement." At other times, indeed commonly, a chapter of the Bible was read aloud, and after that my father would sometimes pray openly. On this last occasion he took advantage of the opportunity to dilate on my sins, and before our servants to ask of Heaven that I be brought to a due sense of my iniquities. It troubled my mother, who arose from her knees in tears, and went out of the room, whilst I, overcome with anger, stood looking out of the window. My father spoke to her as she opened the door, but she made no answer, nor even so much as turned her head. It brought to my memory a day of my childhood, when my father was vexed because she taught me to say the Lord's Prayer. He did not approve, and would have no set

form of words taught me. My mother was angry too, and I remember my own amazement that any one should resist my father.

When I had told my aunt of the indignity put upon me, and of the fading remembrance thus recalled, she said, "John Wynne has not changed, nor will he ever." She declared that, after all, it was her fault—to have treated me as if I were a man, and to have given me too much money. I shook my head, but she would have it she was to blame, and then said of a sudden, "Are you in debt, you scamp? Did John pray for me?" I replied that I owed no one a penny, and that she had not been remembered. She was glad I was not in debt, and added, "Never play unless you have the means to pay. I have been very foolish. That uneasy woman, Bessy Ferguson, must needs tell me so. I could have slapped her. They will have thy sad case up in Meeting, I can tell thee."

"But what have I done?" I knew well enough.

"Tut! you must not talk that way to me; but it is my fault. Oh, the time I have had with your mother! I am not fit, it seems, to be left to take care of you. They talk of leaving you with Abijah Hapworthy—sour old dog! I wish you joy of him!"

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed; for among my aunt's gay friends I had picked up such exclamatory phrases as, used at home, would have astonished my father.

"Rest easy," said Mistress Wynne; "it is not to be. I have fought your battle, and won it. But I have had to make such promises to your father, and—woe is me!—to your mother, as will damn me forever if

you do not help me to keep them. I can fib to your father and not care a snap, but lie to those blue eyes I cannot."

"I will try, Aunt Gainor; indeed I will try." Indeed, I did mean to.

"You must, you must. I am to be a sort of godmother-in-law to you, and renounce for you the world, the flesh, and the devil; and that for one of our breed! I shall be like a sign-post, and never go the way I point. That was Bessy Ferguson's malice. Oh, I have suffered, I can tell you. It is I, and not you, that have repented."

"But I will; I do."

"That is all very well; but I have had my whipping, and you got off yours."

"What do you mean, aunt?"

"What do I mean? Here came yesterday Sarah Fisher, pretty gay for a Quaker, and that solemn Master Savory, with his sweet, low voice like a nice girl's tongue, and his gentle ways. And they are friends of thy people, who are distressed at thy goings on; and Nicholas Waln has seen thee with two sons of Belial in red coats, come out of the coffee-house last month at evening, singing songs such as are not to be described, and no better able to take care of yourself than you should be. They did think it well and kind—hang 'em, Hugh!—to consider the matter with me. We considered it—we did, indeed. There be five people whose consciences I am to make you respect. And not one of them do I care for, but Mother Blue-eyes. But I must! I must! It was

all true, sir, what Friend Waln said; for you had reason enough left to come hither, and did I not put you to bed and send for Dr. Chovet, who grinned famously, and said, '*Je comprends*,' and went to call on your father on a hint from me, to declare you were *enrhumé*, and threatened with I know not what; in fact, he lied like a gentleman. You made a noble recovery, and are a credit to the doctor. I hope you will pay the bill, and are ashamed."

I was, and I said so.

"But that is not all. These dear Quakers were the worst. They were really sorry, and I had to put on my best manners and listen; and now everybody knows, and you are the talk of the town. Those drab geese must out with the whole naughtiness, despite the company which came in on us, and here were Mr. Montresor and that ape Etherington grinning, and, worst of all, a charming young woman just come to live here with her aunt, and she too must have her say when the Quakers and the men were gone."

"And what did she say?" I did not care much. "And what is her name?"

"Oh, she said the Quakers were rather outspoken people, and it was a pity, and she was sorry, because she knew you once, and you had taken her part at school."

"At school?"

"Yes. She is Darthea Peniston, and some kin of that Miss de Lancey, whom Sir William Draper will marry if he can."

"Darthea Peniston?" I said, and my thoughts

went back to the tender little maid who wept when I was punished, and for whom I had revenged myself on Master Dove.

"Quite a Spanish beauty," said my Aunt Wynne; "a pretty mite of a girl, and not more money than will clothe her, they say; but the men mad about her. Come and see her to-morrow if you are sober."

"O Aunt Gainor!"

"Yes, sir. I hear Mr. Montresor has leave from Anthony Morris to invite you to 'The Colony in Schuylkill' to-morrow. It is well your father has gone to visit Mr. Yeates at Lancaster."

"I shall behave myself, Aunt Gainor."

"I hope so. The Fish House punch is strong."

I went home thinking of Miss Darthea Peniston, and filled with desire to lead a wiser life. It was full time. My aunt's lavish generosity had, as I have said, given me means to live freely among the officers, who were, with some exceptions, a dissolute set. To be with them made it needful to become deceitful and to frame excuses, so that, when I was supposed to be at my aunt's, or riding, I was free that past winter to go on sleighing-parties or to frequent taverns, pleased with the notice I got from men like Montresor and the officers of the Scotch Grays.

I have dwelt not at all on these scenes of dissipation. It is enough to mention them. My father was wrapped up in his business, and full of cares both worldly and spiritual; for now Friends were becoming politically divided, and the meetings were long and sometimes agitated.

My good mother was neither deceived nor unconcerned. She talked to me often, and in such a way as brings tears to my eyes even now to think of the pain I gave her. Alas! it is our dearest who have the greatest power to wound us. I wept and promised, and went back to my husks and evil company.

I have no wish to conceal these things from my children. It is well that our offspring when young should think us angels; but it were as well that when they are older they should learn that we have been men of like passions with themselves, and have known temptation, and have fought, and won or lost, our battles with sin. It is one of the weaknesses of nations, as well as of children, that they come to consider their political fathers as saints. I smile when I think of the way people nowadays think of our great President, as of a mild genius, incapable of being moved to anger or great mirth, a man unspotted of the world. They should have heard him at Monmouth, when Lee failed him in a time of peril, or seen him, as I have seen him, soberly merry over his wine with Knox. But some day you shall see him as my friend Jack and I saw him, and you will, I trust, think no worse of him for being as human as he was just.

The day of my more honest repentance was near, and I knew not that it was to be both terrible and of lasting value. I sometimes reflect upon the curious conditions with which my early manhood was surrounded. Here was I, brought up in the strictest

ways of a sect to which I do no injustice if I describe it as ascetic. At home I saw plain living, and no luxury, save as to diet, which my father would have of the best money could buy. I was taught the extreme of non-resistance, and absolute simplicity as to dress and language. Amusements there were none, and my father read no books except such as dealt with things spiritual, or things commercial. At my aunt's, and in the society I saw at her house, there were men and women who loved to dance, gamble, and amuse themselves. The talk was of bets, racing, and the like. To be drunk was a thing to be expected of officers and gentlemen. To avenge an insult with sword or pistol was the only way to deal with it. My father was a passive Tory, my aunt a furious Whig. What wonder that I fell a victim to temptation?

VII

THE next day, having seen to matters of business in the morning, I set out after dinner in my finest clothes to join my friends. I fear that I promised my mother to be careful, and to be at home by nine o'clock.

I met Captain Montresor at the London Coffee-house, at High and Front streets, and, having taken a chaise, drove out through the woods to the upper ferry, and thence to Egglesfield, the seat of Mr. Warner, from whom the club known then as "The Colony in Schuylkill" held under a curious tenure the acre or two of land where they had built a log cabin and founded this ancient and singular institution. Here were met Anthony Morris, who fell at Trenton, Mr. Tench Francis, sometime Attorney-General, Mifflin, and that Galloway who later became a Tory, with Mr. Willing, and others of less note, old and young. I was late for the annual ceremony of presenting three fish to Mr. Warner, this being the condition on which the soil was held, but I saw the great pewter dish with the Penn arms, a gift from that family, on which the fish were offered.

It was a merry and an odd party; for, clad in white

London Coffee House.

aprons, the apprentices, so called, cooked the dinner and served it; and the punch and Madeira went round the table often enough, as the "king's health" was drunk, and "success to trade," and "the ladies, God bless them!"

I liked it well, and, with my aunt's warning in mind, drank but little, and listened to the talk, which was too free at times, as was the bad custom of that day, and now and then angry; for here were some who were to die for their country, and some who were to fail it in the hour of need.

Despite my English friends, and thanks to Mr. Wilson and my Aunt Gainor, I was fast becoming an ardent Whig, so that the talk, in which I had small share, interested me deeply. At last, about seven, the pipes having been smoked and much punch taken, the company rose to go, some of them the worse for their potations.

We drove into town, and at the coffee-house put up and paid for our chaise. I said good-by to Mr. Montresor, who, I think, had been charged by Miss Wynne to look after me, when a Captain Small, whom I knew, stopped me. He was well known as one of the most reckless of the younger officers, a stout, short man, rather heroically presented long afterward, in Trumbull's picture of the "Death of Warren," as trying to put aside the bayonets. As I paused to reply, I saw Jack Warder standing on the other side of the street. He nodded, smiling, and made as if he were about to cross over. He had many times talked with me seriously this winter,

until I had become vexed, and told him he was a milksop. After this I saw little of him. Now I was annoyed at the idea that he was spying upon my actions, and therefore, like a fool, merely nodded, and, turning my back on him, heard Mr. Small say: "You must not go yet, Mr. Wynne. We are to have supper upstairs, and you will like to see a gentleman of your name, Mr. Arthur Wynne, of the Scots Grays. He tells me he is of distant kin to you."

Montresor said I had better go home, but Etherington asked if I wanted my bottle and nurse; and so at last, partly from pride and partly out of curiosity to see this other Wynne, I said I would remain long enough to welcome the gentleman and take a social glass. When we entered the room upstairs, I found a supper of cold meats and, as usual, punch and liquors. There were two dozen or more officers in undress jackets, their caps and swords in the corners, and also two or three of the younger men of the Tory or doubtful parties.

Several officers called to me to sit with them, for I was a favourite, and could troll a catch or sing parts fairly well. My companion, Small, said, "This way, Wynne," and, followed by Montresor and the colonel of the Scots Grays, whose name I forget, we moved to a table remote from the door. Here Montresor, pushing past Small, said: "Captain Wynne, I have the honour to present to you Mr. Hugh Wynne, one of your family, I hear."

Upon this there rose to greet me a gentleman in the undress uniform of the Grays. He was tall and

well built, but not so broad or strong as we other Wynnes; certainly an unusually handsome man. He carried his head high, was very erect, and had an air of distinction, for which at that time I should have had no name. I may add that he was dressed with unusual neatness, and very richly; all of which, I being but a half-formed young fellow, did much impress me.

He looked at me so steadily as we came near that it gave me a rather unpleasant impression; for those who do not meet the eye at all are scarcely less disagreeable than those who too continually watch you, as was this man's way. I was rather young to be a very careful observer of men's faces, but I did see that Captain Wynne's bore traces of too convivial habits.

As I recall his dark, regular features, I remember, for we met often afterward, that the lower part of his face was too thin, and that in repose his mouth was apt not to remain fully shut, a peculiarity, as I now think, of persons of weak will.

My first feeling of there being something unpleasing about him soon left me. He rose, and, with graciousness and the ease and manner of one used to the best society, moved around the table and took my hand.

"I am but a far-away kinsman," he said, "but I am charmed to make your acquaintance. You are like the picture of old Sir Robert at Wyncote, where I was last year for the otter-hunting."

I greeted him warmly. "And art thou living at Wyncote?" I asked rather awkwardly.

"No, I do not live at home. I am but a cadet, and yours is the elder branch." Then he added gaily, "I salute you, sir, as the head of our old house. Your very good health!" And at this, with a charm of manner I have seen but rarely, he put a hand on my shoulder, and added, "We must be friends, Cousin Wynne, and I must know your father, and above all Mistress Wynne. Montresor never ceases talking of her."

I said it would give me pleasure to present him; then, delighted to hear of Wyncote, I sat down, and, despite a warning look from Montresor, began to take wine with this newly found kinsman.

Mr. Arthur Wynne was a man fully ten years my senior. He had served in the Guards, and in the Indies, and was full of stories of court and camp and war, such as every young fellow of spirit likes to hear.

Captain Montresor lingered awhile, and then, finding it vain to persist in his purpose, gave it up, and fell to talking with one of his fellow-officers, while I went on questioning my cousin as to the Wynnes to their uttermost generation. Either he cared little about them, or he knew little, for he seemed much to prefer to tell queer stories about the court ladies, and my Lord Chesterfield's boor of a son, who had such small manners and such a large appetite, and of Sir Guy Carleton, whom he was about to join in Canada. He advised me to get a pair of colours as my aunt had once desired, and seemed surprised when I paraded my friend Mr. Wilson's opinions as

my own, and talked of taxation and the oppression under which commerce had to be carried on. In fact, as to this I knew something; but in this, as in other matters, he deferred to me as one does to a well-informed talker of one's own age, now setting me right with admirable courtesy, and now cordially agreeing.

What with his evident desire to be friendly, and the wine I was taking, I fell an easy prey to one who rarely failed to please when he was so minded. Too well amused to reflect that the hours were swiftly passing, I sat, taking glass after glass mechanically. As the night went on we had more punch, and the dice began to rattle on the tables, despite the landlord's remonstrance, who feared to fall into the hands of the law and lose his licence. But a lively major called out that here was licence enough, and hustled him out of the room, calling for more rum-punch, and stronger.

Meanwhile the smoke grew thick and thicker. Here and there a song broke out, and the clink of coin and the rattle of dice went on. Then, when at last Montresor came to our table and said he was going, and would I come too, I rose, and, bidding my kinsman good-by, went with the captain. I heard him swear as he found the door locked. No one seemed to know who had the key, and as for me, not ill-pleased, and past feeling regret, I turned back and stood over a table where some officers were throwing a main.

Then I saw in a corner a poor fellow who used to

be an usher at the academy, and who, having taken to drink, had lost his place. Now he was a sort of servitor in the coffee-house, and had gotten locked up in the room and could not escape. He had taken refuge in a corner at a deserted table, and, sitting unnoticed, was solacing himself with what was left of a bowl of punch. A sense of not altogether maudlin pity came upon me, and I went over and sat down beside him. No one took any heed of us. The air was heavy with pipe-smoke, oaths, mad catches of song, clink of glasses, and rattle of dice noisily cast, with here and there a toast cried; so that it was hard to see for the smoke, or to hear a man speak.

"Why, Savoy! How camest thou here?" I said.

"The devil fetched me, I guess."

He was far gone in liquor. "I am like Mr. Sterne's starling: 'I can't get out.' Ever read Mr. Sterne's—what is it?—oh, his 'Sentimental Journey'?"

Here was one worse than I, and I felt inclined to use what Friends call a precious occasion, a way being opened.

"This is a sad business, Savoy," I said.

"Dre'ful," he returned. "*Facilis descensus taverni.* No use to talk to me. I am tired of life. I am going to die. Some men shoot themselves, some like the rope, and some cold water. You know what Bishop what's-his-name—I mean Jeremy Taylor—says about ways to die: 'None please me.' But drink is the best. I mean to drink myself dead—dead—d—dead," and here he fell on to my shoulder. Letting him down easily, I loosed his neckerchief, and stood beside him,

pitiful and shocked. Then in a moment I felt that I was drunk. The room whirled, and with an effort I got to the open window, stumbling over legs of men, who looked up from their cards and cursed me.

Of what chanced after this I knew for a time but little, until I was in one instant sobered. This was an hour later, and nigh to twelve o'clock. What took place I heard from others; and, as it concerns a turning-point in my life, I shall try to relate it as if I myself had been conscious all the while.

The better for air, I went over to a table in the centre of the room not far from the door. Leaning heavily on Captain Small's shoulder, I threw on the table the last gold joe my aunt had given me with her final lesson in morals.

"Best in three, Etherington."

"Take it," he cried.

I threw double sixes, he threes, and I deuce ace. Then he cast some numbers as good. Certainly the devil meant to have me. I threw a third time; a six and a five turned up, and he an ace and a four. I had won. "Double or quits," I said; "one throw." I won again, and at this I went on until the pile of gold grew beneath my eyes, amid laughter, curses, and all manner of vileness. Presently I heard the colonel exclaim, "This won't do, gentlemen," and I felt some one trying to draw me from the table. It was Captain Wynne. I cried out, "Hands off! no liberties with me! I am the head of thy house; thou art only a cadet." He laughed as I pushed him aside.

"You said double or quits," cried the stout major. How he got into the game I knew not.

"It is a mere boy! for shame!" cried the colonel. "I forbid it."

"I am a gentleman," I said. "Thou canst order thy officers; thou canst not order me," and as I spoke I cast so hard that I crushed the box. I heard some one cry, "A damn pretty Quaker! By George, he has lost! A clean hundred pounds!" Even in this drunken revel there was a pause for a moment. I was, after all, but a tipsy lad of twenty, and some were just not far enough gone to feel that it might look to others an ugly business. The colonel said something to Major Milewood as to disrespect, I hardly know what; for at this moment there was a loud knocking at the door. In the lull that followed I heard the colonel's voice.

Then the tumult broke out anew. "By Jove, it is a woman!" cried Wynne. "I hear her. Wine and women! A guinea to a guinea she 's pretty!"

"Done!" cried some one.

"Here 's the key," said the major; "let 's have her in."

"*Place aux dames,*" hiccoughed a cornet.

The colonel rose, but it was too late. Wynne, seizing the key, unlocked the door and threw it wide open, as my mother, followed by Jack Warder, entered the room, and stood still a moment, dazed.

Captain Wynne, leering and unsteady, caught at her waist, exclaiming, "By George! she might be younger, but I've won. A toast! a toast! A Quaker, by George!"

Whether I was sobered or not, I know not. I can only say that of a sudden I was myself, and strangely quiet. I saw the dear lady, brave, beautiful, and with her curls falling about her neck, as she shrank back from the man's touch.

"Come, Hugh," she said.

"Yes, mother," I said; "but first—" and I struck Captain Wynne full in the face, so that, unprepared as he was, he fell over a table and on to the floor.

Every one started up. There was instant silence.

In a moment he was on his feet, and, like myself, another man. Turning, he said, with amazing coolness, wiping the blood away, for I was strong, and had hit hard, "Madam, I beg your pardon; we have been behaving like beasts, and I am fitly punished. As to you, Mr. Wynne, you are a boy, and have undertaken to rough it with men. This shall go no further."

"It shall go where I please," I cried.

"No, no; Hugh, Hugh!" said my mother.

"We will talk it over to-morrow," said the captain; and then, turning, "I mean, gentlemen, that this shall stop here. If any man thinks I am wrong, let him say so. I shall know how to settle accounts with him."

"No, no," said the colonel; "you are right, and if any officer thinks otherwise, I too am at his service." In the silence which came after he added, "Permit me, madam;" and offering his arm to my mother, we following, they went downstairs, Jack and I after them, and so into the street and the reproachful calm of the starlit April night.

VIII

"EVEN so far away as now," says Jack, writing in after-days, "it grieves me to think of that winter, and of this mad scene at the London Coffee-house. When I saw Hugh go in with the officers, I waited for an hour, and then went away. Returning later, I learned that he was still upstairs. I felt that if I stayed until he came forth, although he might not be in a way to talk to me, to know that I had waited so long might touch him and help him to hear me with patience. I walked to and fro until the clock had struck twelve, fearful and troubled like a woman. Sometimes I think I am like a woman in certain ways, but not in all.

"There were many people who loved Hugh, but, save his mother, none as I did. He had a serious kindliness in his ways, liking to help people, and for me at certain times and in certain crises a reassuring directness of swift dealing with matters in hand, most sustaining to one of my hesitating nature. His courage was instinctive, mine the result of obedience to my will, and requiring a certain resolute effort.

"I think of him always as in time of peril, throwing his head up and his shoulders back, and smiling,

"There was instant silence."

with very wide-open eyes, like his mother's, but a deeper blue. The friendship of young men has often for a partial basis admiration of physical force, and Hugh excelled me there, although I have never been considered feeble or awkward except among those of another sex, where always I am seen, I fear, to disadvantage.

"Just after twelve I saw a woman coming hastily up Front street. As she came to a pause in the light which streamed from the open door, I knew her for Madam Marie, as she had taught me to call her. She wore a *calèche* hood, fallen back so that I saw her hair, half tumbled from under the thin gauze cap worn on the top of the head by most Quakers. She was clad quite too slightly, and had for wrap only a light, gray silk shawl.

"'*Mon Dieu!*' she exclaimed, 'I had to come. Jack, is he here? *Il faut que je monte*, I must go upstairs.' In excitement she was apt to talk French, and then to translate. 'Let me go,' said I; but she cried out, 'No, no! come!'

"There were many rough folks without, and others called together by the noise above, and no wonder. I said, 'Come in; I will go up with thee.' She pushed me aside, and, with staring eyes, cried, '*Où est l'escalier?*' As we went through the coffee-room, the loungers looked at her with surprise. She followed me without more words, ran by me on the stairs, and in a moment beat fiercely on the door, crying, '*Ouvrez!* open! quick!' Then there was that madhouse scene."

And this was how it came about, as Jack has here

told, that, still hot and angry, but much sobered, I, her son, walked beside my mother till we came to our door, and Jack left us, saying:

"Wilt thou see me to-morrow?"

I said, "Yes. God bless thee! Thou art the real son," and we entered.

Then it was sweet to see her; she said no word of reproach except, "*Il ne faut pas me donner ton baiser du soir.* No, no; I am not to be kissed." And so I went, sorrowful and still dizzy, up to my sleepless couch.

At the first gray light of dawn I rose, and was soon away half a mile from shore in my boat. As I came up from my first plunge in the friendly river, and brushed the water from my eyes, I do assure you the world seemed different. The water was very cold, but I cared nothing for that. I went home another and a better man, with hope and trust and self-repose for company. That hour in the water at early morn forever after seemed to me a mysterious separation between two lives, like a mighty baptismal change. Even now I think of it with a certain awe.

I pulled home as the sun rose, and lingered about until our servants came in for the early worship of the day. Soon I had the mother's kiss, and underwent a quick, searching look, after which she nodded gaily, and said, "*Est-ce que tout est bien, mon fils?* Is all well with thee, my son?" I said, "Yes—yes." I heard her murmur a sweet little prayer in her beloved French tongue. Then she began to read a chapter. I looked up amazed. It was the prodigal's story.

I stood it ill, thinking it hard that she should have made choice of that reproachful parable. I stared sideways out at the stream and the ships, but lost no word, as, with a voice that broke now and then, she read the parable to its close. After this should have come prayer, silent or spoken; but, to my surprise, she said, "We will not pray this morning," and we went in to breakfast at once.

As for me, I could not eat. I went out alone to the garden and sat down. I knew she would come to me soon. It seemed to me a long while. I sat on the grass against a tree, an old cherry, as I remember, and waited.

I can see her coming toward me under the trees, grave and quiet and sweet. The great beauty, Sarah Lukens, who married in mid-war the gallant Lennox, used to say of my mother that she put some sugar into all her moods; and it was true. I have seen her angry. I had rather have faced my father in his wildest rage than her. Why was she not angry now? She had vast reason for displeasure. After men have become wise enough to understand woman, I protest there will remain the mother, whom no man will ever comprehend.

"What a beautiful day, Hugh! And you had a good swim? was it cold? Why may not girls swim? I should love it."

Next she was beside me on the grass, my head on her bosom, saying, with a little sob, as if she had done some wrong thing:

"I—I did not choose it, dear; indeed I did not. It

came in order with the day, as your father reads; and I—I did not think until I began it, and then I would not stop. It is strange for it to so chance. I wonder where that prodigal's mother was all the while? Oh, you are better than that wicked, wicked prodigal. I never would have let him go at all—never if I could have helped it, I mean. *Mon Dieu!* I think we women were made only for prayer or for forgiveness; we can stop no sin, and when it is done can only cry, 'Come back! come back! I love you!'"

If I cried on that tender heart, and spoke no word, and was but a child again, I am sure that it was of all ways the best to tell her that never again should she be hurt by any act of mine.

"See, there is Judith at the door, wondering where I am," she said, "and what is to be for dinner. I must go and get ready the fatted calf. Ah, I would not have left one alive. Yes, yes, I can jest, because I am no more afraid, *mon fils*, nor ever shall be."

Upon this I would have said something of my deep shame, and of the swine among whom I had wallowed.

"No," she cried; "*c'est fini, mon cher.* It is all over. The swine will eat alone hereafter." And so would hear no more, only adding, "As for me, I want to be told once how brave I was. Jack said so; indeed he did. I *was* brave, was I not?"

"Don't, dear mother! please! I cannot bear it." Somehow this plea, so childlike, to be praised for what must have cost so much, quite overcame me.

"Yes, yes," she said; "I understand thee, and I

shall always. How strong thou art, *mon fils!* I was proud of thee, even in that sty of pigs in red coats. And he behaved like a gentleman, and hath wondrous self-command. I would see him again; who is he?"

I told her his name.

"*Que c'est dróle.* That is curious. Thy cousin! No doubt we shall see him to-day, and thy father. I shall tell him all—all. He must know."

"Yes, he must know," I said; "but I will tell him myself."

"He will be angry, but that is part of thy punishment."

Then I told her, too, I had lost an hundred pounds, as I believed, and she said:

"That is, after all, the least. There are pearls of my sister's I never wear. Thy aunt must take them and pay this debt. Go now to thy business as if nothing had happened, and I will send thee the pearls by Tom. No, no; it is to be as I say; I must have my way."

What could I do? I kissed her, and we parted. I made no promises, and she asked for none. I like to think of how, after all, I left with her this sense of quiet trust.

I have said that the daily march of events never so influenced my life as did critical occasions. This was surely one of them. I do not now regret the knowledge of a baser world which I thus acquired. It has been of use to me, and to some with whose lives I have had to deal.

Of the wrath of my father, when I humbly con-

fessed my sins, it is not needful to speak at length. For business calamities he was ready enough, and lacked not decision; but in this matter he was, as I could see, puzzled. He strode up and down, a great bulk of a man, opening and shutting his hands, a trick he had in his rare moments of doubt or of intense self-repression.

"I know not what to do with thee," he said over and over; "and thou didst strike the man, thy cousin? Well, well! and hurt him, I am told? And he did not return the blow!"

I had not said so. Thus I knew that other busy tongues had been at work. For my life, I could not see whether he looked upon the blow as my worst iniquity, or deep in his heart was hardly grieved at it.

"Thou didst strike him? I must consider of thee; I must take counsel. Go! thou wilt bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave." And so I left him, still striding to and fro, with ever the same odd movement of his hands. He took counsel, indeed, and for me and for him the most unwise that ever a troubled man could have taken. It was some days before this unpleasant scene took place, and meanwhile I had seen my aunt.

She was taking snuff furiously when I entered, and broke out at once, very red in the face, and walking about in a terrible rage. My mother used to say that the first thing one saw of my Aunt Gainor was her nose. It had been quite too much of a nose for the rest of her face, until gray hair and some change wrought by time in the architecture of

her fine head helped to make it more in harmony with the rest of her features. Somehow it arrested my attention now, and Heaven knows why it seemed to me more odd than ever.

"This is a fine repentance indeed! What are you staring at, you fool? Here has been that wild curlew, Bess Ferguson, with an awful tale of how you have gambled and lost an hundred pounds, and half killed an unlucky cousin. Who the deuce is the man? A nice godchild you are! A proper rage I am in, and Dr. Rush tells me I am never to get excited! You should hear Mrs. Galloway; duels and murder are the least of her talk; and, upon my word, you know no more of the small sword than of—I know not what. I must send you to Pike for lessons. When is it to be?"

"My dear aunt," I cried, "I wish all these Tory cats of yours were dead!"

At this she broke into laughter, and sat down.

"Cats! and did n't they miaow! That sweet girl-boy, Jack Warder, has been here too; sent, I suppose, by that dear Jesuit, your mother. How he blushes! I hear you behaved like a gentleman even in your cups. I like the lad; I did not use to. He is a manly miss. Sit down, and tell me all about it. Bless me! how hot I am!"

Upon this I knew I had won my battle, and went on to tell the whole story. When I produced my pearls, of which I was horribly ashamed, she broke out anew, declaring we were all mere traders, and did we think her a pawnbroker? and ended by giving me an hundred pounds, and bidding me to be care-

ful and pay at once, as it was a debt of honour. "As to the pearls, let Madam Marie keep them for thy wife."

Thus ended a sorry business. It was to be told, and I have told it; but none, not even my mother or Jack, knew how deep a mark it left upon my character, or how profoundly it affected my life.

My friend Jack shall say the requiescat of this chapter of my life, which I have so unwillingly recorded. There was one more thing needed to complete its misery. Says Jack:

"Hugh Wynne and I fell apart this last winter of '72 and '73. It was my fault." This I do not understand. "Came then that hideous night in April, and all the rest; and Hugh I saw the day after, and begged him to forgive me because I had so easily deserted him. I took him later a kind message from Mr. James Wilson; for our small city knew it all. Friends looked at him as one disgraced, except Friend Rupert Forest, who, to my amusement, seemed to enjoy to hear the whole story, saying, 'Alas! alas!' and yet, as I saw, far more pleased than distressed. It brought to my mind the battle he had set us to fight out when we were boys. For a week or two Hugh was dispirited, but after that, when the colonel had called, and his cousin, Arthur Wynne, began to be more and more with him, he took heart, and faced our little world, and would let no one, except myself, say a word to him of the time of his downfall; this I think I never did, save perhaps once, and that long after.

"There was no need to preach. Converted devils make the best saints. I never was as good as Hugh, because I lacked courage to be wicked. Hugh was no saint, but he drank no more for a long while, and was ever after moderate. As to cards and dice, it was much the same."

What Jack has here written is all nonsense. He was a better man than I, and never was nor could have been a bad one.

IX

HAVE said that one event had to be recorded before I completed the story of that episode of which I was weary of hearing. My father—and it was against all his habits in regard to most matters—reminded me almost daily of my misdeeds. He hoped I did not drink any more, and he would even look at the square flasks on the shelf to see, as I suspected, if they had been used. To be prayed for was worst of all, and this he did more than once. It was all of it unwise, and but for my mother I should have been even more unhappy. I can see now that my father was this while in distress, feeling that he must do something, and not knowing what to do.

In his business life there had always been a way opened, as Friends say. He did not see that what I needed was what it was not in his nature to give, and thus it came about that we drew apart, and perhaps neither then nor at any later time were, or could ever have been, in the kindlier relation which makes the best of friendships that of the grown-up son with the elderly father.

At last, after a month or more, when it was far

on in June, he ceased to trouble me, and to walk up and down, opening and shutting his hands, as he recounted my sins. He had reached an unfortunate decision, of which I was soon to feel the results.

In the mean time my cousin, Mr. Arthur Wynne, had come into very close intimacy with all our family circle. As he had much to do with my later life, it is well to return a little, and to detail here what followed after the night of my mother's visit to the coffee-house.

Next day, in the evening, came the colonel of the Scots Grays, and desired to see me in the sitting-room, my father being still in Lancaster.

"Mr. Wynne," he said, "Captain Wynne has asked me to call in reference to that unhappy business of last night. He begs to make his excuses to Mrs. Wynne in this letter, which may I ask you to deliver? And after this action on his part I trust you will see your way to regret the blow you struck."

I was quiet for a moment, feeling that I must be careful what answer I made. "I cannot feel sorry," I said; "I do not regret it."

"That is a pity, Mr. Wynne. You should remember that Mr. Arthur Wynne could not have known who the lady was. A blow is a thing no gentleman can, as a rule, submit to; but this has been discussed by Sir William Draper and myself, and we feel that Mr. Arthur Wynne cannot challenge a boy of eighteen."

"I am twenty," I replied.

"Pardon me—of twenty, who is his cousin. That is the real point I would make. You have the best of it. You were right, quite right; but, by St. George, you are a hard hitter! Mr. Wynne would have come in person, but he is hardly fit to be seen, and a sign-painter is just now busy painting his eyelids and cheek, so as to enable him to appear out of doors."

The colonel treated me with the utmost respect, and, as a young fellow naturally would be, I was embarrassed more than a little, but not at all dissatisfied with the condition of my cousin. I said awkwardly that if he was willing to forget it I supposed I ought to be.

"I think so," said the colonel. "Suppose you leave it with me, and in a day or two talk it over with him. Indeed, he is a most charming gentleman, and a worthy member of a good old house."

I said I would leave it with the colonel, and upon this he said, "Good-by, and come and dine with the mess some day, but don't hit any more of us;" and so, laughing, he went away, leaving me flattered, but with the feeling that somehow he had gotten the better of me.

My mother declared it was a beautiful letter, writ prettily, but ill-spelled (neither George the king nor our own George could spell well). She would not let me see it. I did years afterward. In it he spoke of me as a boy, and she was cunning enough to know that I should not like that.

It was a week before we saw Mr. Arthur Wynne.

My father had meanwhile vented his first wrath on me, and I was slowly getting over the strong sense of disgust, shame, contrition, and anger, and had settled down earnestly to my work. I hardly recognised the man who came in on us after supper, as my mother and I sat in the orchard, with my father in a better humour than of late, and smoking a churchwarden, which, you may like to know, was a long clay pipe. The smoke sailed peacefully up, as I sat looking at its blue smoke-rings. How often since have I seen them float from the black lips of cannon, and thought of my father and his pipe!

We discussed the state of trade, and now and then I read aloud bits from the Boston "Packet" of two weeks back, or my mother spoke of their September voyage, and of what would be needed for it, a voyage being looked upon as a serious affair in those times.

"I found your doors hospitably open," said the captain, appearing, "and the servant said I should find you here; so I have taken my welcome for granted, and am come to make my most humble excuses to Mrs. Wynne."

We all rose as he drew near, my mother saying in my ear as he approached, "It is Arthur Wynne. Now, Hugh, take care!"

This newly found cousin was, like all of us, tall, but not quite so broad as we other Wynnes. He was of swarthy complexion from long service in the East, and had black hair, not fine, but rather coarse. I noticed a scar on his forehead. He shook hands, using his left hand, because, as I learned, of awkward-

ness from an old wound. But with his left he was an expert swordsman, and, like left-handed swordsmen, the more dangerous.

"We are glad to see thee, Cousin Wynne," said my mother.

Seeing the marks of my handiwork still on his cheek, I took his greeting with decent cordiality, and said, "Sit down; wilt thou smoke a pipe, Cousin Arthur?"

He said he did not smoke, and set himself, with the address of a man used to a greater world than ours, to charm those whom no doubt he considered to be quite simple folk. In a few minutes the unpleasantness of the situation was over. He and my father were at one about politics, and I wisely held my peace. He let fall a discreet sentence or two about the habits of soldiers, and his own regrets, and then said, laughing:

"Your son is not quite of your views as a Friend in regard to warfare."

"My son is a hasty young man," said my father, and I felt my mother's touch on my arm.

Our cousin was in no way upset by this. He said, "No, no, cousin; he is young, but not hasty. I was fitly dealt with. We are hot-blooded people, we Wynnes. The ways of Friends are not our ways of dealing with an injury; and it was more—I wish to say so—it was an insult. He was right."

"There is no such thing as insult in the matter," said my father. "We may insult the great Master, but it is not for man to resent or punish."

"I fear as to that we shall continue to differ." He spoke with the utmost deference. "Do you go to Wyncote? I hear you are for England in the autumn."

"No; I shall be too full of business. Wyncote has no great interest for me."

"Indeed? It might perhaps disappoint you—a tumble-down old house, an embarrassed estate. My brother will get but a small income when it falls to him. My father fights cocks and dogs, rides to hounds, and, I grieve to say, drinks hard, like all our Welsh squires."

I was surprised at his frank statement. My mother watched him curiously, with those attentive blue eyes, as my father returned:

"Of a certainty, thou dost not add to my inducements to visit Wyncote. I should, I fear, be sadly out of place."

"I am afraid that is but too true, unless your head is better than mine. We are a sad set, we Wynnes. All the prosperity, and I fear much of the decency of the family, crossed the ocean long ago."

"Yet I should like to see Wyncote," said I. "I think thou didst tell me it is not thy home."

"No; a soldier can hardly be said to have a home; and a younger brother, with a tough father alive, and an elder brother on an impoverished estate, must needs be a wanderer."

"But we shall make thee welcome here," said my father, with grave kindness. "We are plain people, and live simply; but a Wynne should always find, as we used to say here, the latch-string outside."

With a little more talk of the Wynnes, the captain, declining to remain longer, rose, and, turning to me, said, "I hear, Cousin Hugh, that you refused to say that you were sorry for the sharp lesson you gave me the other night. I have made my peace with your mother."

"I shall see that my son behaves himself in future. Thou hast heard thy cousin, Hugh?"

I had, and I meant to make it up with him, but my father's effort as a peacemaker did not render my course the more easy. Still, with the mother-eyes on me, I kept my temper.

"I was about to say thou hast done all a man can do," said I.

"Then let us shake hands honestly," he replied, "and let bygones be bygones."

I saw both my parents glance at me. "I should be a brute if I did not say yes, and mean it, too; but I cannot declare that I am sorry, except for the whole business." And with this I took his left hand, a variety of the commonplace ceremony which always, to my last knowledge of Captain Wynne, affected me unpleasantly.

He laughed. "They call us in Merionethshire the wilful Wynnes. You will find me a good friend if you don't want the things I want. I am like most younger brothers, inclined to want things. I thank you all for a pleasant hour. It is like home, or better." With this he bowed low to my mother's curtsey, and went away, chatting as I conducted him to the door, and promising to sail with me, or to fish.

Naturally enough, on my return I found my parents discussing our newly found relative. My mother thought he talked much of himself, and had been pleasanter if he had not spoken so frankly of his father. My father said little, except that there seemed to be good in the young man.

"Why should we not forgive that in him which we must forgive in our own son?"

My father had some dreadful power to hurt me, and to me only was he an unjust man; this may have been because my wrong-doing troubled both his paternal and his spiritual pride. I was about to say that there was little likeness between my sin and that of my cousin; but I saw my mother, as she stood a little back of my father's great bulk, shake her head, and I held my tongue. Not so she.

"If thou hadst been a woman in my place, John Wynne, thou wouldst be far from saying the thing thou hast said."

Never had I heard or seen in our house a thing like this. I saw, in the fading light, my father working his hands as I have described, a signal of restrained anger, and, like anything physically unusual in one we love, not quite pleasant to see. But my mother, who knew not fear of him nor of any, went on, despite his saying, "This is unseemly—unseemly, wife."

"Thou art unjust, John, to my son."

"Thy son?"

"Yes; mine as well as thine. I have faith that thou, even thou, John, wouldst have done as my boy did."

"I? I?" he cried; and now I saw that he was disturbed, for he was moving his feet like some proud, restrained horse pawing the grass. At last he broke the stillness which followed his exclamations: "There is but one answer, wife. Both have been brutes, but this boy has been kept near to godly things all his life. Each First-day the tongues of righteous men have taught him to live clean, to put away wrath, to love his enemies; and in a day—a minute—it is gone, and, as it were, useless, and I the shame of the town."

I hoped this was all; but my mother cried, "John! John! It is thy pride that is hurt. No, it is not seemly to dispute with thee, and before thy son. And yet—and yet—even that is better than to let him go with the thought that he is altogether like, or no better than, that man. If thou hast a duty to bear testimony, so have I." And thus the mother of the prodigal son had her say. No doubt she found it hard, and I saw her dash the tears away with a quick hand, as she added, "If I have hurt thee, John, I am sorry."

"There is but one answer, wife. Love thy enemy; do good to them that despitefully use thee. Thou wilt ruin thy son with false kindness, and who shall save him from the pit?"

I turned at last in a storm of indignation, crying, "Could I see my mother treated like a street-wench or a gutter-drab, and lift no hand? I wish I had killed him!"

"See, wife," said my father. "Yes, even this was to be borne."

"Not by me!" I cried, and strode into the house, wondering if ever I was to be done with it.

The day after no one of us showed a sign of this outbreak. Never had I seen the like of it among us; but the Quaker habit of absolute self-repression, and of concealment of emotion again prevailed, so that at breakfast we met as usual, and, whatever we may have felt, there was no outward evidence of my mother's just anger, of my father's bitterness, or of my own disgust.

X

I WAS not yet to see the end of my iniquity, and was to feel the consequences in ways which, for many a day, influenced my life and actions.

It was toward the end of June. The feeling of uneasiness and dread was becoming more and more felt, not only in commerce, which is so sensitive, but also in the social relations of men. The king's officers were more saucy, and, like all soldiers, eager for active service, imagining an easy victory over a people untrained in war. Such Tory pamphleteers as the foul-tongued Massachusetts writer, Daniel Leonard, were answering "Vindex" (Mr. Adams) and the widely read letters of "An American Farmer." The plan of organised correspondence between the colonies began to be felt in some approach to unity of action, for at this time the outspoken objection to the views of the king and his facile minister was general, and even men like Galloway, Chew, the Allens, and John Penn stood with varying degrees of good will among those who were urging resistance to oppression. As yet the too mighty phantom of independence had not appeared

on the horizon of our stormy politics, to scare the timid, and to consolidate our own resistance.

I worked hard with my father at our lessening and complicated business, riding far into the country to collect debts, often with Jack, who had like errands to do, and with whom I discussed the topics which were so often, and not always too amiably, in question at my Aunt Gainor's table. I was just now too busy to be much with my old favourites, the officers. Indeed, I was wise enough to keep away from them.

My cousin I saw often, both at my aunt's, as I shall relate, and elsewhere; for he came much to our house, and my father found it agreeable to talk over with him the news of the day. My mother did not like him as well, but she held her peace, and, like every other man, he was attracted by her gaiety, and quaint way of looking at men and things.

Mr. Wilson I saw at times, as he still had, I know not why, a fancy for me, and loved well to sail with me of evenings over to Kaighn's Point to fish, or down to Gloucester to bob for crabs. I owed him much. A profound knowledge of law, variety of reading, and a mind which left broadly on our after-history the marks of his powerful intellect, were at my service. He used to caution me how I spoke of his opinions to others, and he would then discuss with freedom politics and the men whose figures were fast rising into distinctness as leaders to be listened to and trusted. Many of them he knew, and thus first I heard clearly what manner of persons were Patrick Henry

and the Adamses, Dickinson, Peyton Randolph, and others less prominent. In this way I came to be more and more confirmed in the opinions my Aunt Gainor so resolutely held, and also more careful how I expressed them. Indeed, although but twenty years of age, I was become quite suddenly an older and graver man. Mr. Wilson surprised me one day by saying abruptly, as he pulled up a reluctant crab, "Do you never think, Hugh, that we shall have war?"

I was indeed amazed, and said so. Then he added, "It will come. My place will not be in the field, but, whether you like it or not, you will see battles. You were made for a soldier, Hugh, Quaker or no Quaker."

I thought it odd that two people as different as my Aunt Gainor and he should have the same belief that we were drifting into war. She had said to me the night before that she had known Lord North as a boy, and that the king was an obstinate Dutchman, and would make his minister go his way, adding, "When it comes you will be in it; you can't escape."

No one else whom I knew had any such belief. Wilson's views and prediction sent me home thoughtful enough.

That evening my father said to me, "We go to Merion the day after to-morrow." It was there we spent our summers. "To-morrow will be Fourth-day. It is our last day of Meeting in the town. There will, perhaps, be some wise words said as to present confusions, and I wish thee to hear them, my son."

I said, "Yes; at seven, father?" I was, however,

astonished; for these occasional night Meetings in the middle of the week were but rarely attended by the younger Friends, and, although opened with such religious observances as the society affected, were chiefly reserved for business and questions of discipline. I had not the least desire to go, but there was no help for it.

Our supper took place at six on this Wednesday, a little earlier than usual, and I observed that my father drank several cups of tea, which was not his habit. Few people took tea since the futile tax had been set upon it; but my father continued to drink it, and would have no concealment, as was the custom with some Whigs, who in public professed to be opposed to the views of the crown as to the right to collect indirect taxes.

Seeing that I did not drink it, and knowing that I liked nothing better than a good dish of tea, he asked me why I did not partake of it. Not willing to create new trouble, I said I did not want any. He urged the matter no further, but I saw he was not well pleased. We set off soon after in silence, he walking with hands behind his back clasping his gold-headed cane, his collarless coat and waistcoat below his beaver, and the gray hair in a thick mass between. He wore shoes, fine drab short-clothes, and black silk stockings, all without buckles; and he moved rapidly, nodding to those he met on the way, to the Bank Hill Meeting-house, in Front street, above Arch.

It was a simple, one-story, brick building, set a

few feet above the level of the roadway. The gables and shutters were painted white, as was also the plain Doric doorway, which had a pillar on each side. I judged by the number of both sexes entering that it was an unusual occasion. There were many drab-coated men, and there were elderly women, in gowns of drab or gray, with white silk shawls and black silk-covered cardboard bonnets. Here and there a man or woman was in gayer colours or wore buckles, and some had silver buttons; but these were rare. The Meeting-room was, so to speak, a large oblong box with whitewashed walls. A broad passage ran from the door to the farther end; on the right of it sat the men, on the left the women; against the remoter wall, facing the rude benches, were three rows of seats, one above the other. On these sat at the back the elders, and in front of them the overseers. The clerk of the Meeting had a little desk provided for him. Over their heads was a long sounding-board.

To me the scene had been familiar for years; but to-day it excited my attention because of an air of expectation, and even of excitement, among the few more youthful Friends. I saw, as we entered, furtive glances cast at my father and myself; but as to this I had grown to be of late more or less indifferent, and had no anticipation of what was to follow later.

I had become, since my sad downfall, a more serious and thoughtful young man, and far better fitted to feel the beauty and the spirituality of these Meetings than I had been before. When the doors were closed

Friends Bank Meeting

I sat silent in prayer; for some ten minutes increasing stillness came upon one and all of the three or four hundred people here met together.

As I waited, with long-trained patience, for full twenty minutes, a yet deeper quiet fell on the figures seated on each side of the aisle. For a time none of the men uncovered, but soon a few took off their broad hats, having remained with them on their heads long enough to satisfy custom by this protest against the ways of other men. The larger number kept their hats on their heads. Then a strange incident took place: a woman of middle age, but gray, her hair fallen about her shoulders, entered noisily, and, standing before the elders, cried out in a loud voice, as though in affliction and sore distress, "See to your standing; the Lord is about to search and examine your camp. Ho! ye of little faith and less works, the hand of God is come upon you—the mighty hand of punishment." As she spake thus wildly she swayed to and fro, and seemed to me disordered in mind. Finally she passed across the space in front of the overseers, to the women's side, and then back again, repeating her mad language. My Aunt Gainor's great bronze Buddha was not more motionless than they who sat on the elders' seats. At last the woman faced the Meeting, and went down the aisle, waving her hands, and crying out, "I shall have peace, peace, in thus having discharged my Lord's errand." The many there met did justice to their discipline. Scarce a face showed the surprise all must have felt. No one

turned to see her go out, or seemed to hear the door banged furiously after her. The covered heads remained silent and undisturbed; the rows of deep bonnets were almost as moveless. Fully ten minutes of perfect silence followed this singular outburst. Then I saw the tall, gaunt figure of Nicholas Waln rise slowly, a faint but pleasant smile on his severe face, while he looked about him and began:

"Whether what ye have heard be of God I cannot say. The time hath troubled many souls. The woman, Sarah Harris, who hath, as some are aware, borne many sweet and pleasing testimonies to Friends in Wilmington, I know not. Whether what ye have heard be of God or but a rash way of speech, let us feel that it is a warning to Friends here assembled that we be careful of what we say and do. It hath been borne in upon me that Friends do not fully understand one another, and that some are moved to wrath, and some inclined to think that Friends should depart from their ways and question that which hath been done by the rulers God hath set over us. Let us be careful that our General Epistles lean not to the aiding of corrupt and wicked men, who are leading weak-minded persons into paths of violence." And here he sat down.

A moment later got up Thomas Scattergood, grim and dark of visage. None of his features expressed the slightest emotion, although even from the beginning he spoke with vehemence and his body rocked to and fro.

"The days are darkening; the times are evil. Our master, set over us by God, has seen fit to tax cer-

tain commodities, that means may be raised for the just government of these colonies, where we and our fathers have prospered in our worldly goods, under a rule that has left us free to worship God as seems best to us. And now we are bid by men, not of our society, ungodly self-seekers, sons of darkness, to unite with them in the way of resistance to the law. There have even been found here among us those who have signed agreements to disobey such as are set over us, unmindful of the order to render to Cæsar that which is his. Let there be among Friends neither fear nor any shortcoming. Let us bear testimony against evil-doers, whether they be of us or not. Let us cut down and utterly cast forth those who depart from righteousness. Are they not of the scum which riseth on the boiling pot? There is a time for Friends to remonstrate, and a time to act. I fear lest these too gentle counsels of Friend Waln be out of time and out of place. Away with those who, hearing, heed not. Let them be dealt with as they should be, with love for the sinner, but with thought as to the evil which comes of unscourged examples, so that when again we are met in the Quarterly Meeting there shall be none among us to stir up discord, and we can say to other Meetings, 'As we have done, so do ye. Make clean the house of the Lord.'"

The night was now upon us, and the ringing tones of the speaker were heard through the darkness before he sat down. While all waited, two Friends lit the candles set in tin sconces against the pillars of the gallery, and, in the dim light they gave, the discussion went on.

Then I saw that Arthur Howell was about to speak. This able and tender-minded man usually sat in Meeting with his head bent, his felt hat before his eyes, wrapped in thought, and lifted above all consideration of the things of this earth. As he began, his rich, full voice filled the space, and something in its pleading sweetness appealed to every heart. He spoke as one who, having no doubt, wondered that any one else should doubt, and he brought the discussion to a decisive point at once.

"It is well," he said, "that all should be convinced by those who, from age and influence among Friends, have the best right of speech. Nevertheless, since this is a Meeting for discipline, let all be heard with fairness and order. Men have gone astray. They have contended for the asserting of civil rights in a manner contrary to our peaceable profession and principles, and, although repeatedly admonished, do not manifest any disposition to make the Meeting a proper acknowledgment of their outgoings. Therefore it is that we bear our testimony against such practices, and can have no unity with those who follow them until they come to a sense of their errors. Therefore, if this be the sense of our Meeting, let the clerk be moved to manifest the feelings of the Meeting to these members, signing on our behalf, for the matter hath already been before us twice, and hath been deeply and prayerfully considered by ourselves; and I am charged to tell Friends that these members who have thus gone astray are unwilling to be convinced by such as have sought to bring them

to a better mind. This hath been duly reported, and overseers having thus failed, it doth only remain to abide by the sense of our Meeting. But this I have already said: the matter hath been prayerfully considered."

After this, others spoke, but all elder Friends understood that the business had been disposed of, and little attention was given to those who rose after Friend Howell sat down. Indeed, that they were ill-advised to speak at all was plainly to be read in the countenances of many.

This was my first experience of an evening Meeting, and, even to one acquainted with all the ways of Friends, the scene was not without its interest. The night was now dark outside. The tallow dips ran down and flared dismally. A man with snuffers went to and fro, and the pungent odours of candles, burned out and to be replaced, filled the room.

In the quiet which followed Arthur Howell's refined and distinct accents, I looked at the row of placid faces where the women sat, some rosy, some old, all in the monastic cell of the bonnet, which made it as impossible to see, except in front, as it is for a horse with blinders. I wondered how this queer headgear came to have been made, and recalled my aunt's amusement at the care exercised as to its form and material. Few there, I think, let their thoughts wander, and in front of me the row of drab coats and wide felt or beaver hats remained almost motionless.

At last James Pemberton, the esteemed clerk of the Meeting, rose. "I am moved," he said, "by the

Spirit to declare that the sense, and also the weight, of the Meeting is that Cyrus Edson and William Jameson be advised, in accordance with the instructed wish of Friends."

He then sat down. There was no vote taken. Even had a majority of those present been hostile to the proposed action, it is improbable that any protest would have been made. The clerk's statement that the weight of the Meeting was affirmative, would have been held to settle the matter, as it appeared best to a limited number of those recognised, through their piety and strict living, to be competent to decide for the rest.

I was now assured that this was all, and looked to see two of the elders shake hands, which is the well-recognised signal for the Meeting to break up; but as the elders did not move, the rest sat still and waited. By and by I saw Nicholas Waln extend his hand to my father, who, looking steadily before him, made no sign of perceiving this intention to dismiss Friends. A still longer pause followed. As I learned afterward, no further speaking was anticipated. No one stirred. For my part, I was quite ready to go, and impatiently awaited the signal of dismissal. A minute or two passed; then I was aware of a short, neatly built man, who rose from a bench near by. His face was strong, irregular of feature, and for some reason impressed me. I could see even in the indistinct light that he flushed deeply as he got up on his feet. He received instant attention, for he went past me, and, standing in the passageway, was

quiet for a moment. He was, I think, not over thirty, and seemed embarrassed at the instant attention he received. For a few minutes he appeared to seek his words, and then, quite suddenly, to find them in eloquent abundance.

"It is not usual," he said, "for disowned members of the society to openly protest. Neither are these our brothers here to-day. Nor, were they with us, are they so skilled with the tongue as to be able to defend themselves against the strong language of Thomas Scattergood or the gentle speech of Arthur Howell. I would say a word for them, and, too, for myself, since nothing is more sure than that I think them right, and know that ye will, before long, cast out me, to whom your worship is sweet and lovely, and the ways of Friends for the most part such as seem to me more acceptable than those of any other Christian society. Whether it be that old memories of persecution, or too great prosperity, have hardened you, I do not know. It does seem to me that ye have put on a severity of dress and life that was not so once, and that undue strictness hath destroyed for us some of the innocent joys of this world. I also find unwholesome and burdensome that inner garment of self-righteousness in which ye clothe yourselves to judge the motives of your fellow-men.

"So far as the law went against such views as you entertained, none did more resist them, in your own way, than did you; but now the English across the seas tell us that the liberty our fathers sought on these shores is to be that which pleases a corrupt and

pliant ministry, and not that which is common to men of English blood. Some brave men of our society say, 'Let us make a stand here, lest worse things come. Let us refuse to eat, drink, or wear the articles they assume to tax, whether we will or not.' There is no violence. Believe me, there will be none if we are one throughout the colonies. But if not—if not—if grave old men like you, afraid of this mere shadow of passive resistance, dreading to see trade decay and the fat flanks of prosperity grow lean—if you are wholly with our oppressors, passively with them, or, as some believe, actively, then—then, dear friends, it will be not the shadow, but the substance, of resistance that will fall in blood and ruin on you and on all men—on your easy lives and your accumulated gains.

"Aye, look to it! There is blood on the garments of many a man who sits fearfully at home, and thinks that because he does nothing he will be free of guilt when the great account is called."

On this a rare exception to the tranquillity of Meeting occurred. Daniel Offley, by trade a farrier, rose and broke in, speaking loudly, as one used to lift his voice amid the din of hammers: "Wherefore should this youth bring among us the godless things of worldly men?" His sonorous tones rang out through the partial obscurity, and shook, as I noticed, the scattered spires of the candle flames. "This is no time for foolish men to be heard, where the elders are of a mind. The sense of the Meeting is with us. The weight of the Meeting is with us. The king is

a good king, and who are we to resist? Out with those who are not of our ways! Let the hammer fall on the unrighteous, lest the sheep be scattered, and the Shepherd leave them."

At this queer mixture of metaphors I saw the previous speaker smile, as he stood in the aisle. Next I heard the gentle voice of James Pemberton break in on the uncouth speech of the big farrier.

"It is the custom of Friends that all men who feel to be moved to tell us aught shall be heard. Friend Wetherill, we will hear thee to an end." He spoke with the courteous ease of a well-bred gentleman, and the smith sat down.

Friend Wetherill paused a moment, looking to left and right along the lines of deeply interested and motionless faces. Then he continued: "On what you and others do in these days depends what shall come upon us. Let no man deceive you, not even the timid counsel of gray hairs or the wariness of wealth. The guinea fears: the penny fights; and the poor penny is to-day deeply concerned. You take shelter under the law of Christ, to live, as far as possible, at peace with all men. As far as possible? It should at times be felt that Paul's limitation is also a command. Do not resist him who would slay a child or wrong a woman—that is how you read the law of God.

"It is extremes which bring ruin to the best Christian societies, and if the mass of men were with you civil order would cease, and the carefully builded structure of civilisation would perish. You are already undergoing a process of dry decay, and as you

dry and dry, you harden and shrink, and see it not. A wild woman has told you to set your camp in order. See to it, my friends; see to it!"

For not less than a minute the speaker remained silent, with bended head, still keeping the wonderfully steady attention of this staid assembly. Very slowly he lifted his face, and now, as he began again, it was with a look of tender sweetness: "It was far back in Second-month, 1771, I began to be encompassed by doubts as to the course Friends were taking. To-day I am assured in spirit that you are wrong in the support you gave, and, let me say, are giving, to an unjust cause. I think I take an innocent liberty to express myself on this occasion, also according to the prospect I have of the matter. There is something due to the king, and something to the cause of the public. When kings deviate from the righteous law of justice in which kings ought to rule, it is the right, aye, and the religious duty, of the people to be plain and honest in letting them know where. I am not a person of such consequence as to dictate; but there is in me and in you a court, to which I confidently appeal. I *have* appealed to it in prayer, as to what my course shall be. I obey my conscience. Take heed that you do not act rashly."

Here again, after these calm words, he paused, and then said, with emphatic sternness, "As my last words, let me leave with you the admonition of the great founder of this colony. 'I beseech you,' he says, 'for the sake of Christ, who so sharply prohibited making others suffer for their religion, that

you have a care how you exercise power over other men's consciences. My friends, conscience is God's throne in man, and the power of it His prerogative!' These are solemn words. Whether you leave me to live among you, free to do what seems right to me, or drive me forth, who have no wish to go, now and always I shall love you. That love you cannot take away, nor weaken, nor disturb."

I was sorry when the melody of this clear voice ceased. The speaker, wiping the moisture from his brow, stood still, and, covering his face with his hands, was lost in the prayer which I doubt not followed.

A long interval of absence of all sound came after he ceased to speak. No one replied. The matter was closed, a decision reached, and the clerk instructed. I knew enough to feel sure that those manly tones of appeal and remonstrance had failed of their purpose.

At this moment I saw an elderly man on the seat before me rise, and with deliberateness kneel in prayer; or, as Friends say, Israel Sharpless appeared in supplication. At first, as he began to be heard, Friends rose here and there, until all were afoot and all uncovered. The silence and reverent bended heads, and the dim light, affected me as never before. Many turned their backs on the praying man, an odd custom, but common. As he prayed his voice rose until it filled the great room; and of a sudden I started, and broke out in a cold sweat, for this was what I heard:

"O Lord, arise, and let Thine enemies be scattered.

Dip me deeper in Jordan. Wash me in the laver of regeneration. Give me courage to wrestle with ill-doers. Let my applications be heard.

"Father of mercy, remember of Thy pity those of the young among us who, being fallen into evil ways, are gone astray. We pray that they who have gambled and drunk and brought to shame and sorrow their elders may be recovered into a better mind, and sin no more. We pray Thee, Almighty Father, that they be led to consider and to repent of deeds of violence, that those among us whom the confusion of the times has set against the law and authority of rulers be better counselled; or, if not, strengthen us so to deal with these young men as shall make pure again Thy sheepfold, that they be no longer a means of leading others into wickedness and debauchery." I heard no more. This man was a close friend of my father. I knew but too well that it was I who was thus reproved, and thus put to shame. I looked this way and that, the hot blood in my face, thinking to escape. Custom held me. I caught, as I stared, furtive glances from some of the younger folk. Here and there some sweet, gentle face considered me a moment with pity, or with a curiosity too strong for even the grim discipline of Friends. I stood erect. The prayer went on. Now and then I caught a phrase, but the most part of what he said was lost to me. I looked about me at times with the anguish of a trapped animal.

At last I saw that my gentle-voiced speaker, Wetherill, was, like myself, rigid, with upheld head, and

that, with a faint smile on his face, he was looking toward me. Minute after minute passed. Would they never be done with it? I began to wonder what was going on under those bent gray hats and black bonnets. I was far away from penitence or remorse, a bruised and tormented man, helpless, if ever a man was helpless, under the monotonous and silent reproach of some hundreds of people who had condemned me unheard. It did seem as if it never would end.

At last the voice died out. The man rose, and put on his hat. All resumed their seats and their head-coverings. I saw that Friend Scattergood extended a hand to my father, who was, as I have not yet stated, an elder. The grasp was accepted. Elders and overseers, both men and women, rose, and we also. I pushed my way out, rudely, I fear. At the door James Pemberton put out his hand. I looked him full in the face, and turned away from the too inquisitive looks of the younger Friends. I went by my father without a word. He could not have known what pain his method of saving my soul would cost me. That he had been in some way active in the matter I did not doubt, and I knew later that my opinion was but too correct.

Hastening down Front street with an overwhelming desire to be alone, I paused at our own door, and then, late as it was, now close to ten, I unmoored my boat, and was about to push off when I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was Samuel Wetherill.

"Let me go with thee, my boy," he said. "We should talk a little, thou and I."

I said, "Yes. Thou art the only man I want to see to-night."

There were no more words. The moon was up as I pulled down Dock Creek and out on my friendly river.

"Let thy boat drift," he said. "Perhaps thou art aware, Hugh Wynne, how grieved I was; for I know all that went before. I somehow think that thou hast already done for thyself what these good folk seemed to think was needed. Am I right?"

"Yes," I said.

"Then say no more. James Wilson has spoken of thee often. To be loved of such a man is much. I hear that thou hast been led to think with us, and that, despite those wicked wild oats, thou art a young man of parts and good feelings, thoughtful beyond thy years."

I thanked him almost in tears; for this kindly judgment was, past belief, the best remedy I could have had.

"I saw thy great suffering; but in a year, in a month, this will seem a thing of no import; only, when thou art calm and canst think, hold a Meeting in thy own heart, and ask thy quiet judgment, thy conscience, thy memory, if prayer be needed; and do it for thyself, Hugh."

I said, "Thank thee," but no more. I have ever been averse to talking of my relations to another world, or of what I believe, or of what I am led thereby to do in hours of self-communion. I sat wishing my father were like this, a tender-hearted yet resolute man.

Seeing me indisposed to speak, he went on: "If we could but keep the better part of Friends' creed, and be set free to live at peace with the law, to realise that to sit down quietly under oppression may be to serve the devil, and not God! Thou knowest, as well as I, that divers Friends have publicly avowed the ministry, and allege that whatever they may do is a just punishment of rebellion. We are going to have a serious settlement, and it will become us all, Hugh, young and old, to see that we are on the right side, even if we have to draw the sword. And thou and I shall not be alone of Friends. There are Clement and Owen Biddle, and Christopher Marshall, and more."

I was surprised, and said so.

"Yes, yes," he said; "but I talk to thee as to a man, and these things are not to be spread abroad. I trust I have been to thee a comfort; and, now the moon is setting, let us go home."

I thanked him as well as I knew how. He had indeed consoled me.

When I came in my father had gone to bed, but my mother was waiting to see me. She caught me in her arms, and, weeping like a child, cried, "Oh, I have heard! He did not tell me beforehand, or I should have forbade it. Thou shouldst never have gone! never! It was cruel! *Mon Dieu!* how could they do it!"

It was I who now had to comfort, and this helped me amazingly, and yet added to my just anger; for why must she, who was innocent, be thus made

to suffer? My father, when he came in, had asked for me. He had met my cousin, who had seen me going down Front street, and had hinted that I meant to find comfort at the coffee-house among the officers. She knew better, and had said her mind of this kinsman and his ways; upon which my father had gone angry to his bed. I was beginning to have an increasing distrust and dislike of Arthur, and the present news did not lessen either feeling. So at last here was an end of the consequences of my sad night at the coffee-house.

XI

THE next day we went to our farm in Merion. My father said no word of the Meeting, nor did I. The summer of '73 went on. I rode in to my work daily, sometimes with my father, who talked almost altogether of his cattle or of his ventures, never of the lowering political horizon. He had excused himself from being a consignee of the tea, on the score of his voyage, which was now intended for September.

My aunt lived in summer on the farther slope of Chestnut Hill, where, when the road was in order, came her friends for a night, and the usual card-play. When of a Saturday I was set free, I delighted to ride over and spend Sunday with her, my way being across country to one of the fords on the Schuylkill, or out from town by the Ridge or the Germantown highroad. The ride was long, but, with my saddle-bags and Lucy, a new mare my aunt had raised and given me, and clad in overalls, which we called tongs, I cared little for the mud, and often enough stopped to assist a chaise out of the deep holes, which made the roads dangerous for vehicles.

Late one day in August, I set out with my friend

Jack to spend a Sunday with my Aunt Gainor. Jack Warder was now a prime favourite, and highly approved. We rode up Front street, and crossed the bridge where Mulberry street passed under it, and is therefore to this day called Arch street, although few know why. The gay coats of officers were plentiful, farmers in their smocks were driving in with their vegetables, and to the right was the river, with here and there a ship, and, beyond, the windmill on the island. We talked of the times, of books, of my father's voyage, and of my future stay with my aunt.

Although Jack's father was a Quaker, he was too discreet a business man not to approve of Jack's visits to my aunt, and too worldly not to wish for his son a society to which he was not born; so Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. Galloway made much of Jack, and he was welcome, like myself, at Cliveden, where the Chews had their summer home.

The Tory ladies laughed at his way of blushing like a girl, and, to Jack's dismay, openly envied his pink-and-white skin and fair locks. They treated him as if he were younger than I, although, as it chanced, we were born on the same day of the same year; and yet he liked it all—the gay women, the coquettish Tory maids, even the "genteel" Quaker dames, such as Mrs. Sarah Logan or Mrs. Morris, and the pretty girls of the other side, like Sarah Lukens and the Misses Willing, with their family gift of beauty. These and more came and went at my aunt's, with men of all parties, and the grave Drs. Rush and Parke, and a changing group of English officers.

Arch Street Bridge at Front Street

In the little old house at Belmont, the Rev. Richard Peters was glad to sit at cards with the Tory ladies, whose cause was not his, and still less that of Richard, his nephew. At times, as was the custom, sleighing parties in winter or riding-parties in summer used to meet at Cliveden or Springetsbury, or at a farm-house where John Penn dwelt while engaged in building the great house of Lansdowne, looking over trees to the quiet Schuylkill.

We rode out gaily this August afternoon, along the Germantown road, admiring the fine farms, and the forests still left among the cultivated lands. Near Fisher's Lane we saw some two or three people in the road, and, drawing near, dismounted. A black man, who lay on the ground, groaning with a cut head, and just coming to himself, I saw to be my aunt's coachman Cæsar. Beside him, held by a farmer, was a horse with a pillion and saddle, all muddy enough from a fall. Near by stood a slight young woman in a saveguard petticoat and a sad-coloured, short camlet cloak.

"It is Miss Darthea Peniston," said Jack.

"Miss Peniston," I said, dismounting, "what has happened?"

She told me quietly, that, riding pillion to stay with my aunt, the horse had fallen and hurt Cæsar, not badly, she thought. She had alighted on her feet, but what should she do? After some discussion, and the black being better, we settled to leave him, and I proposed that Jack, the lighter weight, should ride my Aunt Gainor's horse, with

Miss Peniston on the pillion behind him. Upon this Jack got red, at the idea, I suppose, of Miss Darthea's contemplating the back of his head for four miles. The young woman looked on with shy amusement.

At this moment Cæsar, a much pampered person, who alone of all her house dared give my aunt advice, declared he must have a doctor. Jack, much relieved, said it was inhuman to leave him in this case, and put an end to our discussion by riding away to fetch old Dr. de Benneville.

Miss Darthea laughed, said it was a sad thing a woman should have no choice, and pretended to be in misery as to my unfortunate lot. I said nothing, but, after looking Cæsar's horse over, I gave my saddle to be kept at the farmer's, and put the coachman's saddle on my mare Lucy, with the pillion behind made fast to the saddle-straps arranged for this use. Then I looked well to the girths, and mounted to see how Lucy would like it. She liked it not at all, and was presently all over the road and up against the fence of the old graveyard I was to see again in other and wilder days.

I saw the little lady in the road watching me with a smiling face, by no means ill pleased with the spectacle. At last I cried, "Wait!" and putting Miss Lucy down the road for a mile at a run, soon brought her back quite submissive.

"Art thou afraid?" I said.

"I do not like to be asked if I am afraid. I am very much afraid, but I would die rather than not get on your mare." So a chair was fetched, Miss Penis-

ton put on her linen riding-mask, and in a moment was seated behind me. For ten minutes I was fully taken up with the feminine creature under me. At last I said:

"Put an arm around my waist. I must let her go. At once!" I added; for the mare was getting to rear a little, and the young woman hesitated. "Do as I tell thee!" I cried sharply, and when I felt her right arm about me, I said, "Hold fast!" and gave the mare her head. A mile sufficed, with the double burden, so to quiet her that she came down to her usual swift and steady walk.

When there was this chance to talk without having every word jolted out in fragments, the young person was silent; and when I remarked, "There is now an opportunity to chat with comfort," said:

"I was waiting, sir, to hear your excuses; but perhaps Friends do not apologise."

I thought her saucy, for I had done my best; and for her to think me unmannerly was neither just nor kind.

"If I am of thy friends—"

"Oh, Quakers, I meant. Friends with a large F, Mr. Wynne."

"It had been no jesting matter if the mare had given thee a hard fall."

"I should have liked that better than to be ordered to do as your worship thought fit."

"Then thou shouldst not have obeyed me."

"But I had to."

"Yes," I said. And the talk having fallen into these

brevities, Miss Peniston was quiet awhile, no doubt pouting prettily; her face was, of course, hid from me.

After a while she said something about the milestones being near together, and then took to praising Lucy, who, I must say, had behaved as ill as a horse could. I said as much, whereon I was told that mares were jealous animals; which I thought a queer speech, and replied, not knowing well how to reply, that the mare was a good beast, and that it was fair flattery to praise a man's horse, for what was best in the horse came of the man's handling.

"But even praise of his watch a man likes," said she. "He has a fine appetite, and likes to fatten his vanity."

She was too quick for me in those days, and I never was at any time very smart at this game, having to reflect too long before seeing my way. I said that she was no doubt right, but thus far that I had had thin diet.

Perhaps saying that Lucy was gay and well bred and had good paces was meant to please the rider. This woman, as I found later, was capable of many varieties of social conduct, and was not above flattering for the mere pleasure it gave her to indulge her generosity, and for the joy she had in seeing others happy.

Wondering if what she had said might be true, held me quiet for a while, and busied with her words, I quite forgot the young woman whose breath I felt now and then on my hair, as she sat behind me.

Silence never suited Miss Peniston long in those

days, and especially not at this time, she being in a merry mood, such as a little adventure causes. Her moods were, in fact, many and changeful, and, as I was to learn, were too apt to rule even her serious actions for the time; but under it all was the true law of her life, strongly charactered, and abiding like the constitution of a land. It was long before I knew the real woman, since for her, as for the most of us, all early acquaintance was a masquerade, and some have, like this lady, as many vizards as my Aunt Gainor had in her sandalwood box, with her long gloves and her mitts.

The mare being now satisfied to walk comfortably, we were going by the Wister house, when I saw saucy young Sally Wister in the balcony over the stoop, midway of the penthouse. She knew us both, and pretended shame for us, with her hands over her face, laughing merrily. We were friends in after-life, and if you would know how gay a creature a young Quakeress could be, and how full of mischief, you should see her journal, kept for Deborah Logan, then Miss Norris. It has wonderful gaiety, and, as I read it, fetches back to mind the officers she prettily sketches, and is so sprightly and so full of a life that must have been a joy to itself and to others, that to think of it as gone and over, and of her as dead, seems to me a thing impossible.

It was not thought proper then for a young woman to go on pillion behind a young man, and this Miss Sally well knew. I dare say she set it down for the edification of her young friend.

"The child" (she was rather more than that) "is saucy," said my lady, who understood well enough what her gestures meant. "I should like to box her ears. You were very silent just now, Mr. Wynne. A penny is what most folks' thoughts are bid for, but yours may be worth more. I would not stand at a shilling."

"Then give it to me," said I. "I assure thee a guinea were too little."

"What are they?"

"Oh, but the shilling."

"I promise."

"I seem to see a little, dark-faced child crying because of a boy in disgrace—"

"Pretty?" she asked demurely.

"No, rather plain."

"You seem to have too good a memory, sir. Who was she?"

"She is not here to-day."

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "I have her—oh, somewhere! She comes out on occasions. You may never see her; you may see her to-morrow."

I was to see her often. "My shilling," I said.

"That was only a jest, Mr. Wynne. My other girl has stolen it, for remembrance of a lad that was brave and—"

"He was a young fool! My shilling, please."

"No, no!"

At this I touched the mare with my spur. She, not seeing the joke, pranced about, and Miss Darthea was forced to hold to my waist for a minute.

"The mare is ill broke," she cried. "Why does she not go along quietly?"

"She hates dishonesty," I said.

"But I have not a penny."

"Thou shouldst never run in debt if thou art without means. It is worse than gambling, since here thou hast had a consideration for thy money, and I am out of pocket by a valuable thought."

"I am very bad. I may get prayed over in Meeting, only we do not have the custom at Christ Church."

I was struck dumb. Of course every one knew of my disaster and what came of it; but that a young girl should taunt me with it, and for no reason, seemed incredible. No one ever spoke of it to me, not even Mistress Ferguson, whose daily food was the saying of things no one else dared to say. I rode on without a word.

At last I heard a voice back of me quite changed —tender, almost tearful. "Will you pardon me, Mr. Wynne? I was wicked, and now I have hurt you who was once so good to me. Your aunt says that I am six girls, not one, and that— Will you please to forgive me?"

"Pray don't; there is nothing to forgive. I am over-sensitive, I suppose. My friend Mr. Wilson says it is a great thing in life to learn how to forget wisely. I am learning the lesson; but some wounds take long to heal, and this is true of a boy's folly. Pray say no more." I put the mare to trotting, and we rode on past Cliveden and Mount Airy, neither speaking for a while.

I wondered, as we rode, at her rashness of talk and her want of consideration; and I reflected, with a certain surprise, at the frequent discovery, of late, on how much older I seemed to be. It was a time which quickly matured the thoughtful, and I was beginning to shake off, in some degree, the life-long shackles of limitation as to conduct, dress, and minor morals, imposed upon me by my home surroundings. In a word, being older than my years, I began to think for myself. Under the influence of Mr. Wetherill I had come, as without him I could not have done, to see how much there was of the beautiful and noble in the creed of Fox and Penn, how much, too, there was in it to cramp enterprise, to limit the innocent joys of life, to render progress impossible, and submission to every base man or government a duty.

I had learned, too, in my aunt's house, the ways and manners of a larger world, and, if I had yielded to its temptations, I had at least profited by the bitter lesson. I was on the verge of manhood, and had begun to feel as I had never done before the charm of woman; this as yet I hardly knew.

As we breasted the hill, and saw beneath us the great forest-land spread out, with its scattered farms, an exclamation of delight broke from my companion's lips. It was beautiful then, as it is to-day, with the far-seen range of hills beyond the river, where lay the Valley Forge I was to know so well, and Whitemarsh, all under the hazy blue of a cool August day, with the northwest wind blowing in my face.

MERION MEETING HOUSE.

Within there were my aunt and some young women, and my Cousin Arthur, with explanations to be made, after which my young woman hurried off to make her toilet, and I to rid me of my riding-dress.

It was about seven when we assembled out of doors under the trees, where on summer days my Aunt Gainor liked to have supper served. My Cousin Wynne left Mrs. Ferguson and came to meet me. We strolled apart, and he began to ask me questions about the tea cargoes expected soon, but which came not until December. I said my father's voyage would prevent his acting as consignee, and this seemed to surprise him and make him thoughtful, perhaps because he was aware of my father's unflinching loyalty. He spoke, too, of Mr. Wilson, appearing—and this was natural enough—to know of my intimacy with the Whig gentleman. I was cautious in my replies, and he learned, I think, but little. It was a pity, he said, that my father would not visit Wyncote. It seemed to me that he dwelt overmuch on this matter, and my aunt, who greatly fancied him, was also of this opinion. I learned long after that he desired to feel entirely assured as to the certainty of this visit not being made. I said now that I wished I had my father's chance to see our Welsh home, and that I often felt sorry my grandfather had given it up.

"But he did," said my cousin, "and no great thing, either. Here you are important people. We are petty Welsh squires, in a decaying old house, with no money, and altogether small folk. I should like to change places with you."

"And yet I regret it," said I. My Aunt Gainor had filled me full of the pride of race.

I spoke as we approached the group about my aunt, and I saw his face take an expression which struck me. He had a way of half closing his eyes, and letting his jaw drop a little. I saw it often afterward. I suspect now that he was dealing intensely with some problem which puzzled him.

He seemed to me to be entirely unconscious of this singular expression of face, or, as at this time, to be off his guard; for the look did not change, although I was gazing at him with attention. Suddenly I saw come down the green alley, walled with well-trimmed box, a fresh vision of her who had been riding with me so lately. My cousin also became aware of the figure which passed gaily under the trees and smiled at us from afar.

"By George! Hugh," said Arthur, "who is the sylph? what grace! what grace!"

For a moment I did not reply. She wore a silken brocade with little broidered roses here and there, a bodice of the same, cut square over a girl-like neck, white, and not yet filled up. Her long gloves were held up to the sleeve by tightens of plaited white horsehair, which held a red rosebud in each tie; and her hair was braided with a ribbon, and set high in coils on her head, with but little powder. As she came to meet us she dropped a curtsey, and kissed my aunt's hand, as was expected of young people.

I have tried since to think what made her so unlike other women. It was not the singular grace

which had at once struck my cousin; neither was she beautiful. I long after hated Miss Chew for an hour because she said Darthea Peniston had not one perfect feature. She had, notwithstanding, clear, large brown eyes, and a smile which was so variously eloquent that no man saw it unmoved. This was not all. Her face had some of that charm of mystery which a few women possess—a questioning look; but, above all, there was a strange flavour of feminine attractiveness, more common in those who are older than she, and fuller in bud; rare, I think, in one whose virgin curves have not yet come to maturity. What she was to me that summer evening she was to all men—a creature of many moods, and of great power to express them in face and voice. She was young, she loved admiration, and could be carried off her feet at times by the follies of the gay world.

If you should wonder how, at this distant day, I can recall her dress, I may say that one of my aunt's lessons was that a man should notice how a woman dressed, and not fail at times to compliment a gown, or a pretty fashion of hair. You may see that I had some queer schoolmasters.

I said to my cousin, "That is Miss Darthea Peniston."

"Darthea," he repeated. "She looks the name. Sad if she had been called Deborah, or some of your infernally idiotic Scripture names."

He was duly presented, and, I must say, made the most of his chances for two days, so that the elder

dames were amused at Darthea's conquest, my cousin having so far shown no marked preference for any one except the elder Miss Franks, who was rich and charming enough to have many men at her feet, despite her Hebrew blood.

In truth he had been hit hard that fatal August afternoon, and he proved a bold and constant wooer. With me it was a more tardy influence which the fair Darthea as surely exerted. I was troubled and disturbed at the constancy of my growing and ardent affection. At first I scarce knew why, but by and by I knew too well; and the more hopeless became the business, the more resolute did I grow; this is my way and nature.

During the remaining weeks of summer I saw much of Miss Peniston, and almost imperceptibly was made at last to feel, for the first time in my life, the mysterious influence of woman. Now and then we rode with my aunt, or went to see the troops reviewed. I thought she liked me, but it soon became only too clear that at this game, where hearts were trumps, I was no match for my dark, handsome cousin, in his brilliant uniform.

In Aunt Gamor's Garden

XII

ON September 1, 1773, and earlier than had been meant, my father set sail for London with my ever dear mother. Many assembled to see the "Fair Trader" leave her moorings. I went with my people as far as Lewes, and on account of weather had much ado to get ashore. The voyage down the Delaware was slow, for from want of proper lights we must needs lay by at night, and if winds were contrary were forced to wait for the ebb.

While I was with them my father spoke much to me of business, but neither blamed my past, nor praised my later care and assiduity in affairs. He was sure the king would have his way, and, I thought, felt sorry to have so readily given up the consigneeship of the teas. I was otherwise minded, and I asked what was to be done in the event of certain troubles such as many feared. He said that Thomas, his old clerk, would decide, and my Aunt Gainor had a power of attorney; as to the troubles I spoke of, he well knew that I meant such idle disturbances of peace as James Wilson and Wetherill were doing their best to bring about.

"Thy Cousin Arthur is better advised," he said,

"and a man of sound judgment. Thou mightst seek worse counsel on occasion of need."

I was surprised at this, for I should have believed, save as to the king, they could not have had one opinion in common.

Far other were those sweeter talks I had with my mother, as we sat on the deck in a blaze of sunlight. She burned ever a handsome brown, without freckles, and loved to sit out, even in our great heats. She would have me be careful at my aunt's not to be led into idleness; for the rest I had her honest trust; and her blue eyes, bright with precious tears, declared her love, and hopeful belief. I must not neglect my French—it would keep her in mind; and she went on in that tongue to say what a joy I had been in her life, and how even my follies had let her see how true a gentleman I was. Then, and never before, did she say a thing which left on my mind a fear that life had not brought and kept for her throughout all the happiness which so good and noble a creature deserved.

"There is much of thy father in thee, Hugh. Thou art firm as he is, and fond of thine own way. This is not bad, if thou art thoughtful to see that thy way is a good way. But do not grow hard. And when thou art come to love some good woman, do not make her life a struggle."

"But I love no woman, *ma mère*," I cried, "and never shall, as I love thee. It is the whole of my love thou hast, *chère, chère maman*; thou hast it all."

"Ah, then I shall know to divide with her, Hugh;

and I shall be generous too. If thou hast any little fancies that way, thou must write and tell me. Oh, *mon fils*, thou wilt write often, and I must know all the news. I do hear that Darthea Peniston is in thy aunt's house a good deal, and Madam Ferguson, the gossip, would have me believe thou carest for her, and that Arthur Wynne is taken in the same net. I liked her. I did not tell thee that thy Aunt Gainor left her with me for an hour while she went into King street to bargain for a great china god. What a gay, winning creature it is! She must needs tell me all about herself. Why do people so unlock their hearts for me?"

I laughed, and said she had a key called love; and on this she kissed me, and asked did I say such pretty things to other women? Darthea was now to live with her aunt, that stiff Mistress Peniston, who was a fierce Tory. "She will have a fine bargain of the girl. She has twenty ways with her, real or false, and can make music of them all like a mocking-bird. Dost thou like her, Hugh?—I mean Darthea."

I said, "Yes."

"And so do I," she ran on. "I loved her at sight. But if ever thou dost come to love her—and I see signs, oh, I see signs—if ever,—then beware of thy Cousin Wynne. I heard him once say to thy father, 'If there is only one glass of the Madeira left, I want it, because there is only one.' And there is only one of a good woman. What another wants that man is sure to want, and I do not like him, Hugh. Thou dost, I think. He has some reason to linger here.

Is it this woman? Or would he spy out the land to know what we mean to do? I am sure he has orders to watch the way things are going, or why should not he have gone with Sir Guy Carleton to Quebec? It is a roundabout way to go through Philadelphia."

I said I did not know; but her words set me to thinking, and to wondering, too, as I had not done before. Another time she asked me why Arthur talked so as to disgust my father out of all idea of going to see the home of his ancestors. I promised to be careful as to my cousin, whom, to tell the truth, I liked less and less as time ran on.

At Lewes we parted. Shall I ever forget it? Those great blue eyes above the gunwale, and then a white handkerchief, and then no more. When I could no longer see the ship's hull I climbed a great sand-dune, and watched even the masts vanish on the far horizon. It was to me a solemn parting. The seas were wide and perilous in those days, the buccaneers not all gone, and the trading ship was small, I thought, to carry a load so precious.

As the sun went down I walked over the dunes, which are of white sand, and forever shifting, so as at one time to threaten with slow burial the little town, and at another to be moving on to the forest. As they changed, old wrecks came into view, and I myself saw sticking out the bones of sailors buried here long ago, or haply cast ashore. A yet stranger thing I beheld, for the strong northwest wind, which blew hard all day and favoured the "Fair Trader," had so cast about the fine sand that the buried snow of

last winter was to be seen, which seemed to me a thing most singular. When I told Jack, he made verses about it, as he did sometimes, but would show them only to me. I forget entirely what he wrote; how a man can make verses and dig rhymes out of his head has always been to me a puzzle.

At the town inn, "The Lucky Fisherman," I saw, to my surprise, Jack on horseback, just arrived. He said he had a debt to collect for his father. It was no doubt true, for Jack could not tell even the mildest fib and not get rose-red. But he knew how I grieved at this separation from my mother, and, I think, made an occasion to come down and bear me company on my long ride home. I was truly glad to have him. Together we wandered through the great woodlands Mr. Penn had set aside to provide firewood forever for the poor of Lewes.

The next day we sent Tom on ahead with our sacks to Newcastle, where we meant to bait ourselves and our horses. But first we rode down the coast to Rehoboth, and had a noble sea-bath; also above the beach was a bit of a fresh-water lake, most delicious to take the salt off the skin. After this diversion, which as usual dismissed my blue devils, we set out up the coast of the Bay of Delaware, and were able to reach Newcastle that evening, and the day after our own homes.

This ride gave us a fine chance for talk, and we made good use of it.

As we passed between the hedges and below the

old Swede church nigh to Wilmington, Jack fell into talk of Darthea Peniston. Why we had not done so before I knew not then; we were both shy of the subject. I amused myself by insisting that she was but a light-minded young woman with no strong basis of character, and too fond of a red coat. It did amuse me to see how this vexed Jack, who would by no means accept my verdict. We conversed far longer on the stormy quarrels of the colonies and their stepmother England, who seemed to have quite forgot of what blood and breed they were.

Concerning my Cousin Wynne, with whom at first I had been much taken, Jack was not inclined to speak freely. This I foolishly thought was because Arthur laughed at him, and was, as he knew, of some folks' notion that Jack was a feminine kind of a fellow. That he had the quick insight and the heart of a woman was true, but that was not all of my dear Jack.

My aunt came back to town early in September, and I took up my abode in her town house, where a new life began for me. Letters went and came at long intervals. Our first reached me far on in October.

My mother wrote: "There is great anger here in London because of this matter of the tea. Lord Germaine says we are a tumultuous rabble; thy father has been sent for by Lord North, and I fear has spoken unadvisedly as to things at home. It is not well for a wife to differ with her husband, and this I will not; nevertheless I am not fully of his

OLD SWEDE CHURCH, WILMINGTON.

way of thinking as to these sad troubles; this, however, is not for any eye or ear but thine. Benjamin Franklin was here to see us last week. He seems to think we might as well, or better, pay for the tea, and this suited thy father; but after thus agreeing they went wide apart, Franklin having somewhat shed his Quaker views. I did fear at times that the talk would be strong.

"When he had gone away, thy father said he never had the Spirit with him, and was ever of what creed did most advantage him, and perhaps underneath of none at all. But this I think not. He hath much of the shrewd wisdom of New England, which I like not greatly; but as to this, I know some who have less of any wisdom, and, after all, I judge not a man so wise, and so much my elder.

"General Gage, lately come hither on a visit, we are told assured the king that no other colony would stand by Massachusetts, and that four regiments could put an end to the matter. I am no politician, but it makes me angry to hear them talk of us as if we were but a nursery of naughty children. It seems we are to pay for the tea, and until we do no ships may enter Boston harbour. Also all crown officers who may commit murder are to be tried in England; and there is more, but I forget."

This was most of it fresh news to us. Meanwhile Hutchinson, the governor of the rebel State, was assuring Lord North that to resist was against our interest, and we, being "a trading set," would never go to extremes. "As if," said Wilson, "nations, like

men, had not passions and emotions, as well as day-books and ledgers."

Meanwhile at home our private affairs were rapidly wound up and put in good condition. My father found it difficult to collect his English debts, and so had to limit his purchases, which we stowed as they came over, declining to sell. As business failed, I was more and more at leisure, and much in the company of my cousin, whom to-day I disliked, and to-morrow thought the most amusing and agreeable of companions. He taught me to shoot ducks at League Island, and chose a good fowling-piece for me.

On Sundays I went to hear my aunt's friend, the Rev. Mr. White, preach at Christ Church, and would not go to Meeting, despite Samuel Wetherill, whose Society of Free Quakers did not come to life until 1780. Meanwhile by degrees I took to wearing finer garments. Cards I would never touch, nor have I often, to this day.

One morning, long after my parents left, my Aunt Gainor looked me over with care, pleased at the changes in my dress, and that evening she presented me with two fine sets of neck and wrist ruffles, and with paste buckles for knees and shoes. Then she told me that my cousin, the captain, had recommended Pike as a fencing-master, and she wished me to take lessons; "for," said she, "who knows but you may some day have another quarrel on your hands, and then where will you be?"

I declared that my father would be properly furious; but she laughed, and opened and shut her fan,

and said he was three thousand miles away, and that she was my guardian, and responsible for my education. I was by no means loath, and a day later went to see the man with my Cousin Arthur, who asked, as we went, many questions about my mother, and then if my father had left England, or had been to Wyncote.

I had, as he spoke, a letter in my pocket writ in the neat characters I knew so well; our clerk coming from New York had just given it to me, and as I had not as yet read it, liking for this rare pleasure to taste it when alone, I did not mention it to my cousin. I told him I was sure my father would not go to Wales, both because of business, and for other reasons; but I hoped when he came back to get leave to be a year away, and then I should be sure to visit our old nest.

My cousin said, "A year—a year," musingly, and asked when my parents would return.

I said, "About next October, and by the islands," meaning the Madeiras.

To this Arthur Wynne returned, in an absent fashion, "Many things may happen in a year."

I laughed, and said his observation could not be contradicted.

"What observation?" he replied, and then seemed so self-absorbed that I cried out:

"What possesses thee, Cousin Wynne? Thou art sad of late. I can tell thee the women say thou art in love."

"And if I were, what then?"

This frankness in a man so mature seemed to me odd, when I thought how shy was the growing tenderness my own heart began to hide. His words troubled me. It could only be Darthea Peniston. After a silence, such as was frequent in my cousin, he added, "I fear that blushing friend of yours is fluttering about a certain bright candle. A pity the lad were not warned. You are my cousin, and of course my friend. I may have to go away soon, and I may ask you to do a certain thing for me when I am gone. No man nor lad shall stand in my way, and you must hold your tongue too."

I was puzzled and embarrassed. I said cautiously, "We shall see." But as to Jack Warder, I liked not what he said, and for two reasons. I knew that, living next door to Darthea, he was with her almost daily; and here was a new and terrible fear, for who could help but love her? Nor could I hear with patience Jack so contemptuously put aside as a child.

"Cousin Arthur," I said, "thou art mistaken in Warder. There is no more resolute or courageous man. Jack's shy ways and soft fashions make him seem like a timid girl, but I would advise no one to count on this." I went on, hesitating, "He is an older friend than thou, and—holloa, Jack!" for here was the dear fellow himself, smiling and blushing; and where had the captain been of late? and that awkward left hand was taken, and Jack would come with us and see us play with the small sword,

Christ Church, Philadelphia

and would like to go after the ducks to-morrow. He seemed happy and pleased to meet us.

Pike was a little man who had a room among the shops on Second street. He wore, as I had often seen, a laced cocked hat, and was clad in a red coat, such as none wore except creoles from the French settlements, or gentlemen from the Carolinas. He had the straight figure and aggressive look all men carry who teach the sword, and a set belief that no man could teach him anything—a small game-cock of a fellow, who had lost one eye by an unlucky thrust of a foil.

I will let Jack's journal, not writ till long after, tell the story for a while. He saw more than I at the time, even if he understood it all as little.

"I saw Hugh strip," he writes, "and was amused to see Pike feel his muscles and exclaim at his depth of chest. Then he showed him how to wear the wire mask, while the captain and I sat by and looked on.

"Hugh was awkward, but he had a wrist of steel, and when once he had caught the ideas of Pike, who talked all the time in a squeaky voice, his guard was firm. Pike praised him, and said he would learn soon. The thing so attracted me that I was fain to know how it felt to hold a foil; and saying as much, the captain, who fenced here daily, said: 'It is my breathing-time of day, as Prince Hamlet says. By George! you should see Mr. Garrick in that fencing scene! I will give Mr. Warder a lesson. I have rather a fancy for giving young men lessons.'

"In a minute I saw my foil fly six feet away

with such a wrench of the wrist as made my arm tingle.

"'Hold the foil lightly. Not so stiff,' said Pike, and we began again. Of course I was as a child before this man, and again and again he planted a button where he pleased, and seemed, I thought, to lunge more fiercely than is decent, for I was dotted with blue bruises that evening.

"At last I gave up, and the captain and Pike took the foils, while we sat and watched them. He was more than a match for Pike, and at last crying, 'Take care! here is a *botte* you do not know,' caught him fair in the left chest.

"'By George! Mr. Wynne, that is a pretty piece of play! I remember now Major Montresor tried to show it to me. He said it was that way you killed Lord Charles Trevor.'

"I was shocked to know he had killed a man, and Hugh looked up with his big mother-eyes, while the captain said coolly:

"'Yes, a sad business, and about a woman, of course. It is dreadful to have that kind of a disposition, boys, that makes you dangerous to some one who wants what you want. He was very young too. A pity! a pity!'

"Hugh and I said nothing; but I had the odd notion that he was threatening us. One gets these ideas vaguely in youth, and sometimes after-events justify them. However, the fancy soon took me to fence with Hugh in his room, for I dared not risk asking my father's leave. As Hugh got his lessons

both from Pike and the captain, and became very expert, I got on pretty nearly as fast as he.

"At times we practised in our shirt-sleeves in the garden at Miss Wynne's, or fenced with Graydon, who was later the most expert small sword we had in the army. Hugh soon became nearly as skilful, but I was never as clever at it."

One day we were busy, as Jack has described, when who should come out into the garden but Mistress Wynne and Darthea, and behind them the captain. We dropped our points, but Miss Peniston cried out, "Go on! go on!" and, laughing, we fell to again.

Presently I, a bit distracted, for I was facing Darthea's eyes, felt Jack's foil full on my chest. Darthea clapped her hands, and, running forward, would pin a bunch of red ribbons she took from her shoulder on Jack's sleeve. Jack fell back, as red as the ribbons, and my aunt cried out, "Darthea, you are too forward!"

The young woman flushed, and cast down the bow, and as Arthur Wynne bent to pick it up set her foot on it. I saw the captain rise, and stand with the half-shut eyes and the little drop of the jaw I have already mentioned. My aunt, who liked the girl well, went after her at once as she left us in a pet to return to the house. I saw my aunt put a hand on her shoulder, and then the captain, looking vexed, followed after. An hour later I went to look for the ribbon. It was gone, and for years I knew not where, till, in a little box in Jack's desk, I came upon it neatly tied up.

Young as I was, I began to see that here were Captain Wynne, and possibly my friend, in the toils of a girl,—she was but seventeen,—and I, alas! no better off; but of this I breathed not a word to any. Jack hung about her and fell back when any less shy man wanted his place. I felt that he was little likely to have his way, and that neither he nor I had much chance in such a game against a man like my cousin. He had played with hearts before, and the maid listened like Desdemona to this dark-browed soldier when he talked of courts and kings, and far-away Eastern battles, and the splendour of the Orient. My aunt, whom nothing escaped, looked on much amused. Perhaps she did not take as serious the love-affairs of lads like Jack and me. We were like enough to have a dozen before we were really captured. That I was becoming at twenty-one more thoughtful and resolute than far older people, she did not see, and she was sometimes vexed at my sober ways. I was at times gay enough, but at others she would reproach me with not taking more pains to please her guests. Society, she said, had duties as well as pleasures. My friend Jack no one fully understood in those days, nor knew the sweet manhood and the unselfishness that lay beneath his girl-like exterior.

One day, late in November, my aunt and I were, for a wonder, alone, when she dropped the cards with which she was playing, and said to me: "Hugh, there is something serious between that mischievous kitten and your cousin. They are much talked of. If you have a boy-fancy that way, get rid of it. I don't see

through the man. He has been telling her about the fine house at Wyncote, and the great estate, and how some day he will have it, his elder brother being far gone in a phthisis."

"There must be some mistake," I said. "Thou knowest what he told my father."

"Yes; I don't like it," she went on; "but the girl is caught. He talks of soon having to join Sir Guy Carleton in Canada. And there is my dear girl-boy trapped too, I fear. But, really, he is such a child of a fellow it hardly matters. How many does she want in her net? The fish may squabble, I fear. A sweet thing she is; cruel only by instinct; and so gay, so tender, so truthful and right-minded with all her nonsense. No one can help loving her; but to-day she has one mood, and to-morrow another. There will be a mad massacre before she is done with you all. Run away, Hugh! run! Make love to Kitty Shippen if you want to get Miss Darthea."

I laughed, but I had little mirth in my heart.

"Aunt Gainor," I said, "I love that woman, and no other man shall have her if I can help it."

"If? if? Stuff! you can't help it. Don't be a fool! The sea is full of fish. This is news indeed."

"The land has but one Darthea," said I. "I am a boy no longer, Aunt Gainor. Thou hast made me tell thee, and, now it is out, I may as well say I know all about my cousin. He as good as told me, and in a way I did not like. The man thinks I am a boy to be scared out of going my own way. I have told

no one else; but if I can get her I will, and it is no laughing matter."

"I am sorry, Hugh," she said. "I knew not it was so serious. It is hard to realise that you are no more a boy, and must have the sorrows my sex provides for you. I like her, and I would help you if I could, but you are late." And she went on shuffling the cards, while I took up a book, being inclined to say no more.

That evening two letters came by the New York packet. One from my father I put aside. It was dated outside, and was written two weeks later than my mother's, which I read first. I opened it with care.

"My own dear Son: Thy last sweet letter was a great refreshment to me, and the more so because I have not been well, having again my old ache in the side, but not such as need trouble thee. I blush to hear the pretty things thy letters say; but it is love that holds thy pen, and I must not be too much set up in my own esteem. How much love I give thee in return thou knowest, but to pay in this coin will never beggar us. I love thee because thou art all I can desire, and again because thou lovest me, and again for this same dear reason which is all I can say to excuse my mother-folly. Thy father is well, but weary of this great town; and we both long to be at home."

Then there was more about my Aunt Wynne, and some woman-talk for her friends about the new

fashions, which do not concern her, she being not of this world. "Am I not?" she says. "I love it all—the sea, even the sea, and flowers, and our woods, and, dear me! also gay gowns. I hope the last I got here will not disturb the Meeting, and my new muff,—very big it is,—and a green joseph to ride in. I mean to ride with thee next spring often—often." And so on, half mother, half child, with bits of her dear French, and all about a new saddle for me, and silver spurs. The postscript was long.

"I saw last week a fair Quaker dame come out of Wales. I asked her about the Wynnes. She knew them not, but told me of their great house, and how it was a show-place people went to see, having been done over at great cost; and how a year or two since coal was found on the estate, and much iron, so that these last two years they were rich, and there was some talk of making the present man a baronet. Also that the elder brother is ill, nigh to death. It seems strange after what thy cousin said so often. Thy father is away in Holland. I will tell him when he is come back. Be cautious not to talk of this. I never liked the man."

I sat back in my chair to read it all over again, first giving my aunt my father's letter. In a few minutes I heard a cry, and saw my aunt, pale and shaken, standing up, the letter in her hand.

"My God!" I cried, "what is it? Is it my mother?"

"Yes, yes!" she said. "Be strong, my boy! She is—dead!"

For a moment I saw the room whirl, and then, as my Aunt Gainor sat down, I fell on my knees and buried my face in her lap. I felt her dear old hands on my head, and at last would have the letter. It was brief.

"My Son: The hand of God has fallen heavily upon me. Thy mother died to-day of a pleurisy which none could help. I had not even the consolation to hear her speak, since, when I came from Holland, she was wandering in talk of thee, and mostly in French, which I know not. I seek to find God's meaning in this chastisement. As yet I find it not. It is well that we should not let bereavements so overcome us as to make us neglect to be fervent in the business of life, or to cease to praise Him who has seen fit to take away from us that which it may be we worshipped as an idol. What more is to say I leave until I see thee. My affairs are now so ordered that I may leave them. I shall sail in a week for home in the ship in which I came out, and shall not go, as I did mean, to the islands."

It seemed to me, as I read and re-read it, a cold, hard letter. I said as much to my aunt some days after this; but she wisely urged that my father was ever a reticent man, who found it difficult to let even his dearest see the better part of him.

I have no mind to dwell on this sad calamity. I went to and fro, finding neither possibility of repose nor any consolation. I saw as I rode, or lay in my

boat, that one dear face, its blue-eyed tenderness, its smile of love. I could never thus recall to sight any other of those who, in after-years, have left me; but this one face is here to-day as I write, forever smiling and forever young.

And so time ran on, and nigh to Christmas day my father came home. The weather was more mild than common, and his ship met no delay from ice. I joined him off Chester Creek. He was grayer, older, I thought, but not otherwise altered, having still his erect stature, and the trick I have myself of throwing his head up and his shoulders back when about to meet some emergent occasion. I saw no sign of emotion when we met, except that he opened and shut his hands as usual when disturbed. He asked if I were well, and of my Aunt Gainor, and then, amid the tears which were choking me, if I were satisfied as to the business, and if the tea had arrived. I said yes, and that the ship had been sent away without violence. He said it was a silly business, and the king would soon end it; he himself had been too hasty—with more to like effect.

It seemed to me while we talked as though he had just come from my mother's death-bed, whereas a long time had elapsed, and he had been able to get over the first cruel shock. My own grief was still upon me, and I wondered at his tranquillity. A little later he said:

"I see thou hast taken to the foolishness of black garments. This is thy aunt's doings." In fact, it was her positive wish. I made no reply, but only looked him in the face, ready to cry like a child.

"Why hast thou no answers, Hugh? Thy tongue used to be ready enough. Thou hast thy mother's eyes. I would thou hadst them not."

This was as near as he ever came to speech of her, whom, to my amazement, he never again mentioned. Was it a deeper feeling than I knew, that so silenced him, or did he wish to forget her? I know not. Some deal thus with their dead. He bade my aunt take away my mother's clothes, and asked no questions as to how she disposed of them; nor for a month did he desire my return home.

What then passed between him and my Aunt Gainor I do not know; but he said nothing more of my dress, although I wore mourning for six months. Nor did he say a word as to my exactness and industry, which was honestly all they should have been. At meals he spoke rarely, and then of affairs, or to blame me for faults not mine, or to speak with cold sarcasm of my friends.

Except for Jack, and my Aunt Gainor, and Wilson and Wetherill, of whom I saw much, I should have been miserable indeed. Captain Wynne still came and went, and his strange intimacy with my father continued. I thought little of it then, and for my own part I liked to hear of his adventurous life, but the man less and less; and so the winter of '73 and '74 went by with fencing and skating and books, which now I myself ordered to suit me, or found in Mr. Logan's great library, of which I was made free.

In March my cousin left us for Canada and the army. Once I spoke before him of the news in my

mother's postscript; but he laughed, saying he had heard some such rumours, but that they were not true. They did not much trouble a hungry beggar of a younger son with letters; still if there had been such good news he should have heard it. He wished it might be so; and as to his brother, poor devil! he would last long enough to marry and have children. Were the ducks still in the river? He said no more to me of Darthea, or of what I was to do for him, but he found a way at need, I am sure, to get letters to her, and that without difficulty. At last, as I have said, he was gone to join Sir Guy. I was not sorry.

Mrs. Peniston, Darthea's aunt, usually talked little, and then of serious matters as if they were trivial, and of these latter as if they were of the utmost importance. With regard to this matter of Darthea and my cousin, she was free of speech and incessant, so that all the town was soon assured of the great match Darthea would make. The fine house at Wyncote grew, and the estate also. Neither Jack nor I liked all this, and my friend took it sadly to heart, to my Aunt Gainor's amusement and Mrs. Ferguson's, who would have Dr. Rush set up a ward in the new hospital for the broken-hearted lovers of Darthea. When first Jack Warder was thus badgered, he fell into such a state of terror as to what the madcap woman would say next that he declined all society for a week, and ever after detested the Tory lady.

I became, under the influence of this much-talked-of

news, as mute as Jack; but, while he had only a deep desire toward sadness, and to stay away from her who had thus defeated his love, I, neither given over to despair nor hope, had only a fierce will to have my way; nor, for some reason or for none, did I consider Jack's case as very serious,—my aunt it much amused,—so little do we know those who are most near to us.

No sooner was the redcoat lover gone awhile than, as Miss Chew declared, Darthea put off mourning for the absent. Indeed, the pretty kitten began once more to tangle the threads of Jack's life and mine. For a month Jack was in favour, and then a certain captain, but never I, until one day late in April. She was waiting among my aunt's china for her return, and had set the goggle-eyed mandarin to nodding, while, with eyes as wide as his, she nodded in reply, and laughed like a merry child.

I stood in the doorway, and watched this delicious creature for a minute while she amused herself—and me also, although she knew it not. "Say No!" she cried out to the great china nobleman; quite a foot high he was. But, despite her pretence at altering his unvaried affirmative, it still went on. My lady walked all around him, and presently said aloud: "No! no! It must be No! Say No!" stamping a foot, as if angry, and then of a sudden running up to the mandarin and laughing. "He has a crack in his head. That is why he says Yes! Yes! I must be a female mandarin, and that is why I say No! No! I wonder does he talk broken China?"

PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL

At this moment she saw my tall black figure in a corner mirror, and made some exclamation, as if startled; an instant later she knew it was I, but as if by magic the laughing woman was no longer there. What I saw as she came toward me was a slight, quiet nun with eyes full of tears.

I was used to her swift changes of mood, but what her words, or some of them, meant I knew not; and as for this pitying face, with its sudden sadness, what more did it mean? Major André said of her later that Mistress Darthea was like a lake in the hills, reflecting all things, and yet herself after all. But how many such tricksy ways, pretty or vexing, she was to show some of us in the years to come did not yet appear.

In a moment I seemed to see before me the small dark child I first knew at school. Why was she now so curiously perturbed? "Mr. Wynne," she said, "you never come near me now—oh, not for a month! And to-day your aunt has shown me a part of the dear mother's letter, and—and—I am so sorry for you! I am indeed! I have long wanted to say so. I wish I could help you. I do not think you forget easily, and—and—you were so good to me when I was an ugly little brat. I think your mother loved me. That is a thing to make one think better of one's self. I need it, sir. It is a pretty sort of vanity, and how vain you must be, who had so much of her love!"

"I thank thee," I said simply. Indeed, for a time I was so moved that say more I could not. "I thank

thee, Miss Peniston. There is no one on earth whom I would rather hear say what thou hast said."

I saw her colour a little, and she replied quickly, "I am only a child, and I say what comes to my lips; I might better it often if I stayed to think."

"No!" I cried. Whenever she got into trouble—and she was ready to note the tenderness in my voice—this pretty pretext of the irresponsibility of childhood would serve her turn. "No," said I; "I like dearly to hear my mother praised,—who could praise her too much?—but when it is thou who sayest of her such true things, how shall I tell thee what it is to me who love to hear thee talk—even nonsense?"

"I talk nonsense? Do I?"

"Yes, sometimes. I—want thee to listen to me. I have cared for thee—"

"Now please don't, Mr. Wynne. They all do it, and—I like you. I want to keep some friends."

"It is useless, Darthea. I am so made that I must say my say. Thou mayest try to escape, and hate it and me, but I have to say I love thee. No, I am not a boy. I am a man, and I won't let thee answer me now."

"I do not want to. It would hurt you. You must know; every one knows. It was his fault and my aunt's, all this gossip. I would have kept it quiet."

"It will never be," I broke out. "Thou wilt never marry that man!" I knew when I said this that I had made a mistake. I had learned to distrust Arthur; but I had too little that was of moment to

say against him to make it wise to speak as I had done. I was young in those days, and hasty.

"Who?" says my lady, all on fire. "What man? Jack Warder? And why not? I do not know what I shall do."

"It is not my dear Jack," I cried. "Why dost thou trifle with me?"

"Your dear Jack, indeed! How he blushes! *I* might ask *him*. He never would have the courage."

"It is my cousin, Arthur Wynne, as thou well knowest. And thou art wicked to mock at an honest gentleman with thy light talk. Thou dost not know the man, this man, my cousin."

"Only a boy would be so foolish or so unfair as to speak thus of one behind his back, and to a woman too, who—" And she paused, confused and angry.

I could not tell her what was only suspicion or hearsay as to my cousin's double statements concerning his father's estate, or how either she or we were deceived. I had, in fact, lost my head a little, and had gone further than was wise. I would not explain, and I was too vexed to say more than that I would say the same to his face. Then she rejoined softly:

"Tell it to me. You are as mysterious as Miss Wynne; and have I not a right to know?"

"No," I said; "not now, at least. Thou mayest tell him if thou wilt."

"If I will, indeed! Every one is against him—you and Mistress Wynne and that impudent boy, Jack Warder, despite his blushes. Oh, he can be bold enough. Isn't he a dear fellow?"

How could one deal with a woman like this? I hesitated, and as I did so, not having ready anything but sad reproaches of her levity, my aunt appeared in the doorway.

"Are you two children quarrelling?" she said, in her outspoken way. "You will have time to repent. Here has been your father, sir, to-day, and his affairs in Jamaica are all in a nice pickle, and you and the old clerk are to up and away in the packet for Kingston, and that to-morrow."

"Indeed!" I cried. I was not sorry.

"I envy you," said my lady, as demure as you please. "You will fetch me a feather fan, and come back soon. I hate all those cornets and captains, and now I shall have no one but Jack."

My aunt looked on amused. Her news was true indeed, and with no chance to talk to any one, except to say a mere good-by to Jack, I spent the evening with my father and our head clerk over the business which took me away so hastily. At early morning on a cold day at the close of April, 1774, we were gliding down the Delaware with all sail set.

The voyage was long, the winds contrary. I had ample leisure to reflect upon my talk with Darthea. I was sure she must have known she was to me not as other women. Except for the accident of this chance encounter, I might long have waited before finding courage to speak. I had made nothing by it, had scarce had an answer, and should, like enough, have fallen back into the coldness of relation, by which she had so long kept me at a distance. I had

been foolish and hasty to speak of my cousin at all; it did but vex her.

Of my errand in Jamaica there is little to be said. My father's letters were of business only. Of these long months and of what went on at home I heard but little from him, and with my request to have the gazettes he had evidently no mind to comply; nor were the chances of letters frequent. I heard, indeed, from my aunt but twice, and from Jack thrice; but he said nothing of Darthea. Years after I found in his record of events:

"Hugh left us the last of April. It may be he cares too much for that wayward witch, Darthea."

I should say that it was at this time or soon after my dear friend began to keep a somewhat broken diary of events. What he says of former years was put on paper long afterward.

"If I did but know," writes Jack, "that he is seriously taken, I should understand, alas! what not to do. But as to some things Hugh is a silent man. I think, as Mr. Wilson says, some men are made for friends, and some for lovers. I fear the latter is not my rôle. Is there—can there be—such a thing as revering a woman too much to make successful love? I think I see what Darthea is more truly than does my dear Hugh. There must come a day when she will show it. Sometimes I can hardly trust myself with her; and I yearn to tell her that I alone know her, and that I love her. I must watch myself. If it really be that Hugh cares for her, and yet I were to be the fortunate man, how could I face him again,

having had the advantage of his long absence? It seems strange that I should ask myself if I am more her lover than his friend. He does not talk of her to me.

"It is now September, '74, and Hugh must soon return. Mr. Gage is fortifying Boston Neck, and we have had the mischievous Boston Port Bill, and Virginia up in a rage, which I do not understand. We, who have our commerce crippled by foolish laws, may well be on the side of resistance; but why the planters should put in peril their only tobacco market I see less well. A Continental Congress is to meet here on the fifth day of this month, and already the town is alive with gentlemen from the South and North.

"No doubt Darthea has letters from Mr. Arthur Wynne. I think Mr. Wilson judges that man correctly. He says he is selfish, and more weak as to morals than really bad, and that he will be apt to yield to sudden temptation rather than to plan deliberate wickedness. Why should he have need to plan at all? Mistress Wynne says he does not like Hugh. How could any not like my Hugh, and how do women see the things which we do not?

"It is sad to see my father's state of mind. Yesterday he was with me to visit Mr. Hancock, very fine in a purple velvet coat with gold buttons, and a flowered waistcoat. He is our correspondent in Boston. My father came home a hot Whig; and tomorrow is Meeting-day, and he will be most melancholy, and all for the king if this and that should

happen. John Wynne can turn him which way he likes. If my Hugh remains of a Whig mind—and who less like to change?—he will have a hot time with his father, I fear."

Is it any wonder I, his friend, loved this man? He seemed so gentle that all but I, even James Wilson, misunderstood him. No more obstinate fellow ever was or will be. I ought to say "determined," for there was always a reason of head or heart for what he would or would not do, and I really think that in all his noble life he had but one hour of weakness, of which by and by I may have to tell.

XIII

WAS to have come home earlier, but in June I got letters from my father instructing me to await a vessel which would reach Jamaica in June, and sail thence to Madeira. There were careful instructions given as to purchase of wines, and the collection of delayed payments for staves, in the wine islands.

I did not like it, but I was young, and to travel had its charm after all. Had there been no Darthea, I had been altogether pleased. The excuse of this new business made me smile. It was clear my father was using that pretext to keep me out of the mischief which was involving most young men of courage, and creating in them a desire to train as soldiers in the organisations which were everywhere being formed. He was unwise enough to say that my cousin, from whom he had heard, sent his love, and was glad I was out of our disloyal and uneasy country.

There was no help for it, and thus it chanced that not until September did I see the red brick houses of my native city. Late news I had almost none, for none reached me, and I was become wild with desire to learn what the summer months had brought forth.

CARPENTERS' HALL.

On the fifth day of September, 1774, at seven in the morning, I saw my Jack in a boat come out to meet me as we came to anchor in the stream. He looked brown and handsome, reddening with joy as he made me welcome. All were well, he said. I did not ask for Darthea.

My father was on the slip, and told me that business might wait until the evening. My aunt had not been well, and would see me at once. This really was all, and I might have been any one but his son for what there was in his mode of meeting me. I walked with Jack to my Aunt Gainor's, where he left me. I was pleased to see the dear lady at her breakfast, in a white gown with frills and a lace tucker, with a queen's nightcap such as Lady Washington wore when I first saw her. Mistress Wynne looked a great figure in white, and fell on my neck and kissed me; and I must sit down, and here were coffee and hot girdle-cakes and blueberries, and what not. Did I like Jamaica? And had I fetched some fans? She must have her choice; and rum, she hoped, I had not forgot. How well I looked, and my eyes were bluer than ever! Was it the sea had got into them? and so on.

I asked about the Congress, and she was off in a moment. Mr. John Adams had been to see her, and that cat, Bessy Ferguson, had been rude to him. An ill-dressed man, but clear of head and very positive; and the members from Virginia she liked better. Mr. Peyton Randolph had called; and I would like Mr. Pendleton; he had most delightful manners. Mr. Livingston had been good enough to remember

me, and had asked for me. He thought we must soon choose a general, and Mr. Washington had been talked of.

"Has it come to that?" said I.

"Yes; all the North is up, and Gage has more troops and is at work intrenching himself, he who was to settle us with three regiments. Mrs. Chew was here, and behaved like the lady she is. But they are all in a nice mess, Master Hugh, and know not what to do. I hate these moderates. Mr. Washington is a man as big as your father, and better builded. I like him, although he says little and did not so much as smile at Bessy Ferguson's nonsense. And Darthea—you do not ask about Darthea. She is playing the mischief with Jack and her captain. She will not let me talk about him. He is in Boston with Mr. Gage, I hear. Why don't you tell me about yourself?"

"How could I, Aunt Gainor? Thou—" and I laughed.

Then she became grave. "You will have to declare yourself and take sides; and how can I counsel you to resist your father? You must think it over and talk to Mr. Wilson. He is of the Congress. Poor Mr. Wetherill the Meeting has a mind to bounce, and he takes it hard. Come back at eleven, and we will go to Chestnut street, where they meet, and see the gentlemen go into the Carpenters' Hall. I came to town on purpose. And now go; I must dress."

At half-past ten—my aunt very splendid—we drove

down Second street and up Chestnut, where was a great crowd come to look on. Dr. Rush, seeing my aunt's chariot, got in at Second street, and, being one of the members, enabled us to get near to Carpenters' Alley, where at the far end, back from the street, is the old building in which the Congress was to be held. Jack met us here, and got up beside the coachman. I think none had a better view than we. Andrew Allen came to speak to us, and then Mr. Galloway, not yet scared by the extreme measures of which few as yet dreamed, and which by and by drove these and many other gentlemen into open declarations for the crown.

I saw James Pemberton looking on sadly, and near him other Friends with sour aspects. Here and there militia uniforms were seen amid the dull grays, the smocks of farmers and mechanics, and the sober suits of tradesmen, all come to see.

"The Rev. Dr. Duché passed us," says Jack, whom now I quote, "in a fine wig and black silk small-clothes. He was to make this day the famous prayer which so moved Mr. Adams." And later, I may add, he went over to the other side. "Soon others came. Some we knew not, but the great Dr. Rush pointed out such as were of his acquaintance.

"'There,' he said, 'is Carter Braxton. He tells me he does not like the New England men—either their religion or their manners; and I like them both.' The doctor was cynical, I thought, but very interesting. I set down but little of what he said or I saw; for most of it I forget.

"'There is the great Virginia orator, Mr. Patrick Henry,' said the doctor. He was in simple dress, and looked up at us curiously as he went by with Pendleton and Mr. Carroll. 'He has a great estate —Mr. Carroll,' said the doctor. 'I wonder he will risk it.' He was dressed in brown silk breeches, with a yellow figured waistcoat, and, like many of them, wore his sword. Mr. Franklin was not yet come home, and some were late.

"Presently the doctor called, and a man in the military dress of the Virginia militia turned toward us. 'Colonel Washington,' said our doctor, 'will permit me to present him to a lady, a great friend of liberty. Mistress Wynne, Colonel Washington.'

"'I have already had the honour,' he said, taking off his hat—a scrolled beaver.

"'He is our best soldier, and we are fortunate that he is with us,' said the doctor, as the colonel moved away."

The doctor changed his mind later, and helped, I fear, to make the trouble which came near to costing Conway his life. I have always been a great admirer of fine men, and as the Virginia colonel moved like Saul above the crowd, an erect, well-proportioned figure, he looked taller than he really was. Nor was he, as my aunt had said, nearly of the bigness of my father.

"He has a good nose," said my Aunt Gainor, perhaps conscious of her own possessions in the way of a nasal organ, and liking to see it as notable in another; "but how sedate he is! I find Mr. Peyton

WASHINGTON IN THE COLONIAL UNIFORM OF A PROVINCIAL COLONEL.

Randolph more agreeable, and there is Mr. Robert Morris and John Dickinson."

Then the lean form of Mr. Jefferson went by, a little bent, deep in talk with Roger Sherman, whom I thought shabbily dressed; and behind them Robert Livingston, whom my aunt knew. Thus it was, as I am glad to remember, that I beheld these men who were to be the makers of an empire. Perhaps no wiser group of people ever met for a greater fate, and surely the hand of God was seen in the matter; for what other colony—Canada, for example—had such men to show? There, meanwhile, was England, with its great nobles and free commons and a splendid story of hard-won freedom, driving madly on its way of folly and defeat.

Of what went on within the hall we heard little. A declaration of rights was set forth, committees of correspondence appointed, and addresses issued to the king and people of Great Britain. Congress broke up, and the winter went by; Gage was superseded by Sir William Howe; Clinton and Burgoyne were sent out, and ten thousand men were ordered to America to aid the purposes of the king.

The cold season was soon upon us, and the eventful year of '75 came in with a great fall of snow, but with no great change for me and those I loved. A sullen rage possessed the colonies, and especially Massachusetts, where the Regulation Acts were quietly disregarded. No counsellors or jurymen would serve under the king's commission. The old muskets of the French and Indian wars were taken from the

corners and put in order. Men drilled, and women cast bullets.

Failing to corrupt Samuel Adams and Hancock, Gage resolved to arrest them at Concord and to seize on the stores of powder and ball. "The heads of traitors will soon decorate Temple Bar," said a London gazette; and so the march of events went on. In the early spring Dr. Franklin came home in despair of accommodation; he saw nothing now to do but to fight, and this he told us plainly. His very words were in my mind on the night of April 23d of this year of '75, as I was slowly and thoughtfully walking over the bridge where Walnut crossed the Dock Creek, and where I stayed for a moment to strike flint and steel in order to light my pipe. Of a sudden I heard a dull but increasing noise to north, and then the strong voice of the bell in the state-house. It was not ringing for fire. Somewhat puzzled, I walked swiftly to Second street, where were men and women in groups. I stopped a man and asked what had chanced. He said, "A battle! a battle! and General Gage killed." Couriers had reached the coffee-houses, but no one on the street seemed to have more than this vague information; all were going toward Chestnut street, where a meeting was to be held, as I learned, and perhaps fuller news given out.

I pushed on, still hearing the brazen clamour of the bell. As I crossed High street I came upon James Wilson and Mr. Graydon. They stopped me to tell of the great tidings just come by swift post-riders

of the fight at Lexington. After giving me the full details, Wilson left us. Said Graydon, very serious: "Mr. Wynne, how long are you to be in deciding? Come and join Mr. Cadwalader's troop. Few of us ride as well as you."

I said I had been thinking.

"Oh, confound your thinkings! It is action now. Let the bigwigs think."

I could not tell a man I then knew but slightly how immense was my reluctance to make this complete break with the creed of my father, and to absolutely disobey him, as I knew I must do if I followed my inclinations; nor did I incline to speak of such other difficulties as still kept me undecided. I said at last that if I took up arms it would be with Macpherson or Cowperthwaite's Quakers.

"Why not?" he said. "But, by George! man, do something! There are, I hear, many Friends among the Cowperthwaite Blues. Do they give orders with 'thou' and 'thee,' I wonder?"

I laughed, and hurried away. The town was already in a state of vast excitement, women in tears, and men stopping even those they did not know to ask for news. I ran all the way to my aunt's, eager to tell it. In the hall I stood a minute to get my breath, and reflect. I knew full well, as I recognised various voices, that my intelligence would mean tears for some, and joy for others.

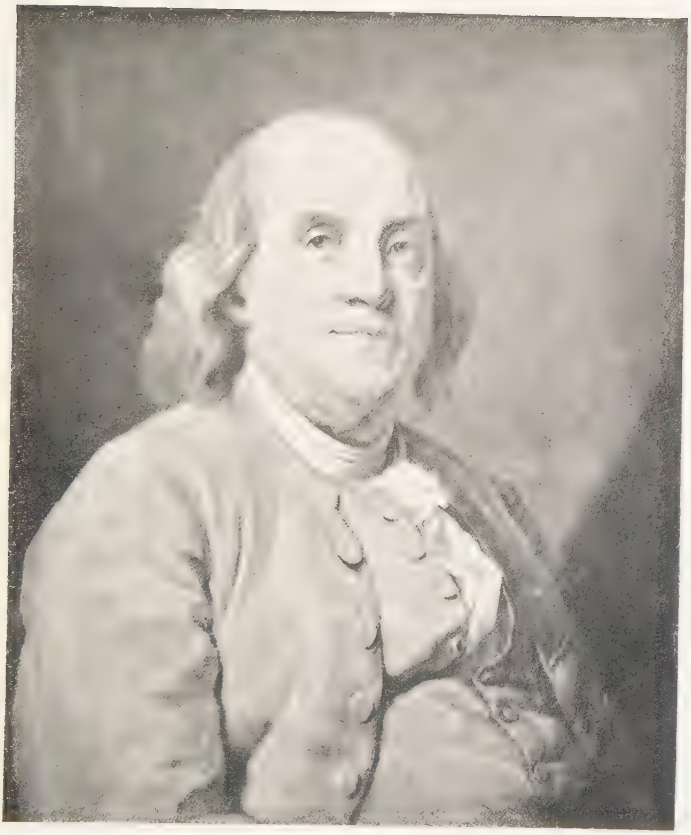
My long-taught Quaker self-control often served me as well as the practised calm I observed to be the expression assumed by the best-bred officers of the

army on occasions that caused visible emotion in others. I went in quietly, seeing a well-amused party of dames and younger folk, with, over against the chimneypiece, the great Benjamin Franklin, now in the full prime of varied usefulness, a benevolent face, and above it the great dome of head, which had to me even then a certain grandeur. He was talking eagerly with Mistress Wynne—two striking figures.

Mr. Galloway was in chat with his kinsman, Mr. Chew. The younger women, in a group, were making themselves merry with my friend Jack, who was a bit awkward in a fine suit I had plagued him into buying. And what a beauty he was, as he stood, half pleased with the teasing, blushing now and then, and fencing prettily in talk, as I knew by the laughter! At the tables the elder women were gambling, and intent on their little gains and losses, while the vast play of a nobler game was going on in the greater world of men.

To my surprise, I saw among the guests an English lieutenant. I say "to my surprise," for the other officers had gone of their own accord, or had been ordered to leave by the Committee of Safety. This one, and another, were, as I learned afterward, on their way through the town to join General Gage. There was evidently some dispute as to the cards. I heard high-pitched voices, and "spadille," "basto," "matador"—all the queer words of quadrille, their favoured game.

The lieutenant was bending over Mrs. Ferguson's chair. He was a fellow I had seen before and never



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

liked, a vulgar-featured man, too fat for his years, which may have been some twenty-eight. He played the best hand of all of them, and, as my aunt declared, that was quite enough; for the rest she could keep any man in order. I held back in the gloom of the hall, looking at their busy gaiety, and wondering what they would say to my news.

As I went in I heard Woodville, the lieutenant, say, "The king—play the king, Mrs. Ferguson."

"No advice!" cried Mrs. Galloway.

"But I am betting," said he. "The king forever! We have won, madam. The king is always in luck."

I could not resist saying, "The king has lost, ladies."

My aunt turned, and knew I meant something. I suppose my face may have been more grave than my words. "What is it, Hugh?"

"I have strange news, Aunt Gainor."

"News? and what?" As she spoke the talk ceased, and every one looked up.

"There has been a fight at Lexington. Major Pitcairn is beat, and my Lord Percy. The farmers were all up to hinder them as they were on their way to seize our powder, and to take Mr. Hancock. The king has lost some three hundred men, and we under a hundred."

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Galloway. "But it cannot be true."

A pause came after, as I said there was no doubt of it.

Dr. Franklin asked if I was sure. I said, "Yes; I have it of James Wilson, and the town is already

in an uproar over it." The great philosopher remained deep in thought a moment, while the women sat or stood in fear, or whispering excitement. At last he said he must go, and that it was the beginning of war, and welcome too. Then he bowed gravely and went out. As he left, the stillness which had prevailed for a time was broken.

A dozen questions fell on me from all sides. I could only repeat my story, as Jack went by me to go out and hear, if possible, more of the news than I had to tell.

At last Mr. Chew said thoughtfully, "If it be true, it is a sad business; but, really, how can it be, Hugh? How could a lot of farmers, without good arms and discipline, put to rout a body of trained men, well armed?"

"I think," said Galloway, "we shall have quite another version to-morrow. How does it strike you, Mr. Woodville?"

"Oh, quite absurd," said the officer. "You may reassure yourselves, ladies; such a loss, too, would be incredible, even in regular war. I think we may go on with our game, Mrs. Ferguson." He was very pompous, but none seemed inclined to take his advice.

"And yet I don't like it," said a lady of the Tory side.

"And I do," said Mistress Wynne. "It is as good news as I have heard this many a day."

"It is nonsense!" said the officer; "sheer nonsense! You have strange notions, madam, as to what is good news. It is only another rebel lie."

"I think not," said I, venturing to add that men who could kill squirrels would rarely miss a man, and that many of the older farmers had fought Indians and French, and had, I suspected, picked off the officers.

"How horrid!" said Darthea.

Had a stray bullet found my cousin I should not have grieved profoundly.

"You see where all your neutrality and loyalty have brought you," said Mistress Wynne. "I wish King George were with Mr. Gage; he might learn wisdom. 'T is but the beginning of a good end."

"May I remind you," said Woodville, very red in the face, "that I am his Majesty's officer?"

"No, you may not remind me. A fig for his Majesty!" cried my aunt, now in one of her tantrums.

"Shame!" cried Mrs. Ferguson, rising, as did the rest, some in tears and some saying Mrs. Ferguson was right, or the Lord knows what—not at all a pleasant scene; the men very silent, or vexed, or troubled.

My Aunt Gainor, as they filed out, made them each her finest curtsey. Darthea stood still, looking grave enough. Mr. Woodville, the lieutenant, lingered, made his adieus very decently, and went out, I showing him the way. On the step he said: "I do not quarrel with women; but I have heard that in Mistress Wynne's house, to which, as an officer of his Majesty, I cannot submit."

"Well?" I said; and my abominable propensity to grin got the better of me.

"You seem amused, sir," he said.

I was by no means amused.

"I suppose you are responsible," he added. "Miss Wynne might have better manners, and her nephew more courage. However, I have said what ought to be enough with English gentlemen. Good-evening."

"I have half a mind to give thee a good honest thrashing," said I.

"I dare say. You are big enough, Master Quaker; but I presume that about the weapons common among men of honour you know as much as I know of making horseshoes."

I was now cool enough and angry enough to have killed him. "Thy friend can find me here," said I. "I trust I shall be able to satisfy thee."

With this he went away, and I stood looking after his stumpy figure. I was again in a broil, not of my making; just a bit of ill luck, for here was a nice business. I went in, and was caught on my way upstairs by my Aunt Gainor, who called me into the sitting-room.

Still too furious to be prudent, she broke out before Darthea. "Insolent idiots! I hope I made Mr. Galloway understand, and the rest of them too! I trust Bessy Ferguson will never darken my doors again!" She walked up and down, and at last upset the big mandarin, who came head down on the hearth.

"I wish he were Mr. Gage!" said my aunt, contemplating the fragments.

"I dare say he was a Tory," says Darthea, who

feared no one. "And I am a Tory too, Miss Wynne, I would have you to know."

"I dare say," said my aunt; "it does n't matter much what you think, or what you are. You had some words with that stupid man, sir; I saw you. He looked as if he did not like it. Oh, I heard you, too."

I vainly shook my head at her.

"Are you two going to fight? I am not sorry! I wish I could have that cat Ferguson out."

"I hope—oh—I am sure, Mr. Wynne, it cannot be. How dreadful!" said Darthea.

"Nonsense!" cried my aunt. "A man cannot stand everything like a woman."

I said plainly, seeing how vain my aunt had made concealment, that there had been some words, but that I trusted no harm would come of it.

"But there will! there will!" said Miss Peniston.

"Mercy upon us!" cried my aunt; for here was Darthea on the floor, and burnt feathers and vinegar at hand, servants running about, my aunt ordering "Cut her stay-strings!" as I was turned out, hearing my aunt declare, "I do believe she is in love with *all* the men. Is it you or the captain? What a shameless monkey to tumble all of a heap that way! It is hardly decent. Do go away, you goose! 'T is a way she has Did never you see a woman faint?"

I never did, and I was scared faint myself. What between Darthea's fainting spell, and this quarrel not of my seeking, I was uncomfortable enough. I had no one but Jack to appeal to; and here was a pair of Quaker lads, just over twenty-two, in a proper

scrape. I had not the least intention of getting out of it, save in one way. The sneer at my aunt was more than I could endure. What my father would think was another matter.

Mr. Wilson used to say: "When you are in difficulties dispose of the worst first;" and so I resolved, as I must fight the man, and that was the imminent matter, to set aside all thought of my parent, until I was done with Mr. Woodville. Jack I took for granted, and so left a note with the servant asking my opponent's friend to call on Jack at an hour when he was like to be alone. Before I could leave to warn him of what was on hand my aunt came to me.

"I sent that girl home in the chaise. It was her fear lest some one may be hurt, but she really has no excuse. She talked quite wild as she came to—I mean of you and Arthur Wynne—just mere babble. And, O Hugh! I am a drivelling old maid, and have taught you all manner of nonsense, and now I have got you into trouble. Don't let him kill you, Hugh. Cannot it be stopped? I told Darthea to hold her tongue, and I am so miserable, Hugh; and when I think of your dead mother, and all I promised, what shall I do?" And the kind old lady penitently wept over me, as if I were run through already.

I felt, as you may imagine, the embarrassment and doubt a young man feels when about to protest by a single act against the creed of conduct which he has been taught to follow since he could remember. I smiled, too, as I recalled our first school duel, and how Jack and I ran away.

My aunt, seeing there was nothing more to be done, and having said quite enough, retired, I am sure to pray for me, and for herself as the main cause of my coming risk. She would have liked to see me well out of the affair, but I do believe would not have had me excuse myself to my lieutenant, let what might occur. Indeed, she did her best to keep Miss Darthea from betraying what, but for my aunt's rash outburst, would not have gone beyond those immediately concerned.

It was late in the afternoon, when I found Jack writing in his father's house. I must have looked grave, for he rose quickly and, coming to meet me, set a hand on each of my shoulders—a way he had, but only with me.

"What is it?" he said; "not the news?"

"No." In fact, it had clean gone out of my mind. "I have had trouble with Mr. Woodville, and now I must fight him." And on this I related the whole adventure, Jack listening intently.

"Thou shouldst have an older man than I, Hugh. These affairs may often be mended, I learn, without coming to violence." He seemed a little embarrassed, and reddened, hesitating as he spoke, so that, stupidly not comprehending him as I should have done, I said hastily that the man had insulted my aunt, and that there was but one way out of it, but that I could try to get some one else, if to act as my friend was not to his taste.

"At this time," he writes, "when Hugh came so near to hurting me, I was really going through in

my mind what he had already disposed of in his. At Pike's we heard of nothing but duels. I had long been Pike's pupil. The duel had come to seem to us, I fear, the natural and inevitable ending of a quarrel. Such was the belief of my good friend Mistress Wynne's set, and of the officers whose opinions as to social matters we had learned to regard as final.

"And yet the absurdity of two Quaker lads so trapped struck me as it did not Hugh. The man must surely have thought him older than he was, but so did most. I feared that I should not do my friend justice; and then I thought of dear Mistress Gainor, whom I now loved, and for whom to lose Hugh would be as death in life; and so, quickly turning it over for one mad moment, I wondered if I could not someway get this quarrel on to my own shoulders. When I answered Hugh I must have made him misunderstand me, or so I think from what he said. When he exclaimed he could get some one else, I made haste to put myself right. We had little time, however, to discuss the matter, for at this moment came a Captain Le Clere with Hugh's note.

"Hugh was now in one of his quiet, smiling moods, when from his face you would have said there was some jest or wager in question, and from his talk, which had a kind of intensity of distinct articulation, that it was, as I thought it, most serious. He was coldly civil to Mr. Le Clere, and to me apart said, 'Small swords, and the governor's woods by the spring,' as if he were arranging a quite familiar and every-day affair.

"I frankly declared that I was new to an office of this kind, and must trust to Mr. Le Clere's honour and courtesy. He seemed pleased at this, and thought a pity of so young a man to have such a difficulty, expressing his hopes of accommodation, which I knew Hugh too well to think possible.

"As soon as we had arranged the needed preliminaries, and Mr. Le Clere had gone, I went to borrow small swords of Pike, arranging to come for them after dark. Duels were common enough even in our Quaker town, especially among gentlemen of his Majesty's service. Although illegal, so strongly was it felt that for certain offences there was no other remedy possible, that it was difficult to escape the resort to weapons if those involved were of what we who are of it like to call the better class.

"At daybreak Hugh and I were waiting in the woods where—near to what Mr. Penn meant as a public square, a little east of Schuylkill-Eighth street—was an open space, once a clearing, but now disused, and much overgrown. We were first on the ground, and I took occasion to tell Hugh of Pike's counsels—for he had at once guessed what we were about—to watch his opponent's eyes, and the like. Hugh, who was merry, and had put aside such thoughts of the future as were troubling me, declared that it was the mouth a man should watch, which I think is the better opinion. I said, of course, nothing of what Pike told me as to Mr. Woodville being a first-rate player, and only advised my friend to be cautious.

"Mr. Woodville, who came with Le Clere and a surgeon, was a short lump of a man, and an odd contrast to his friend, who was long and lank. The pair of them looked like Don Quixote and his squire. The short man I felt quite confident Hugh could handle, and was surprised, seeing his build, that Pike should have declared him a good blade. Mr. Le Clere was very civil, and I followed his directions, knowing, as I have said, but little of such affairs.

"Our men being stripped to the shirt, and ready, Mr. Le Clere and I drew away some twenty feet. Then, to my surprise, the lean officer said to me, 'Mr. Warder, shall I have the honour to amuse you with a turn? Here are our own swords of a length, as you see.'

"I was anything rather than amused. I had heard of this foolish English custom of the friends also engaging. I knew that it was usual to make the offer, and that it was not needful to accept; but now, as I saw my Hugh standing ready with his sword upon the ground, I began to shake all over, and to colour. Such hath always been my habit when in danger, even from my boyhood. It is not because I am afraid. Yet, as it seems to another like fear, to feel it sets me in a cold rage, and has many times, as on this occasion, led me into extremes of rashness.

"I suppose Mr. Le Clere saw my condition, and unhappily let loose on his face a faint smile. 'At your service,' I said, and cast off my coat.

"'It is not necessary, sir,' he replied, a bit ashamed

to engage a fellow like me, who shook and blushed, and looked to be about seventeen.

"'We are losing time,' said I, in a fury, not oversorry to be thus or in any way distracted from Hugh's peril. In truth, I need have had small fear for him. For two years Hugh and I had fenced almost daily, and what with Pike and Arthur Wynne, knew most of the tricks of the small sword.

"The next moment Le Clere cried, 'On guard, gentlemen!' and I heard the click of the blades as they met. I had my hands full, and was soon aware of Le Clere's skill. I was, however, as agile as a cat, and he less clever with his legs than his arm. Nor do I think he desired to make the affair serious. In a few minutes—it seemed longer—I heard an oath, and, alarmed for Hugh, cast a glance in his direction. I saw his foe fall back, his sword flying some feet away. My indiscretion gave my man his chance. His blade caught in my rolled-up sleeve, bent, and, as I drove my own through his shoulder, passed clean through the left side of my neck. With a great jet of blood, I fell, and for a little knew no more."

This account from Jack's journal is a better statement of this sad business than I could have set down. I saw with horror Jack and Le Clere salute, and then was too full of business to see more, until I had disarmed Mr. Woodville, badly wounding his sword-hand, a rare accident. And here was my Jack dead, as I thought. I think I can never forget that scene; Mr. Le Clere, gaunt and thin, lifting his

late foe, the surgeon kneeling and busy, my own man hot and wrathful, cursing like mad, and wrapping his hand about with a handkerchief, clearly in pain, and I waiting for the word of death or life.

At last the doctor said, "It is bad—bad, but not fatal. How came it, Le Clere? You told me that neither you nor Mr. Woodville meant anything serious."

I was kneeling by Jack, and was not intended to hear what all were too hot and excited to guard by bated breath.

"Damn it, doctor!" returned Le Clere. "It is no use to talk. I never imagined that youngster would take me at my word."

"You will be in hot water here," said the doctor. "I would advise you to get away, and soon."

"And we shall supply amusement to every mess in the army," said Woodville, with an abundance of bad language. "Quakers indeed!"

Jack's eyes opened, and he said, "Thou art not hurt, Hugh?"

"No, no!" I answered, and, relieved a little, turned to Mr. Le Clere: "We shall, I fear, have to ask thy chaise of thee. We came afoot. I will send it back at once."

Le Clere said, "Of course; with all my heart."

"Thou wilt pardon me," said I, "if I advise thee to accept the doctor's advice, and get away with all speed. I should be sorry if thou wert arrested. The feeling against gentlemen of thy profession is unhappily strong just now."

Le Clere looked me over with a quick glance of something like curiosity, and said, as he gave his hand, "You are a gallant gentleman, Mr. Wynne. You will permit an older man to say so. I trust we may meet again. Are all Quakers as clever at sword-play?"

I said a civil word, seeing Jack smile as he lay with my bloody coat under his head. Then, as I remembered that perhaps Mr. Woodville might not be satisfied, I went up to him and said, "I am at thy service, sir, if thou art not contented to let us be quit of this matter."

"It must needs rest now," he replied. "Damn your tricks!"

"Sir!" said I.

"Holloa!" says Le Clere; "this won't do. Keep your temper. This way, Mr. Wynne." And he drew me aside.

It was full time; I was beginning to get my blood up, and was in a rage.

"This comes," he said, "of going out with a fellow that has risen from the ranks. Why do your ladies receive every one who wears a red coat? Let me help you with your friend. I am most sorry. For my share, I have a neat reminder in the shoulder. Mr. Warder has the wrist of a blacksmith"—which was true, and for good reason.

There is no need to tell of the wrath and incapacity of poor Jack's father. I got away as soon as Dr. Rush arrived, and, promising to return in an hour, went off with a smile from my Jack, and a "Thank

God! Hugh, that it was not thou who had the worst of it."

It was about seven as I knocked at my aunt's door, and, passing the black page, ran upstairs. My aunt was in the breakfast-room; she came to meet me in a morning gown, and to my astonishment was very tranquil, but with eyes that looked anxious, and far more red than common.

"Sit down, sir. I want to hear about this ridiculous business."

"It may seem so to thee," said I; "I am glad if it amuses thee."

"Stuff! Talk decent English, man. That was like your father. Is—are you—is any one hurt?"

I said that was what we went for, and so told her the whole sorry business.

"And it was for me, sir!" she cried; "for me! And my dear brave girl-boy! Is it dangerous?"

I hoped not. We had both left our marks on the English officers. That she liked. Then she was silent awhile.

"Here is come a note from the kitten. Will you have it? It may be all you will ever get of her. She says she has held her tongue; I can't—I don't believe her—and asks me to let her know if any are hurt. I will. Does she suppose gentlemen go out just to look at one another? Ridiculous!"

I spoke at last of my father; of how he would take this matter, of his increasing acerbity, and of my own unhappy life, where I found nothing to replace my mother's love. My last disaster and poor

Jack's wound seemed like enough to widen the gap between me and my parent, and my Aunt Gainor was troubled.

"You must be first to tell him," said my aunt. "I think he will say but little. He has given you up as a sheep lost in the darkness of iniquity, and too black to be found easily."

I begged her not to jest. I was sore and sick at heart.

"Eat your breakfast," she said, "and get it over with your father."

I hurried through the meal, and went upstairs, to find my sleeve full of blood, although no harm had been done but what was easily set right by what Dr. Rush called a bit of diachylon plaster. (I think I spell it correctly.)

As I went by Darthea's home I cast a glance up at the open window, and saw my lady looking out. She was pale, and as she called to me I could not but go in, for, indeed, she ran herself to open the door.

"Come in! Oh, just a moment!" she cried. "Your aunt has written me a note, and it tells me almost nothing—nothing."

I was in no very kindly humour with Miss Darthea. Since our talk about my cousin she had been very high and mighty, and would have little to say to me except unpleasant things about the angry politics of the day. I said I was glad to have heard she had told no one of what my aunt's rash speech had let slip. I had better have held my own tongue. Darthea

was in another mood to-day, and all at once became quiet and dignified.

"I gave my word, Mr. Wynne. When you know me better you will learn that I can keep it. Is—is Mr. Warder much hurt?"

"Yes," I said; "he is in great peril." I saw how anxious she was, and was vexed enough to want to hurt her.

"Oh, you men! you men!" she cried. "Will he die, do you think? Poor boy!" She sat down and began to cry. "He must not die; why did you lead him into such wicked trouble?"

It was vain to explain how little I had to do with the matter. Did she love Jack? I little knew in those days how tender was this gentle heart, how it went out, tendril-like, seeking it knew not what, and was for this reason ever liable to say too much, and to give rise to misapprehension.

"O Darthea!" I cried. "Dost thou love my Jack? I shall be the last to come in his way. I have said I love thee myself, and I can never change. But how can it be? how can it be? And my cousin? O Darthea!"

"I love no one, sir. I love everybody. I—I think you are impertinent, Mr. Wynne. Is it your business whom I love? My God! there is blood on your hand! Are you hurt?"

It was true; a little blood was trickling down my wrist. She was all tenderness again. I must not go; here was her handkerchief; and so on—till I longed to take her in my arms, she made me so sorry for her.

I said it was of no moment, and I must go.

"You will come soon again, and tell me about Jack."

I went away, not wondering that all the world should love her.

I hastened to Jack's home, and there found Dr. Rush and Dr. Glentworth, who was later to be the physician of Mr. Washington. My aunt, preceding me, had taken possession. Mr. Warder was reduced to a condition of abject obedience, and for a month and more my aunt hardly left her girl-boy's pillow. Indeed, it was long before I was let to see him, and then he was but a spectre of himself, with not enough blood to blush with. Our officers very promptly left for New York the day after our fight, and we heard no more of them.

It would have been of little use to tell this long story but for the consequences to me and to others. I should have done well to see my father at once; but I could not get away, and sat till noon, asking every now and then what I could do, and if Jack were better, despite the fact that I was told he was doing well.

Mr. Warder was one of those people who, once a crisis seems over, must still be doing something, and to be rid of him he was sent by my aunt to get certain articles the doctors did or did not need. It seemed wise to this gentleman, having completed his errands, to pay a visit of condolence to my father, and thus it was that greater mischief was made.

About two I got away, and set forth to see my parent. Already the news was out, and I was stopped

over and over to explain what had happened. It was the hour of dinner; for Friends dined at two, but my aunt and the gayer set at four.

My father turned from his meal, and coldly looked me all over,—my arm was in a sling, on which Dr. Rush had insisted,—and last into my eyes. "Well," he said, "thou art come at last. Fortunately, Friend Warder has been here, and I know thy story and the mischief into which thou hast led his poor lad. It is time we had a settlement, thou and I. Hast thou fear neither of God nor of man? A rebellious son, and a defier of authority! It is well thy mother is dead before she saw thee come to this ruin of soul and body."

"My God! father," I cried; "how canst thou hurt me thus! I am in sorrow for Jack, and want help. To whom should I go but to thee? O mother, mother!" I looked around at the bare walls, and down at the sanded floor, and could only bury my face in my hands and weep like a baby. What with all the day had brought, and Darthea and Jack, and now this grand old man silent, impassive, unmoved by what was shaking me like a storm,—although I loved him still for all his hardness,—I had no refuge but in tears.

He rose, and I sat still, thinking what I should say. "When thou art ready to turn from thy sin and ask pardon of God and of me, who am brought to shame on thy account, I will talk with thee."

Upon this I set myself between him and the door. "We cannot part this way. It is too terrible."

"That was a matter thou hadst been wise to consider long ago, Hugh."

"No!" I cried. I was as resolved as he. "I must be heard. How have I offended? Have I neglected thy business? who can say so? I was insulted in Meeting, and I went where men do not trample on a penitent boy, and if I have gone the way of my aunt's world, is it my fault or thine? I have gone away from what, in thy opinion, is right as regards questions in which the best and purest side with me. Am I a child, that I may not use my own judgment?" It was the first time in my life that I had plainly asserted my freedom to think and to act.

To my surprise, he stood a moment in silence, looking down, I as quiet, regarding him with eager and attentive eyes. Then he said, seeking my gaze, "I am to blame; I have too much considered thy chances of worldly gain. I know not whence thou hast thy wilfulness." As I looked in the face of this strong, rock-like man, I wondered; for he went on, "Not from me, Hugh, not from me—"

"Stop!" I said. "Thou hast said enough." I feared lest again he should reproach her of whose sweetness I had naught but a gift of the blue eyes that must have met his with menace. I saw, as his hands shook, tapping the floor with his cane, how great were both his anger and his self-control.

"It were well, my son, that this ended. I hope thou wilt see thy way to better courses. Thy cousin was right. He, too, is a man not of my world, but he saw more clearly than I where thou wert going."

"What!" I cried, "and thou canst think this? Thou hast believed and trusted Arthur Wynne! What did he say of me?"

"I will not be questioned."

"The man lied to thee," I cried,—"why, I do not know,—and to others also. Why did he deceive us as to Wyncote? What reason had he? As he lied about that, so does he seem to have lied about me. By heaven! he shall answer me some day."

"I will hear no profanity in my house. Stand aside! Dost thou not hear me? Am I to be disobeyed in my own house?"

I but half took in his meaning, and stood still. The next moment he seized me by the lapels of my coat, and, spinning me round like a child, pushed me from him. I fell into the great Penn chair he had turned from the table when he rose. He threw open the door, and I saw him walk quickly down the hall and out into the orchard garden.

For a week he did no more than speak to me a word when business made it needful, and then the monotonous days went on as before in the gray, dismal home, out of which the light of life's gladness departed when those dear mother-eyes were closed in death.

XIV

WHILE, throughout that sad summer, my Jack was slowly coming back to health, even the vast events of the war now under way moved me but little. My Aunt Gainor would think of no one but her young Quaker. Her house was no longer gay, nor would she go to the country, until Mr. Warder agreed that she should take Jack with us to the Hill Farm-house, where, in the warm months, she moved among her cattle, and fed the hens, and helped and bullied every poor housewife far and near.

In a bright-tinted hammock I fetched from Madeira, Jack used to lie under the apple-trees that June and July, with my aunt for company; better could hardly have been. When I came from town in June, with news of what the farmers and their long rifles had done at Bunker Hill, it was a little too much for Jack's strength, and he burst into tears. But Dr. Rush declared that self-control was an affair of physical health, and that he who had too little blood—and Jack was lily-white—could be neither courageous, nor able to contain his emotions. I suppose it may be true.

I went in and out of town daily, my father being

unwilling to go to Merion. At times I met James Wilson, who was steadily urging me to enter the army. Wetherill had scarce any other words for me. But my father, Jack's condition, and my aunt's depending on me, all stood in my way, and I did but content myself with an hour's daily drill in town with others, who were thus preparing themselves for active service.

We were taught, and well too, by an Irish sergeant—I fear a deserter from one of his Majesty's regiments. As Jack got better, he was eager to have me put him through his facings, but before he was fit the summer was nigh over.

It had been a time of great anxiety to all men. The Virginia colonel was commander-in-chief; a motley army held Sir William Howe penned up in Boston, and why he so quietly accepted this sheep-like fate no man of us could comprehend. My aunt, a great letter-writer, had many correspondents, and one or two in the camp at Cambridge.

"My Virginia fox-hunter," said my aunt, "is having evil days with the New England farmers. He is disposed to be despotic, says—well, no matter who. He likes the whipping-post too well, and thinks all should, like himself, serve without pay. A slow man it is, but intelligent," says my Aunt Gainor; "sure to get himself right, and patient too. You will see, Hugh; he will come slowly to understand these people."

I smiled at the good lady's confidence, and yet she was right. They took him ill at first in that undis-

ciplined camp, and queer things were said of him. Like the rest, he was learning the business of war, and was to commit many blunders and get sharp lessons in this school of the soldier.

These were everywhere uneasy times. Day after day we heard of this one or that one gone to swell the ever-changing number of those who beset Sir William. Gondolas—most unlike gondolas they were—were being built in haste for our own river defence. Committees, going from house to house, collected arms, tent-stuffs, kettles, blankets, and what not, for our troops. There were noisy elections, arrests of Tories; and in October the death of Peyton Randolph, ex-president of the Congress, and the news of the coming of the Hessian hirelings. It was a season of stir, angry discussion, and stern waiting for what was to come; but through it all my Jack prospered mightily in health, so that by September 20 he was fit to leave us.

I still think pleasantly of all the pretty pictures of pale, fair-haired Jack in the hammock, with Darthea reading to him, and the Whig ladies with roses from their gardens, and peaches and what not, all for Jack, the hero, I being that summer but a small and altogether unimportant personage.

When my Jack went home again, we began at once to talk over our plans for joining Mr. Washington; I made sure that now there was no greater obstacle in my way than my father's opinions. Alas! in November my aunt took what Dr. Rush called a pernicious ague, and, although bled many

times and fed on Jesuits' bark, she came near to dying. In January she was better, but was become like a child, and depended upon me for everything. If I but spoke of my desire to be in the field, she would fall to tears or declare me ungrateful. She was morally weakened by her disease, and did seem to have changed as to her character. I lamented to Jack that it was my fate to stay, and he must go alone; I would follow when I could.

It was far into April before my aunt was entirely her old self, but as early as the close of January she had decided that she was well, and that to be well you must get rid of doctors. She told the great physician as much, and he left her in vast disgust. Society she would now have had for remedial distraction, but the war had made of it a dismal wreck. The Tories had been warned or sent away; the moderates hardly fared better; and the old gay set was broken up. Nevertheless it was not until far later, in July, '77, that Mr. Chew, Mr. Penn, and other as important neutrals, were ordered to leave the city; until then some remnants of the governor's set kept up more or less of the pleasant life they had once led. But there were no more redcoats in their drawing-rooms, and our antagonists were of the last who had lingered. Even before their departure, any gentleman of the king's service was sure to be told to leave, and meanwhile was apt to find a militiaman at his door.

My aunt would have none of them that winter, and her old Tory friends ceased to be seen at her

house, save only Darthea, whilst continental uniforms and gentlemen of the Congress were made warmly welcome; but alas! among these was no match for her at piquet, and she felt that no one had sacrificed more for the country than had she.

In February of '76 a double change took place among us, and to my great discontent. I had seen much of Darthea in the fall and early winter of '75, and had come to know her better. She was fond of riding with my aunt, who had a strong gray stallion full of tricks, but no master of the hardy old lady, whom neither horse nor man ever dismayed. The good spinster was by no means as vigorous as I could have wished, but ride she would on all clear days whether cold or not, and liked well to have Darthea with us. When ill she was a docile patient, but, once afoot, declared all doctors fools, and would have no more of them "and their filthy doses."

We rode of sunlit winter days out to Germantown, or upon the wood roads over Schuylkill, my Aunt Gainor from good nature being pleased to gallop ahead, and leave us to chat and follow, or not, as might suit us.

One fine crisp morning in February we were breasting at a walk the slippery incline of Chestnut Hill, when Darthea, who had been unusually silent, said quite abruptly:

"I am going away, Mr. Wynne."

I was instantly troubled. "Where?" I said.

"Next week, and to New York. My aunt can no longer stand all this mob of rebels. We go to

New York, and for how long I know not. Since, in September, our friend, Dr. John Kearsley, was mobbed and maltreated, my aunt declares you unfit to live among. I must say I thought it brutal, sir. When men of sense and breeding like Mr. Penn, Mr. Chew, and Dr. Kearsley, cannot live unmolested it is time, my aunt thinks, to run."

"No one annoys Mr. Penn or Mr. Chew," said I. "To my mind, they are neutrals, and worse than open foes; but thy doctor is a mad Tory, and a malignant talker. I saw the matter, and I assure thee it was overstated. He lost his temper; 't is a brave gentleman, and I would he were with us. But now that both sides are sure at last that they are really at war, these men who live among us and are ready to welcome every redcoat must have their lesson. It must be Yes or No, in a war like this."

"But I hate that," she returned; "and to be comfortable and snug, and to love ease and Madeira and a quiet horse, and a book and a pipe and a nap of an afternoon, and then to have certain of the baser sort cry, 'Get up and kill somebody!' I think I am with Mr. Ross, and believe that, 'let who will be king, I well know I shall be subject.' Imagine my Aunt Penistou's fat poodle invited to choose between exile and killing rats."

"My dear Darthea, for thee to preach caution and neutrality is delightful."

"Did it sound like that Mr. Congregation?"

"No; to tell the truth, I think it did not."

"Indeed, you are right," says she. "I am a red-

hot Tory, sir. I scare Margaret Chew out of her sweet wits when I talk blood, blood, sir; and as to Miss Franks,—she hates to be called Becky,—when I say I hope to see Mr. Washington hanged, she vows he is too fine a man, and she would only hang the ugly ones. So take care, Mr. Stay-at-home, take care; I am no neutral."

"Thank thee," I said, lifting my hat. "I like open enemies best."

"Oh, I will say a good word for you, when it comes to that, and you will need it. Sir Guy will have Ticonderoga soon, and Mr. Howe New York; so that, with my loyal cousins and the king in possession, we shall at least be in civilised society."

"There is a well-worn proverb," said I, "about counting chickens. Where shalt thou be in New York?"

"Cousin De Lancey has asked us to stay with them. When the king's troops return to your rebel town we shall come back, I suppose."

"I am sorry," I said. "All my friends are flitting like swallows. Poor Mr. Franks is to go, it seems, and the gay Miss Rebecca; but she likes the redcoats best, and another is of the same mind, I fear."

"I am not over-grieved to go myself," said Darthea, "and we will not quarrel just now about the redcoats. Have you seen Mr. Warder to-day?"

"I have not."

"Then I am the bearer of ill news. He is to join your new general in a week or two. He could not find you this morning. I think he was relieved to

know I should tell you. How much he cares for you! It is not like a man friendship. It is like the way we weak girls care for one another. How can he be such a brave gentleman as he seems—as he must be? I should have thought it would be you who would have gone first. Why do you not go? Here is Miss Wynne's pet girl-boy away to fight, and you —why do not you go?"

I was puzzled, as well I might be. "Dost thou want me to go?"

A quick light came into those brown eyes, and a little flush to the cheeks as she said,—oh, so very quickly,—"I want all my friends to do what seems to them right."

"I am glad to answer," I said. "It seems to me my duty to be with the army; my friends have gone, and now Graydon, the last to leave, has also gone. I fancy people smiling to see me still at home—I who am so positive, so outspoken. But here is my father, with whom if I go I break for life, and here is my Aunt Gainor, who bursts into tears if I do but mention my wish to leave her."

"I see," said Darthea, not looking at me; "now I understand fully; I did not before. But—will you think it strange if—if I say—I, a good and loyal woman—that you should go, and soon?" Then there was a long pause, and she added, "When will this cruel war end?"

"God knows," said I. "Thank thee; thou art right, Darthea."

Another pause as long came after, when she said

abruptly, and in quite another voice, "You do not like Mr. Arthur Wynne; why do you not?"

I was startled. One never knew when she would get under one's guard and put some prickly question.

"Dost thou think I have reason to like him?" I said. "I did like him once, but now I do not; nor does he love me any better. Why dost thou ask me?"

"Oh, for—no matter! I am not going to say why."

"I think thou knowest, Darthea, that he is no friend of mine."

"Let us join your aunt," she said gravely.

"One word more," said I, "and I shall trouble thee no further. Rest sure that, come what may, there is one man who loves thee with a love no man can better."

"I wish you had not said that. There are some, Mr. Wynne, who never know when to take No for an answer."

"I am one," said I.

To this she made no reply, and rode on looking ahead in a dreamy way that fetched back to my memory a prettiness my dear mother had. Presently turning, she said:

"Let it end here; and—and my name is Miss Peniston, please."

There was no pettishness in her voice—only a certain dignity which sits better on little women than on little men, and provokes no smile. She was looking at me with a curious steadiness of gaze as

she spoke. It was my last chance for many a day, and I could not let her go with a mere bow of meek submission.

"If I have been rude or discourteous, I am more sorry than I can say. If I called thee Darthea, it was because hope seemed to bring us nearer for one dear moment. Ah! I may call thee Miss Peniston, but for me always thou wilt be Darthea; and I shall love Darthea to the end, even when Miss Peniston has come to be a distant dream and has another name. I am most sorry to have given thee annoyance. Forget that, and pardon me."

"Mr. Wynne, you are a kindly and courteous gentleman. I wish—and you must not misapprehend me—that I loved you. Oh, I do not. Your aunt, who is so good to me, is a fierce wooer. I am afraid of her, and—she must be miles away; let us join her." And with this she shook her bridle, and was off at speed, and my mare and I at her side.

If I have made those who loved Darthea Peniston and me understand this winning soul, I shall be glad; and if not I shall at least have had the pleasure of repeating words and describing actions which live in my remembrance with such exactness as does not apply to much of what, to the outer world, may seem far better entitled to be remembered. She had it in her to hurt you, help you, pity you, mock or amuse you, and back of it all was the honesty and truth of a womanhood capable of courageous conduct, and despising all forms of meanness. That she was variously regarded was natural. Margaret Shippen

said she cared only for dress and the men; and the witty Miss Franks, seeing further, but not all, said that Darthea Peniston was an actress of the minute, who believed her every rôle to be real. My wise aunt declared that she was several women, and that she did not always keep some of them in order. It was clear, to me at least, that she was growing older in mind, and was beginning to keep stricter school for those other women with whom my aunt credited this perplexing little lady.

Before I quite leave her for a time, I must let Jack say a word. It will tell more than I then knew or could know, and will save me from saying that which were better said by another.

"At last there is certainty of a long war, and I, being well again, must take my side. It is fortunate when choice is so easy, for I find it often hard in life to know just what is right. Poor Hugh, who has gone further than I from our fathers' faith, will still declare he is of Friends; but he commonly drops our language if he is not excited or greatly interested, and the rest will go too. It is strange that his resoluteness and clear notions of duty have so helped me, and yet that he is so caught and tied fast by Miss Gainor's dependence upon him, and by his scruples as to his father. He cannot do the thing he would. Now that my own father has sold out his business, I at least am left without excuse. I shall go at once, for fear I shall change my mind." A more unlikely thing I cannot imagine to have happened to John Warder.

"I saw Darthea to-day," he goes on to write. "She is going to New York. She talked to me with such frankness as almost broke my heart. She does not know how dear she is to me. I was near to telling her; but if she said No,—and she would,—I might —oh, I could not see her again. I had rather live in doubt. And whether Hugh loves her or not I would I knew. Mistress Wynne does but laugh and say, 'Lord bless us! they all love her!' Hugh is, as to some things, reticent, and of Darthea likes so little to speak that I am led to think it is a serious business for him; and if it be so, what can I but go? for how could I come between him and a woman he loved? Never, surely. Why is life such a tangle? As concerns this thing, it is well I am going. What else is left for me? My duty has long been plain.

"I did venture to ask Darthea of Mr. Arthur Wynne. She said quietly, 'I have had a letter to-day;' and with this she looked at me in a sort of defiant way. I like the man not at all, and wonder that women fancy him so greatly. When I said I was sorry she was going, she replied, 'It is no one's business;' and then added, 'nor Mr. Wynne's neither,' as if Hugh had said a word. In fact, Miss Peniston was almost as cross and abrupt as dear Miss Wynne at her worst. If ever, God willing, I should marry her,—there, I am blushing even to think of such a sweet impossibility,—she would drive me frantic. I should be in small rages or begging her pardon every half-hour of the day.

"What will Hugh say when he hears the Meeting

means to disown us? It troubles me deeply. My father is trembling too, for since a month he is all for resisting oppression, and who has been talking to him I do not know. Miss Wynne called him a decrepit weathercock to me last month, and then was in a fury at herself, and sorry too; but she will talk with him no more. It cannot be because he has sold his Holland cloths so well to the clothier-general. I never can think that.

"When I saw Miss Wynne, and would have seen Hugh had he been in, I told her of my meaning to go away by the packet to Burlington, and thence through New Jersey. She said it was well, but that Hugh should not go yet. He should go soon. Mr. Lee, the new general, had been to see her—a great soldier, she was told. But she had not liked him, because he let her believe he came of the same family as Mr. Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, whereas this is not so. He was lank, sour, and ill dressed, she said, and fetched his two dogs into the house. When he saw Hugh, he said it was time all the young men were out. Miss Wynne disliked this, and it is reported that Mrs. Ferguson and she, meeting after church, had nearly come to blows, because Mrs. Ferguson had said the people who made the war should be in the war, and on this the old lady desired to know if this arrow was meant for her or for her nephew. Mrs. F., not lacking courage, said she might choose.

"So Madam Wynne is pulled this way and that, and I must go alone; and I shall have a lieutenant's

commission, and a pretty fellow am I to order other men about. I like best the continental line."

I saw Jack the day after my ride with Miss Peniston. I said sadly that he was right, and we talked it all over that week, running down the river at early morning after ducks, and through the wide channel between League Island and the Neck; or else we were away to Red Bank, or to the Jersey coast, if the ice permitted, as it often did. It was a wonderful, open winter, as it chanced, and we had more than our usual share of the ducks, which were very abundant. As we lay in the gray weeds below the bluff at Red Bank, we little thought of what it was to see. Our gallant Mercer, who fell at Princeton, was to give a name to the fort we built long after; and there, too, was to die Count Donop, as brave a man, far from home, sold by his own prince to be the hireling of a shameful king.

The ducks flew over thick, and between times, as we waited, we talked at intervals of the war, of Montgomery's failure to capture Quebec, and of the lingering siege of Boston; of how the brutal destruction of Norfolk in December had stirred the Virginians, and indeed every true heart in the colonies. Jack would write when occasion served.

That last day (it was now February, as I have said) we supped with my aunt, Jack and I. After the meal was over, she went out of the room, and, coming back, gave Jack a handsome, serviceable sword, with a proper sash and tie. Then she must make him take a hundred pounds in a purse she had netted; and

when he would not she said he was going to school, and must have a tip, and would hear no more, and kissed him, at which he got very red. Indeed, she was deeply moved, as was plain to see from the way she talked, speaking fast, and saying all manner of foolish things.

This business of the sword troubled me more than it ought to have done, and I resolved that nothing should long keep me out of the field; but alas! it was many a day before my going became possible. And so my Jack went away, and Miss Peniston.

The war was dull for a time, as the armies got ready for a spring at each other's throats. At last, in March, his Excellency seized Dorchester Heights, and Boston became no longer tenable. Howe left it on March 17, and, what was as desirable, some two hundred cannon and vast stores of ammunition. Then, on Cambridge Common, our chief threw to the free winds our flag, with its thirteen stripes, and still in the corner the blood-red cross of St. George.

Late in this winter of '75–'76, an event took place, or rather the sequel of an event, which made me feel deeply the embarrassment in which the condition of my aunt and father placed me. He who reads may remember my speaking of a young fellow whom I saw at the Woodlands, John Macpherson. I took a great fancy to him later, and we fished and shot together until he went away, in August of '75, to join Arnold for his wild march into Canada.

His father, broken and sad, now brought to my aunt the news of his son's death in the assault on

Quebec, and, speechless with grief, showed her the young fellow's letter, writ the night before he fell. He wrote, with other matter: "I cannot resist the inclination I feel to assure you that I experience no reluctance in this cause to venture a life I consider as only lent, and to be used when my country demands it." He went on to say that, if he died, he could wish his brother William, an adjutant in the king's army, would not continue in the service of our enemies. I saw, too, General Schuyler's letter of condolence, but this was later.

Nothing had moved me like this. I went away, leaving the father and my aunt. People came to this strong woman, sure of her tenderest help, and I trust she comforted her friend in his loss. This was the first officer of our own set our city lost in war, and the news, I think, affected me more than any. How, indeed, could I dare to stay when the best manhood of the land was facing death in a cause as dear to me as to any?

In June a new calamity fell on me, or I should say on my father; for I felt it but little, or only as in some degree a release from bonds which I hesitated to sever by my own act. On the morning of June 25, my father called me into his counting-room, and, closing the door, sat down, I, as was thought fit, standing until told to be seated. Since he made no sign of any such desire on his part, I knew at once that this was not to be a talk about our affairs, in which, I may say, I had no interest except as to a very moderate salary.

"Thou wilt have to-day a call from Friend Pemberton. The overseers are moved, at last, to call thee to an account. I have lost hope that thou wilt forsake and condemn thy error. I have worked with the overseers to give thee and thy friend, John Warder, time, and this has been with tenderness accorded. No good is yet come of it. If this private admonition be of no effect, thy case will come before overseers again, and thou wilt be dealt with as a disorderly person, recommended to be disowned, when thy misdeeds come to be laid before the Quarterly Meeting for discipline. Already the Yearly Meeting hath found fault with us for lax dealing with such as thou art. Thou hast ceased to obey either thy father or thy God, and now my shame for thee is opened to all men."

Not greatly moved I listened to this summary of what was to happen. "It is too late," I said, "to argue this matter, my dear father. I cannot sin against my conscience. I will receive Mr. Pemberton as thy friend. He is a man whom all men respect and many love, but his ways are no longer my ways. Is that all?" I added. I feared any long talk with my father. We were as sure to fall out at last as were he and my Aunt Gainor.

"Yes," he said; "that is all. And tell Wilson to bring me the invoice of the 'Saucy Sally.'"

This time neither of us had lost temper. He had transacted a piece of business which concerned my soul, and I had listened. It had left me sore, but that was an old and too familiar story. Reflecting

on what had passed in the counting-house,—and my conclusion now shows me how fast I was growing older,—I put on my hat at once, and set out to find the overseer deputed to make a private remonstrance with my father's son. I suppose that my action was also hastened by a disinclination to lie still, awaiting an unpleasant and unavoidable business.

Finding James Pemberton in his office, I told him that my errand was out of respect to relieve him of the need to call upon a younger man. He seemed pleased, and opened the matter in a way so gentle and considerate that I am sure no man could have bettered the manner of doing it. My attention to business and quieter life had for a time reassured the overseers. He would not speak of blood-guiltiness now, for out of kindness to my distressed parent they had seen fit to wait, and for a time to set it aside. My father had been in much affliction, and Friends had taken note of this. Now he had to call to my mind the testimony of Friends as to war, and even how many had been reported to the Yearly Meeting for Sufferings on account of righteous unwillingness to resist constituted authority, and how men of my views had oppressed and abused them. Had I read the letter of the Yearly Meeting of 1774, warning members not to depart from their peaceful principles by taking part in any of the political matters then being stirred up, reminding all Friends that under the king's government they had been favoured with a peaceful and prosperous enjoyment of their rights, and the like?

I listened quietly, and said it was too late to discuss these questions, which were many; that my mind was fully made up, and that as soon as possible I meant to enter the army. He had the good sense to see that I was of no inclination to change; and so, after some words of the most tender remonstrance, he bade me to prayerfully consider the business further, since overseers would not meet at once, and even when they did there would be time to manifest to Friends a just sense of my errors.

I thanked him, and went my way, making, however, no sign of grace, so that, on July 4 of this 1776, late in the evening, I received in my aunt's presence a letter from Isaac Freeman, clerk of the Meeting, inclosing a formal minute of the final action of Friends in my case.

"What is that?" said Aunt Gainor, very cheerful over a letter of thanks to her for having sold at cost to the Committee of Safety the cloth of Holland and the blankets she had induced my father to buy for her. She had stored them away for this hour of need, and was now full of satisfaction because of having made my father the means of clothing the continental troops.

"Read it aloud. What is it, sir?" I was smiling over what a few years before would have cost me many a bitter thought.

"Give it me! What is it?" Then she put on a pair of the new spectacles with wire supports to rest on the ears. "Dr. Franklin gave me these new inventions, and a great comfort too. I cannot endure

bridge glasses; they leave dents in one's nose. You have not seen him lately. He was here to-day. You should see him, Hugh. He was dressed very fine in a velvet coat with new, shilling buttons, and bless me! but he has got manners as fine as his ruffles, and that is saying a good deal—Mechlin of the best. You would not know the man."

With this she began to look at my letter. "Hoity-toity, sir! this is a fine setting down for a naughty Quaker." And she read it aloud in a strong voice, her head back, and the great promontory of her nose twitching at the nostrils now and then with supreme contempt:

"'To Hugh Wynne: A minute, this Tenth-day of Sixth-month, 1776, from the monthly Meeting of Friends held at Philadelphia.

"'Whereas Hugh Wynne hath had his birth and education among Friends, and, as we believe, hath been convinced of that divine principle which preserves the followers thereof from a disposition to contend for the asserting of civil rights in a manner contrary to our peaceful profession, yet doth not manifest a disposition to make the Meeting a proper acknowledgment of his outgoings, and hath further declared his intention to continue his wrong-doing;

"'Therefore, for the clearing of truth and our society, we give forth our testimony against such breaches, and can have no unity with him, the said Hugh Wynne, as a member of our society until he become sensible of his deviations, and come to a sense

of his error, and condemn the same to the satisfaction of Friends; which is that we, as Christian men, desire.

"'Signed in, and on behalf of, the Meeting by

"'ISAAC FREEMAN,

"'*Clerk.*'

"What insolent nonsense!" cried Miss Wynne. "I hope your father is satisfied. I assure you I am. You are free at last. Here was James Warder to-day with a like document to the address of my dear Jack. I was assured that it was a terrible disgrace. I bade him take snuff and not be any greater fool than nature had made him. He took my snuff and sneezed for ten minutes. I think it helped him. One can neither grieve nor reason when one is sneezing. It is what Dr. Rush calls a moral alterative. Whenever the man fell to lamenting, I gave him more snuff. I think it helped him. And so the baa-lambs of Meeting have disowned their two black sheep. Well, well! I have better news for you. Mr. Carroll was here just now, with his charming ways. One would think when he is talking that one is the only woman alive. If I thought the priests taught him the trick, I would turn papist. You should observe his bow, Hugh. I thought Mr. Chew's bow not to be surpassed; but Mr. Carroll—oh, where was I?"

"Some good news," I said.

"Yes, yes. He tells me the Congress this evening voted for a Declaration of Independence."

"Indeed!" I cried. "So it has come at last. I,

too, am free, and it is time I went away, Aunt Gainor."

"We will see," she said. "How can I do without you? and there is your father too. He is not the man he was, and I do not see, Hugh, how you can leave him yet."

It was too true, as my last interview had shown me. He was no longer the strong, steadily obstinate John Wynne of a year or two back. He was less decisive, made occasional errors in his accounts, and would sometimes commit himself to risky ventures. Then Thomas Mason, our clerk, or my aunt would interfere, and he would protest and yield, having now by habit a great respect for my aunt's sagacity, which in fact was remarkable.

I went back to my work discontented, and pulled this way and that, not clearly seeing what I ought to do; for how could I leave him as he now was? My aunt was right.

Next day I heard Captain John Nixon read in the state-house yard the noble words of the declaration. Only a few hundred were there to hear it, and its vast consequences few men as yet could apprehend. Miss Norris told me not long after that she climbed on a barrow and looked over their garden wall at Fifth street and Chestnut; "and really, Mr. Wynne, there were not ten decent coats in the crowd." But this Miss Norris was a hot Tory, and thought us all an underbred mob, as, I fear, did most of the proprietary set—the men lacking civil courage to fight on either side, and amazed that Mr. Wilson, and

INDEPENDENCE HALL.

As restored in 1898.

Mr. Reed, and Mr. Robert Morris, and the Virginia gentry, should side with demagogues like Adams and Roger Sherman.

And so time ran on. I fenced, drilled, saw my companions drift away into war, and knew not how to escape. I can now look back on my dismissal from Meeting with more regret than it gave my youth. I have never seen my way to a return to Friends; yet I am still apt to be spoken of as one of the small number who constitute, with Wetherill and Owen and Clement Biddle, the society of Friends known as Free Quakers. To discuss why later I did not claim my place as one of these would lead me to speaking of spiritual affairs, and this, as I have elsewhere said, I never do willingly, nor with comfort to myself.

One afternoon in September of this year I was balancing an account when my father came in and told me that Mason, our clerk, had just had a fall in the hold of one of our ships. The day after I saw him, and although his hurts were painful they hardly seemed to justify my father in his desire that now at last he should take a long rest from work.

This threw all the detail of our affairs as largely into my hands as was possible with a man like my father. I think he guessed my intention to leave him for the army, and gladly improved this chance to load me with needless affairs, and all manner of small perplexities. My aunt was better—in fact, well; but here was this new trouble. What could I do? My father declared that the old clerk would

soon be able to resume his place, and meanwhile, he should have no one to help him but me. Now and then, to my surprise, he made some absurd business venture, and was impatient if I said a word of remonstrance. Twice I was sent to Maryland to see after our tobacco plantations. I was in despair, and became depressed and querulous, seeing no present way, nor any future likelihood, of escape. My father was well pleased, and even my aunt seemed to me too well satisfied with the ill turn which fate had done me. My father was clearly using the poor old clerk's calamity as an excuse to keep me busy; nor was it at all like him to employ such subterfuges. All his life long he had been direct, positive, and dictatorial; a few years back he would have ordered me to give up all idea of the army, and would as like as not have punished resistance with cold-blooded disinheritance. He was visibly and but too clearly changing from the resolute, uncompromising man he had once been. Was he cunning enough to know that his weakness was for me a bondage far stronger than his more vigorous rule had ever been?

XV

MY personal difficulties were not made more easy to bear by the course of public events. Howe had taken New York. In November Fort Washington fell. Jack, who was within its walls, got away, but was slightly wounded. Our English general, Lee, had begun already to intrigue against Mr. Washington, writing, as Dr. Rush confided to my aunt, that he, Lee, ought to be made dictator. My aunt received the impression that the doctor, who loved his country well, was becoming discontented with our chief; but neither then nor later did she change her own opinion of the reserved and courteous Virginian.

He soon justified her views of his capacity. On December 1 he broke down the bridges in his rear over the Raritan, and marched through Jersey with a dwindling army. At Princeton he had but three thousand men; destroying every boat, he wisely put the broad Delaware between his army and the enemy.

Lord Cornwallis halted at the river, waiting for it to freeze that he might cross, and until this should happen went back with Howe to New York. About December 15 of '76, General Lee was captured, and,

strange as it may now seem, no calamity yet come upon us created more consternation. Meanwhile our own alarmed citizens began to bury their silver plate. While the feeble were flying, and the doubtful were ready to renew their oath to the king, the wary and resolute commander-in-chief saw his chance.

To aid his courageous resolve came Sullivan and Gates from Lee's late command. "At sunset on Christmas day we crossed the Delaware," writes Jack. "My general was in a small boat, with Knox, and two boatmen. We were ten hours in the ice, and marched nine miles, after crossing, in a blinding storm of sleet. By God's grace we took one thousand of those blackguard Hessians, and, but for Cadwalader's ill luck with the ice, would have got Donop also. I had a finger froze, but no worse accident.

"I dare say you know we fell back beyond Assunpink Creek, below Trenton. There we fought my lord marquis again with good fortune. Meanwhile he weakened his force at Princeton, and, I fancy, thought we were in a trap; but our general left fires burning, passed round the enemy's left, and, as we came near Princeton at sunrise, fell upon Colonel Mawhood on his way to join Cornwallis. I was close to General Mercer when we saw them, and had as usual a fit of the shakes, hang them! Luckily there was small leisure to think.

"In the first onset, which was fierce, our brave general was mortally wounded; and then, his Excellency coming up, we routed them finely. So away went Cornwallis, with the trapped hot after the trap-

WHERE WASHINGTON CROSSED THE DELAWARE.

The view is from the New Jersey shore.

pers. We have the Jerseys and two thousand prisoners. I do not think even Miss Wynne can imagine what courage it took for our general to turn as he did on an army like that of Cornwallis'. Are you never coming?

"It is sad that the Southern officers look upon us and those of New England as tradesfolk, and this makes constant trouble, especially among the militia, who come and go much as they please. I have had no personal difficulty, but there have been several duels, of which little is said.

"It is to be hoped that Congress will now order all enlistments to be for the war, else we shall soon be in a mortal bad way. Hast heard of Miss Peniston?"

This letter came soon after the smart little winter campaign in Jersey had made us all so happy.

"It will last a good while yet," said James Wilson. "And when are you going, Hugh?" Indeed, I began at last to see a way opened, as we of Friends say; for now, in the spring, our old clerk hobbled back to his desk, and I knew that my father would no longer be left without friendly and familiar help. But before he could assume his full duties August was upon us—August of '77, a year for me most eventful. Darthea's letters to my aunt grew less and less frequent, and, as I thought, had an air of sadness unusual in this gladsome creature. Once she spoke of Captain Wynne as absent, and once that he, like Jack, had had a slight wound in the storm of Fort Washington. Of politics she could say nothing, as her letters had usually to pass our lines.

On July 31 Washington knew that Howe's fleet was off the Delaware capes. Meanwhile he had crossed that river into Pennsylvania, and hurried his army across country, finally encamping on a Saturday at Nicetown, some five miles from Philadelphia. I rode out that evening to meet Jack, whose troop camped even nearer to town, and close to the tents of the headquarters staff. The general lay for this night at Stenton, where our Quaker friends, the Logans, lived. He was shown, I was told, the secret stairway and the underground passage to the stable and beyond, and was disposed to think it curious.

Jack, now a captain, in a new suit of blue and buff, looked brown and hardy, and his figure had spread. but the locks were as yellow and the cheeks as rosy as ever I knew them.

Dear Aunt Gainor made much of him that evening, and we talked late into the night of battles and generals and what had gone with Lord Howe. I went to bed discontented, feeling myself to be a very inconsiderable person, and Jack rode away to camp. The next day being Sunday, the 24th of August, his Excellency marched into town by Front street at the head of the flower of his army, in all about eleven thousand. Fine men they were, but many half clad and ill shod; fairly drilled too, but not as they were later in the war. The town was wild with delight, and every one glad save the Tories and the Quakers, many of whom remained all day in their houses.

This march being made only to exhibit the army to friend and foe, the troops moved out High street

and by the middle ferry across the Schuylkill, on their way toward the Delaware to meet Mr. Howe, who, having landed at the head of Elk River, was now on his way toward Philadelphia. His troops were slow, the roads bad and few, the ague in great force and severe—or so we heard. I rode sadly with our people as far as Darby, and then turned homeward a vexed and dispirited man. It was, I think, on the 4th of August that our general, who had ridden on in advance of his army, first met Marquis Lafayette.

My aunt, who spoke French with remarkable fluency and a calm disregard of accent and inflections, was well pleased to entertain the French gentleman, and at her house I had the happiness to make his acquaintance, greatly, as it proved, to my future advantage. He was glad to find any who spoke his own tongue well, and discussed our affairs with me, horrified at the lack of decent uniforms and discipline, but, like me, pleased with the tall, strong men he saw in our ranks. Later my acquaintance with French was of much use to me; so little can a man tell what value an accomplishment will have for him.

The marquis was very young, and somewhat free in stating his opinions. At this time he thought Mr. Howe intended Charleston, and, like others, was amazed at his folly in not going up the Delaware Bay to land his troops. His strange strategy left Burgoyne to the fate in store for him at Saratoga, where the latter general was to act a first part in a tragic drama much finer than those he wrote, which

took it for granted, I presume, that my aunt would see him, and went past the turbaned black boy despite his small remonstrances. My aunt rose to the full of her great height, her nose in the air, and letting fall a lapful of papers.

"To what," she said, "have I the honour to owe a visit from Mr. Wynne? Is my house an inn, that any officer of the king may enter whether I will or not?"

Although he must have been surprised, he was perfectly at his ease. Indeed, I envied him his self-possession.

"Madam," he said, "I am charged with a letter from Miss Peniston."

"You may put it on the table," says Mistress Wynne. "My brother may choose his society. I ask the same privilege. It will not consist of gentlemen of your profession."

Mr. Wynne's face grew black under its dark skin. "Madam," he said, "I stay nowhere as an unwelcome guest. I thank you for past kindness, and I humbly take my leave. I could have done you a service as to this business of the quartering of officers, and you shall still have my good offices for the sake of the many pleasant hours I have passed in your house. As my Cousin Hugh says nothing, I am glad to think that he is of a different opinion from that which you have put in words so agreeably." With this he went away, leaving my aunt red in the face, and speechless with wrath.

I thought he had the best of it; but I merely said,

"My dear aunt, you should not have been so hard with him." I did, indeed, think it both unwise and needless.

"Stuff and nonsense!" says Miss Wynne, walking about as my father used to do. "I do not trust him, and he has got that girl in his toils, poor child! I wonder what lies he has told her. How does he hold her? I did think that was past any man's power; and she is unhappy too. When a woman like Darthea begins to find a man out, she can't help showing it, and some are more frank on paper than in talk; that is her way. I am afraid I made mischief once, for I told him long ago that I meant her to marry you; and then I saw he did not like it, and I knew I had been a goose. Whatever is the reason he hates you, Hugh? Oh yes, he does—he does. Is it the woman? I will have no redcoats in my house."

I got a chance to say—what I was sorry to have to say—how little need there was for him to fear poor me, whom Darthea wished to have nothing to do with, I thought.

"Her loves are like her moods, my dear Hugh; who knows how long they will last? Until a woman is married she is not to be despaired of."

I shook my head sadly and went out.

I returned late in the evening, to order my horse to be saddled and sent to me before breakfast next morning; for I kept it at no cost in my aunt's ample stable. To my horror, I found a sentinel at the door, and the hall full of army baggage. In the parlour was a tall Hessian, General von Knyphausen, and

Count Donop and others, smoking, much at their ease. They were fairly civil, but did not concern themselves greatly if I liked it or not. I found my aunt in bed, in a fever of vain anger.

She had the bed-curtains drawn, and when I was bid to enter, put aside the chintz so as to make room for her head, which appeared in a tall nightcap. I am unfit, I fear, to describe this gear; but it brought out all her large features very strongly, and to have seen her would have terrified a Hessian regiment.

"My house is full of Dutch dogs," she cried. "As soon as they came they ordered bones." In fact, they had asked quite civilly if they might have supper.

"I saw them at their feed," says my aunt, "and the big beast, General Knyphausen, spread my best butter on his bread with his thumb, sir—his thumb! Count Donop is better; but Von Heiser! and the pipes! heavens!" Here she retreated within her curtains, and I heard her say, "Bessy Ferguson saw them come in, and must sail across the street and tell Job—the page with the turban—to congratulate me for her, and to advise me to get a keg of sauerkraut."

I assured my aunt that fortunately these were gentlemen, but she was inconsolable, declaring herself ill, and that Dr. Rush must come at once.

"But," I said, "he is gone with all the Congress to York."

"Then I shall die," moaned my aunt.

At last, knowing her well, I said, "Is it not too sad?"

"What's that? What?"

"Mr. Howe has taken Mrs. Pemberton's carriage and the pair of sorrels for his own use."

At this my Aunt Gainor's large face reappeared, not as melancholic as before, and I added, "Friend Waln has six to care for, and Thomas Scattergood has the Hessian chaplain and a drunken major. The rest of Friends are no better off."

"Thank the Lord for all His mercies!" said Miss Wynne.

"And Mr. Cadwalader's house on Little Dock street Sir William has."

"A pity that, Hugh. The fine furniture will pay for it, I fear. I think, Hugh, I am better, or I shall be soon."

"They talk of the Meeting over the way for a barrack, Aunt Gainor." Now this was idly rumoured, but how could one resist to feed an occasion so comic?

"I think I should die contented," said Miss Wynne. "Now go away, Hugh. I have had my medicine, and I like it." She was quick at self-analysis, and was laughing low, really happier for the miseries of her Tory acquaintances.

After the bedroom comedy, which much amused me and out of which my aunt got great comfort, she was inclined to be on better terms with the officers so abruptly thrust upon her. For a while, however, she declined to eat her meals with them, and when told that they had had Colonel Montresor to dine, and had drunk the king's health, she sent all the glasses they had used down to the blacks in the kitchen,

and bade them never to dare set them on her table again. This much delighted Count Donop, who loved George of Hanover no better than did she, and I learned that she declared the bread-and-butter business was the worst of Von Knyphausen, and was no doubt a court custom. As to Count Donop, she learned to like him. He spoke queer French, and did not smoke. "*Je ne foume pas chamais, madame,*" he said; "*mais le Cheneral, il foume touchours, et Von Heiser le meme,*" which was true. The count knew her London friends, and grieved that he was sent on a service he did not relish, and in which later he was to lose his life.

My aunt fed them well, and won at piquet, and declared they were much to be pitied, although Von Heiser was a horror. When he had knocked down her red-and-gold Delft vase, the gods and the other china were put away, and then the rugs, because of the holes his pipe ashes burned, and still she vowed it was a comfort they were not redcoats. Them she would have poisoned.

Captain André alone was an exception. When, in 1776, he was made a prisoner by Montgomery in Canada, and after that was on parole at Lancaster, I met him; and as he much attracted me, my aunt sent him money, and I was able to ease his captivity by making him known to our friends, Mr. Justice Yeates and the good Cope people, who, being sound Tories, did him such good turns as he never forgot, and kindly credited to us. Indeed, he made for my aunt some pretty sketches of the fall woods, and, as I

have said, was welcome where no other redcoat could enter.

My aunt was soon easier in mind, but my own condition was not to be envied. Here was Arthur Wynne at my father's, the Hessians at my aunt's, the Tories happy, seven or eight thousand folks gone away, every inn and house full, and on the street crowds of unmannerly officers. It was not easy to avoid quarrels. Already the Hessian soldiers began to steal all manner of eatables from the farms this side of Schuylkill. More to my own inconvenience, I found that Major von Heiser had taken the privilege of riding my mare Lucy so hard that she was unfit to use for two days. At last my aunt's chicken-coops suffered, and the voice of her pet rooster was no more heard in the land. I did hear that, as this raid of some privates interfered with the Dutch general's diet, one of the offenders got the strappado. But no one could stop these fellows, and they were so bold as to enter houses and steal what they wanted, until severe measures were taken by Mr. Howe. They robbed my father boldly, before his eyes, of two fat Virginia peach-fed hams, and all his special tobacco. He stood by, and said they ought not to do it. This, as they knew no tongue but their own, and as he acted up to his honest belief in the righteousness of non-resistance, and uttered no complaint, only served to bring them again. But this time I was at home, and nearly killed a corporal with the Quaker staff Thomas Scattergood gave my father. The adventure seemed to compensate Miss Wynne for her own

losses. The corporal made a lying complaint, and but for Mr. André I should have been put to serious annoyance. Our boys used to say that the Hessian drum-beat said, "Plunder, plunder, plun, plun, plunder." And so for the sad remnant of Whig gentles the town was made in all ways unbearable.

There are times when the life sands seem to run slowly, and others when they flow swiftly, as during this bewildering week. All manner of things happened, mostly perplexing or sad, and none quite agreeable. On the 28th, coming in about nine at night, I saw that there were persons in the great front sitting-room, which overlooked Dock Creek. As I came into the light which fell through the open doorway, I stood unnoticed. The room was full of pipe smoke, and rum and Hollands were on the table, as was common in the days when Friends' Meeting made a minute that Friends be vigilant to see that those who work in the harvest-fields have portions of rum. My father and my cousin sat on one side, opposite a short, stout man almost as swarthy as Arthur, and with very small piercing eyes, so dark as to seem black, which eyes never are.

I heard this gentleman say, "Wynne, I hear that your brother is worse. These elder brothers are unnatural animals, and vastly tenacious of life." On this I noticed my cousin frown at him and slightly shake his head. The officer did not take the hint, if it were one, but added, smiling, "He will live to bury you; unfeeling brutes—these elder brothers. Damn 'em!"

I was shocked to notice how inertly my father listened to the oath, and I recalled, with a sudden sense of distress, what my aunt had said of my father's state of mind. The young are accustomed to take for granted the permanency of health in their elders, and to look upon them as unchanging institutions, until, in some sad way, reminded of the frailty of all living things.

As I went in, Arthur rose, looked sharply at me, and said, "Let me present my cousin, Mr. Hugh Wynne, Colonel Tarleton."

I bowed to the officer, who lacked the politeness to rise, merely saying, "Pleased to see you, Mr. Wynne."

"We were talking," said Arthur, "when you came of the fight at the river with the queer name—Brandywine, is n't it?"

"No," said my father; "thou art mistaken, and I wished to ask thee, Arthur, what was it thou wert saying. We had ceased to speak of the war. Yes; it was of thy brother."

"What of thy brother?" said I, glad of this opening.

"Oh, nothing, except Colonel Tarleton had news he was not so well." He was so shrewd as to think I must have overheard enough to make it useless to lie to me. A lie, he used to say, was a reserve not to be called into service except when all else failed.

"Oh, was that all?" I returned. "I did hear, Cousin Arthur, that the Wyncote estate was growing to be valuable again; some coal or iron had been found."

"So my mother writes me," said Tarleton. "We are old friends of your family."

"You know," I said, "we are the elder branch." I was bent on discovering, if possible, the cause of my cousin's annoyance whenever Wyncote was mentioned.

"I wish it were true about our getting rich," said Arthur, with the relaxed look about the jaw I had come to know so well; it came as he began to speak. "If it were anything but idle gossip, Tarleton, what would it profit a poor devil of a younger son? They did find coal, but it came to nothing; and indeed I learn they lost money in the end."

"I have so heard," said my father, in a dull way. "Who was it told me? I forget. They lost money."

I looked at him amazed. Who could have told him but Arthur, and why? Until a year back his memory had been unfailing.

I saw a queer look, part surprise, part puzzle, go over Tarleton's face, a slight frown above, as slight a smile below. I fancy he meant to twit my cousin, for he said to me:

"And so you are of the elder branch, Mr. Hugh Wynne. How is that, Arthur? How did the elder branch chance to lose that noble old house?"

My cousin sat rapping with his fingers on the table what they used to call the "devil's tattoo," regarding me with steady, half-shut eyes—a too frequent and not well-mannered way he had, and one I much disliked. He said nothing, nor had he a chance, for I instantly answered the colonel: "My father can tell you."

"About what, Hugh?"

"About how we lost our Welsh estate."

My father at this lifted his great bulk upright in the old Penn chair, and seemed more alive.

"It is Colonel Tarleton who asks, not I."

"It is an old story." He spoke quite like himself. "Our cousin must know it well. My father suffered for conscience' sake, and, being a Friend, would pay no tithes. For this he was cast into jail in Shrewsbury Gate House, and lay there a year, suffering much in body, but at peace, it may surely be thought, as to his soul. At last he was set free on condition that he should leave the country."

"And the estate?" asked Tarleton.

"He thought little of that. It was heavily charged with debt made by his father's wild ways. I believe, too, there was some agreement with the officers of the crown that he should make over the property to his next brother, who had none of his scruples. This was in 1670, or thereabouts. A legal transfer was made to my uncle, who, I think, loved my father, and understood that, being set in his ways, he would defy the king's authority to the end. And so — wisely I think — the overruling providence of God brought us to a new land, where we have greatly prospered."

"And that is all?" said the colonel. "What a strange story! And so you are Wynne of Wynecote, and lost it."

"For a greater gain," said my father. "My son has a silly fancy for the old place, but it is lost — lost

—sold; and if we could have it at a word, it would grieve me to see him cast in his lot among a set of drunken, dicing, hard-riding squires—a godless set. It will never be if I can help it. My son has left the creed of his father and of mine, and I am glad that his worldly pride cannot be further tempted. Dost thou hear, Hugh?"

There was a moment of awkward silence. My father had spoken with violence, once or twice striking the table with his fist until the glasses rang. There was something of his old vehemence in his statement; but as a rule, however abrupt when we were alone, before strangers he was as civil to me as to others. My cousin, I thought, looked relieved as my father went on; and, ceasing to drum on the table, he quietly filled himself a glass of Hollands.

I was puzzled. What interest had Arthur to lie about the value of Wyncote if it was irretrievably lost to us? As my father ended, he glanced at me with more or less of his old keenness of look, smiling a little as he regarded me. The pause which came after was brief, as I have said; for my reflections, such as they were, passed swiftly through my mind, and were as complete as was under the circumstances possible.

"I am sorry for you," said Tarleton. "An old name is much, but one likes to have with it all the memories that go with its ancient home."

"That is true," said I; "and, if my father will pardon me, I like still to say that I would have Wyncote to-day if I could."

"Thou canst not," said my father. "And what we cannot have—what God has willed that we shall not have—it were wise and well to forget. It is my affair, and none of thine. Wilt thou taste some of my newly come Madeira, Friend Tarleton?"

The colonel said "No," and shortly after left us, my cousin going with him.

My father sat still for a while, and then said as I rose, "I trust to hear no more of this nonsense. Thy aunt and thy mother have put it in thy foolish head. I will have no more of it—no more. Dost thou hear?"

I said I would try to satisfy him, and so the thing came to an end.

The day after this singular talk, which so much puzzled me, Arthur said at breakfast that he should be pleased to go with me on the river for white perch. I hesitated; but, my father saying, "Certainly; he shall go with thee. I do not need him," I returned that I would be ready at eleven.

We pulled over toward Petty's Island, and when half-way my cousin, who was steering, and had been very silent for him, said:

"Let her drift a bit; I want to talk to you."

I sat still and listened.

"Why do not you join our army? A commission were easily had."

I replied that he knew my sentiments well, and that his question was absurd.

"No," he said; "I am your friend, although you do not think so. By George! were I you, I would

be on one side or the other. I like my friends to do what is manly and decisive." "Holloa!" thinks I; "has Darthea been talking? And why does he, an officer of the king, want me to go?"

"I shall go some day," I replied, "but when, I know not yet. It seems to me queer counsel to give a good rebel. When does Miss Peniston return?" I said.

"What the deuce has that got to do with it? Yes, she is coming back, of course, and soon; but why do not you join your army?"

"Let us drop that," I said. "There are many reasons; I prefer not to discuss the matter."

"Very good," he said; "and, Hugh, you heard a heap of nonsense last night about Wyncote. Tarleton had too much of your father's rum-punch. Your people were lucky to lose the old place, and how these tales of our being rich arose I cannot imagine. Come and see us some day, and you will no longer envy the lot of beggared Welsh squires."

All of this only helped the more to make me disbelieve him; but the key to his lies I had not, and so I merely said it would be many a day before that could happen.

"Perhaps," he returned; "but who knows? The war will soon be over."

"When will Miss Peniston be in town?" said I.

He was not sure; but said I put it in his mind to say something.

"Well?" said I, on my guard.

He went on: "I am a frank man, Cousin Hugh."

At times he was, and strangely so; then the next

minute he would be indirect or lie to you. The mixture made it hard to understand what he was after.

"I trust," he went on, "that you will pardon me if I say that in England custom does not sanction certain freedoms which in the colonies seem to be regarded as of no moment. I am not of this opinion. Miss Peniston is, I hope, to be my wife. She is young, impulsive, and—well, no matter. Some men take these things coolly; I do not. I am sure you will have the good sense to agree with me. When a woman is pledged to a man, it is fit that she should be most guarded in her relations with other men. I—"

Here I broke in, "What on earth does all this mean?"

"I will tell you. Your aunt writes now and then to Miss Peniston."

"Certainly," said I.

"Yes; she says, too, things concerning you and that lady which are not to my taste."

"Indeed?"

"I have been so honoured as to see some of these famous epistles. I think Darthea is pleased to torment me at times; it is her way, as you may happen to know. Also, and this is more serious, you have yourself written to Darthea."

"I have, and several times. Why not?"

"These letters," he went on, "she has refused to show to me. Now I want to say—and you will pardon me—that I permit no man to write to a woman whom I am to marry unless I do not object."

"Well?" I said, beginning to smile, after my unmanageable habit.

"Here I do object."

"What if I say that, so long as Miss Peniston does not seem displeased, I care not one farthing who objects?"

"By George!" cried he, leaping up in the boat.

"Take care; thou wilt upset the skiff."

"I have half a mind to."

"Nonsense! I can swim like a duck."

"This is no trifle, sir," he returned. "I will allow no man to take the liberty you insist on. It amazes me that you do not see this as I do. I am sorry, but I warn you once for all that I—"

"I am at your service, sir," I broke in.

"Pshaw! nonsense! I am a guest in your father's house. I have thought it my duty, for your sake and my own, to say what I have said. When I know that you have again disobeyed my reasonable and most earnest wish, I shall consider how to deal with the matter. I have been forbearing so far, but I cannot answer for the future."

"Cousin Arthur," I replied, "this seems to me a silly business, in which we have both lost our tempers. I have no hope that Miss Peniston will ever change her mind, and I am free to say to you that I think it useless to persist; but nevertheless—"

"Persist!"

"I said 'persist.' Until Miss Peniston is no longer Miss Peniston, I shall not cease to do all that is in my power to make her change her mind."

"And you call that honourable—the conduct of a gentleman and a kinsman?"

"Yes; I, too, can be frank. I would rather see her marry any other man than yourself. You have sought to injure me, why I shall tell you at my own time. I think you have been deceiving all of us as to certain matters. Oh, wait! I must have my say. If you were—what I do not think you—a straightforward, truthful man, I should think it well, and leave Miss Peniston to what seems to be her choice. You have been frank, and so am I, and now we understand each other, and—no; I heard you to an end, and I must insist that I too be heard. I am not sorry to have had this talk. If I did not care for her who has promised you her hand, I should be careless as to what you are, or whether you have been an enemy in my home while pretending to be a friend. As it is, I love her too well not to do all I can to make her see you as I see you; and this, although for me there is no least hope of ever having a place in her heart. I am her friend, and shall be, and, until she forbids, shall claim every privilege which, with our simpler manners, the name of friend carries with it. I trust I am plain."

"Plain? By heavens! yes. I have borne much, but now I have only to add that I never yet forgave an insult. You would be wiser to have a care. A man who never yet forgave has warned you. What I want I get; and what I get I keep."

"I think," I said, "that we will go ashore."

"With all my heart." And in absolute silence I

pulled back. At the slip he left me without a word, and I secured the boat and walked away, having found ample subject for reflection. Nor was I altogether discontented at my cousin's evident jealousy.

The afternoon of this memorable day I rode out on poor Lucy, whom I had put for safety in our home stables. I went out High to Seventh street, and up to Race street road, where there was better footing, as it had been kept in order for the sport which made us call it Race street, and not Sassafras, which is its real name. I was brought to a stand about Twelfth street, then only an ox-path, by the bayonet of a grenadier, the camps lying about this point. I turned to ride back, when I heard a voice I knew crying:

"Holloa, Mr. Wynne! Are you stopped, and why?"

I said I knew no reason, but would go south. I was out for a ride, and had no special errand.

"Come with me then," he said pleasantly. "I am now the engineer in charge of the defences." This was my Aunt Gainor's old beau, Captain Montresor, now a colonel.

"I am sorry your aunt will see none of us, Mr. Wynne. If agreeable to you, we will ride through the lines."

I asked nothing better, and explaining, awkwardly I fear, that my aunt was a red-hot Whig, we rode south to Spruce street, past the Bettering-house at Spruce and Eleventh streets, where the troops which had entered with Lord Cornwallis were mostly stationed. The main army lay at Germantown, with de-

HIGH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

tachments below the city, on the east and west banks of the Schuylkill, to watch our forts at Red Bank and the islands which commanded the Delaware River and kept the British commander from drawing supplies from the great fleet which lay helpless below.

As we went by, the Grenadiers were drilling on the open space before the poorhouse. I expressed my admiration of their pointed caps, red, with silver front plates, their spotless white leggings and blue-trimmed scarlet coats.

"Too much finery, Mr. Wynne. These are a king's puppets, dressed to please the whim of royalty. If all kings took the field, we should have less of this. Those miserable devils of Mr. Morgan's fought as well in their dirty skin shirts, and can kill a man at murderous distance with their long rifles and little bullets. It is like gambling with a beggar. He has all to get, and nothing to lose but a life too wretched to make it worth keeping."

I made no serious reply, and we rode westward through the governor's woods to the river. As we turned into an open space to escape a deep mud-hole, Mr. Montresor said:

"It was here, I think, you and Mr. Warder made yourselves agreeable to two of our people." I laughed, and said it was a silly business and quite needless.

"That, I believe," he cried, laughing, "was their opinion somewhat late. They were the jest of every regimental mess for a month, and we were inclined to think Mr. Washington had better raise a few regiments of Quakers. Are you all as dangerous?"

"Oh, worse, worse," I said. "Jack Warder and I are only half-fledged specimens. You should see the old fellows." Thus jesting, we rode as we were able until we reached the banks of the Schuylkill, picketed on both shores, but on the west side not below the lower ferry, where already my companion was laying a floating bridge which greatly interested me.

"We have a post on the far hill," he said, "I am afraid to Mr. Hamilton's annoyance. Let us follow the river."

I was able to guide him along an ox-road, and past garden patches across High street, to the upper ferry at Callowhill street. Here he pointed out to me the advantage of a line of nine forts which he was already building. There was to be one on the hill we call Fairmount to command the upper ferry. Others were to be set along to the north of Callowhill street road at intervals to Cohocsink Creek and the Delaware.

The great trees I loved were falling fast under the axes of the pioneers, whom I thought very awkward at the business. Farm-houses were being torn down, and orchards and hedges levelled, while the unhappy owners looked on in mute despair, aiding one another to remove their furniture. The object was to leave a broad space to north of the forts, that an attacking force might find no shelter. About an hundred feet from the blockhouses was to be an abatis of sharpened logs, and a mass of brush and trees, through which to move would be difficult.

I took it all in, and greedily. The colonel no doubt thought me an intelligent young fellow, and was kind enough to answer all my questions. He may later have repented his freedom of speech. And now I saw the reason for all this piteous ruin. Compensation was promised and given, I heard, but it seemed to me hard to be thus in a day thrust out of homes no doubt dear to these simple folk. We went past gardens and fields, over broken fences, all in the way of destruction. Tape-lines pegged to the earth guided the engineers, and hundreds of negroes were here at work. Near to Cohocsink Creek we met the second Miss Chew, riding with her father. He was handsome in dark velvet, his hair clubbed and powdered beneath a flat beaver with three rolls, and at his back a queue tied with a red ribbon. He had remained quietly inactive and prudent, and, being liked, had been let alone by our own party. It is to be feared that neither he nor the ribbon was quite as neutral as they had been. Miss Margaret looked her best. I much dislike "Peggy," by which name she was known almost to the loss of that fine, full "Margaret," which suited better her handsome, uptilted head and well-bred look.

On the right side rode that other Margaret, Miss Shippen, of whom awhile back I spoke, but then only as in pretty bud, at the Woodlands. It was a fair young rose I now saw bowing in the saddle, a woman with both charm and beauty. Long after, in London, and in less merry days, she was described by Colonel Tarleton as past question the handsomest

woman in all England. I fear, too, she was the saddest.

"And where have you kept yourself, Mr. Wynne?" she asked. "You are a favourite of my father's, you know. I had half a mind not to speak to you."

I bowed, and made some gay answer. I could not well explain that the officers who filled their houses were not to my taste.

"Let me present you to Mr. André," said Mr. Shippen, who brought up the rear.

"I have the honour to know Mr. Wynne," said the officer. "We met at Lancaster when I was a prisoner in '76; in March, was it not? Mr. Wynne did me a most kind service, Montresor. I owe it to him that I came to know that loyal gentleman, Mr. Cope, and the Yeates people, who at least were loyal to me. I have not forgotten it, nor ever shall."

I said it was a very small service, and he was kind to remember it.

"You may well afford to forget it, sir; I shall not," he returned. He was in full uniform; not a tall man, but finely proportioned, with remarkably regular features and a clear complexion which was set off to advantage by powdered hair drawn back and tied in the usual ribboned queue.

We rode along in company, happy enough, and chatting as we went, Mr. André, as always, the life of the party. He had the gracious frankness of a well-mannered lad, and, as I recall him, seemed far younger than his years. He spoke very feelingly aside to me of young Macpherson, who fell at Quebec.

He himself had had the ill luck not to be present when that gallant assault was made. He spoke of us always as colonials, and not as rebels; and why was I not in the service of the king, or perhaps that was a needless question?

I told him frankly that I hoped before long to be in quite other service. At this he cried, "So, so! I would not say it elsewhere. Is that so? 'T is a pity, Mr. Wynne; a hopeless cause," adding, with a laugh, that I should not find it very easy to get out of the city, which was far too true. I said there were many ways to go, but how I meant to leave I did not yet know. After I got out I would tell him. We had fallen back a little as we talked, the road just here not allowing three to ride abreast.

"I shall ask the colonel for a pass to join our army," I said merrily.

"I would," said he, as gay as I; "but I fear you and Mistress Wynne will have no favours. Pray tell her to be careful. The Tories are talking."

"Thanks," said I, as we drew aside to let pass a splendid brigade of Hessians, fat and well fed, with shining helmets.

"We are drawing in a lot of men from Germantown," said André, "but for what I do not know. Ah, here comes the artillery!"

I watched them as we all sat in saddle, while regiment after regiment passed, the women admiring their precision and soldierly bearing. For my part, I kept thinking of the half-clad, ill-armed men I had seen go down these same streets a little while before.

"I will go," I said to myself; and in a moment I had made one of those decisive resolutions which, once made, seem to control me, and to permit no future change of plan.

By this time we were come to the bridge over Cohocsink Creek, I having become self-absorbed and silent. The colonel called my attention to his having dammed the creek, and thus flooded the low meadows for more complete defence. I said, "Yes, yes!" being no longer interested.

Mr. Shippen said, "We will cross over to the 'Rose of Bath' and have a little milk-punch before we ride back." This was an inn where, in the garden, was a mineral water much prescribed by Dr. Kearsley. I excused myself, however, and, pleading an engagement, rode slowly away.

I put up my mare in my aunt's stable, and went at once into her parlour, full of my purpose.

I sat down and told her both the talk of two days before with Tarleton and my cousin, and also that I had had in my boat.

She thought I had been foolishly frank, and said, "You have reason to be careful, Hugh. That man is dangerous. He would not fight you, because that would put an end to his relations with your father. Clerk Mason tells me he has already borrowed two hundred pounds of my brother. So far I can see," she went on; "the rest is dark—that about Wyncote, I mean. Darthea, when once she is away, begins to criticise him. In a word, Hugh, I think he has reason to be jealous."

"O Aunt Gainor!"

"Yes. She does not answer your letters, nor should she, but she answers them to me, the minx! a good sign, sir."

"That is not all, aunt. I can stand it no longer. I must go; I am going."

"The army, Hugh?"

"Yes; my mind is made up. My two homes are hardly mine any longer. Every day is a reproach. For my father I can do little. His affairs are almost entirely wound up. He does not need me. The old clerk is better."

"Will it be hard to leave me, my son?"

"You know it will," said I. She had risen, tall and large, her eyes soft with tears.

"You must go," she said, "and may God protect and keep you. I shall be very lonely, Hugh. But you must go. I have long seen it."

Upon this, I begged she would see my father often, and give me news of him and of Darthea whenever occasion served. Then she told me Darthea was to return to the city in two days, and she herself would keep in mind all I had wished her to do. After this I told her of the difficulties I should meet with, and we talked them over. Presently she said, "Wait;" then left the room, and, coming back, gave me a sword the counterpart of Jack's.

"I have had it a year, sir. Let me see," she cried, and would have me put it on, and the sash, and the buff-and-blue sword-knot. After this she put a great hand on each shoulder just as she had done with

Jack, and, kissing me, said, "War is a sad thing, but there are worse things. Be true to the old name, my son." Nor could she bide it a moment longer, but hurried out with her lace handkerchief to her eyes, saying as she went, "How shall I bear it! How shall I bear it!"

She also had for me a pair of silver-mounted pistols, and an enamelled locket with my mother's ever dear face within, done for her when my mother was in England by the famous painter of miniatures, Mr. Malbone.

And now I set about seeing how I was to get away. Our own forces lay at Pennypacker's Mills, or near by; but this I did not know until later, and neither the British nor I were very sure as to their precise situation. It was clear that I must go afoot. As I walked down Second street with this on my mind, I met Colonel Montresor with a group of officers. He stopped me, and, after civilly presenting me, said:

"Harcourt and Johnston"—this latter was he who later married the saucy Miss Franks and her fortune —"want to know if you have duck-shooting here on the Schuylkill."

Suddenly, as I stood, I saw my chance and how to leave the town. I said, "It is rather early, but there are a few ducks in the river. If I had a boat I would try it to-morrow, and then perhaps, if I find any sport, one of you would join me the day after."

"Very good," said they, as well pleased as I.

SECOND STREET, NORTH FROM MARKET STREET, WITH CHRIST CHURCH.

"And the boat?" I said.

The colonel had one, a rather light skiff, he told me. He used it to go up and down to look at the bridges he was now busily laying. When I asked for its use the next day, he said Yes, if I would send him some ducks; adding that I should need a pass. He would send it that evening by a sergeant, and an order for the skiff, which lay on this side at the lower ferry. I thanked him, and went away happy in the success of my scheme.

I came upon André just after. "Not gone yet?" he said.

I replied, "Not yet; but I shall get away."

He rejoined that he would not like to bet on that, and then went on to say that if my aunt had any trouble as to the officers quartered on her, would she kindly say so. The Hessians were rough people, and an exchange might be arranged. Gentlemen of his own acquaintance could be substituted. He himself was in Dr. Franklin's house. It was full of books, and good ones too.

I thanked him, but said I fancied she was Whig enough to like the Hessians better.

On Second street I bought a smock shirt, rough shoes, and coarse knit stockings, as well as a good snapsack, and, rolling them up securely, left them at home in the hay-loft. My sword and other finery I must needs leave behind me. I had no friends to say good-bye to, and quite late in the evening I merely ran in and kissed my aunt, and received eight hun-

dred pounds in English notes, her offering to the cause, which I was to deliver to the general. Her gift to me was one hundred pounds in gold, just what she gave to my Jack. The larger sum she had put aside by degrees. It embarrassed me, but to refuse it would have hurt her.

I carefully packed my snapsack, putting the gold in bags at the bottom, and covering it with the flannel shirts and extra shoes which made up my outfit. I could not resist taking my pistols, as I knew that to provide myself as well in camp would not be possible. The bank-bills I concealed in my long stockings, and would gladly have been without them had I not seen how greatly this would disappoint my aunt. She counted, and wisely, on their insuring me a more than favourable reception. Lastly, I got me a small compass and some tobacco for Jack.

It must be hard for you, in this happier day, when it is easy to get with speed anywhere on swift and well-horsed coaches, to imagine what even a small journey of a day or two meant for us. Men who rode carried horseshoes and nails. Those who drove had in the carriage ropes and a box of tools for repairs. I was perhaps better off than some who drove or rode in those days, for afoot one cannot be stalled, nor easily lose a shoe, although between Philadelphia and Darby I have known it to happen.

I knew the country I was to travel, and up to a point knew it well; beyond that I must trust to good fortune. Early in the evening came a sergeant with the promised order for the boat, and a pass signed

by Sir William Howe's adjutant. At ten I bade my father good-night and went upstairs, where I wrote to him, and inclosed the note in one for my aunt. This I gave to Tom, our coachman, with strict orders to deliver it late the next day. I had no wish that by any accident it should too early betray my true purpose. My gun I ostentatiously cleaned in the late afternoon, and set in the hall.

No one but my aunt had the least suspicion of what I was in act to do. At last I sat down and carefully considered my plan, and my best and most rapid way of reaching the army. To go through Germantown and Chestnut Hill would have been the direct route, for to a surety our army lay somewhere nigh to Worcester, which was in the county of Philadelphia, although of late years I believe in Montgomery. To go this plain road would have taken me through the pickets, and where lay on guard the chief of the British army. This would, of course, be full of needless risks. It remained to consider the longer road. This led me down the river to a point where I must leave it, shoulder my snapsack, and trudge down the Darby road, or between it and the river. Somewhere I must cross the highway and strike across-country as I could to the Schuylkill below Conshohocken, and there find means to get over at one of the fords. Once well away from the main road to Darby and Wilmington, I should be, I thought, safe. After crossing the Schuylkill I hoped to get news which would guide me. I hardly thought it likely that the English who lay at Germantown and Mount Airy

would picket beyond the banks of the Wissahickon. I might have to look out for foraging English west of the Schuylkill, but this I must chance.

I was about to leave home, perhaps forever, but I never in my life went to bed with a more satisfied heart than I bore that night.

AN EAST VIEW OF GRAY'S FERRY ON THE RIVER SCHUYLKILL.

XVI

AT break of day I woke, and, stealing downstairs, took gun, powder-horn, and shot, and in the stable loft put the ammunition in the top of my snapsack; then, quickly changing my clothes, concealed those I had put off under the hay, and so set out.

The town was all asleep, and I saw no one until I passed the Bettering-house, and the Grenadiers cleaning their guns, and powdering their queues and hair, and thence pushed on to the river. The lower ferry, known also as Gray's, lay just a little south of where the Woodlands, Mr. James Hamilton's house, stood among trees high above the quiet river.

A few tents and a squad of sleepy men were at the ferry. I handed my order and pass to the sergeant, who looked me over as if he thought it odd that a man of my class should be so equipped to shoot ducks. However, he read my pass and the order for the boat, pushed the skiff into the water, and proposed, as he lifted my snapsack, to let one of his men row me. I said No; I must drift or paddle on to the ducks, and would go alone. Thanking him, I pushed out into the stream. He wished me good luck, and pocketed my shilling.

It was now just sunrise. I paddled swiftly downstream. Not a hundred yards from the ferry I saw ducks on the east shore, and, having loaded, paddled over to Rambo's Rock, and was lucky enough to get two ducks at a shot. Recrossing, I killed two more in succession, and then pushed on, keeping among the reeds of the west bank. As I passed Bartram's famous garden, I saw his son near the river, busy, as usual, with his innocent flowers.

A half-mile below I perceived, far back of the shore, a few redcoats. Annoyed no little,—for here I meant to land,—I turned the boat, still hidden by the tall reeds, and soon drew up the skiff at Bartram's, where, taking gun and snapsack, I went up the slope. I found Mr. William Bartram standing under a fine cypress his father had fetched as a slip from Florida in 1731. He was used to see me on the river, but looked at my odd costume with as much curiosity as the sergeant had done. He told me his father had died but ten days before, for which I felt sorry, since, except by Friends, who had disowned the good botanist, he was held in general esteem. I hastily but frankly told Mr. Bartram my errand. He said:

"Come to the house. A company or two has just now passed to relieve the lower fort."

After I had a glass of milk, and good store of bread and butter, I asked him to accept my gun, and that he would do me the kindness to return the skiff, and with it to forward a note, for the writing of which Mrs. Bartram gave me quill and paper.

I wrote:

THE BARTRAM HOUSE

"Mr. Hugh Wynne presents his compliments to Mr. Montresor, and returns his skiff. He desires Mr. Montresor to accept two brace of ducks, and begs to express his sincere thanks for the pass, which enabled Mr. Wynne to make with comfort his way to the army. Mr. Wynne trusts at some time to be able to show his gratitude for this favour, and meanwhile he remains Mr. Montresor's obedient, humble servant.

"October 1, 1777.

"Mr. Wynne's most particular compliments to Mr. André. It proved easier to escape than Mr. André thought."

I could not help smiling to think of the good colonel's face when he should read this letter. I glanced at the arms over the fireplace, thanked the good people warmly, and, as I went out, looked back at the familiar words old John Bartram set over the door in 1770:

'T is God alone, Almighty Lord,
The Holy One by me adored.

It seemed the last of home and its associations. I turned away, passed through the grounds, which extended up to the Darby road, and, after a careful look about me, moved rapidly southward. Here and there were farm-houses between spurs of the broken forest which, with its many farms, stretched far to westward. I met no one.

I knew there was a picket at the Blue Bell Inn, and so, before nearing it, I struck into a woodland, and, avoiding the farms, kept to the northwest until

I came on to a road which I saw at once to be Gray's Lane. Unused to guiding myself by compass, I had again gotten dangerously near to the river. I pushed up the lane to the west, and after half an hour came upon a small hamlet, where I saw an open forge and a sturdy smith at work. In a moment I recognised my old master, Lowry, the farrier. I asked the way across-country to the Schuylkill. He stood a little, resting on his hammer, not in the least remembering me. He said it was difficult. I must take certain country lanes until I got into the Lancaster road, and so on.

I did not wish to get into the main highway, where foragers or outlying parties might see fit to be too curious. I said at last, "Dost not thou know thy old prentice, Hugh Wynne?"

I felt sure of my man, as he had been one of the Sons of Liberty, and had fallen out with Friends in consequence, so that I did not hesitate to relate my whole story. He was pleased to see me, and bade me enter and see his wife. As we stood consulting, a man cried out at the door:

"Here are more Hessians." And as he spoke we heard the notes of a bugle.

"Put me somewhere," I said, "and quick."

"No," he cried. "Here, set your snapsack back of this forge. Put on this leather apron. Smudge your face and hands."

It took me but a minute, and here I was, grimy and black, a smith again, with my sack hid under a lot of old iron and a broken bellows.

As they rode up—some two dozen yagers—I let fall the bellows handle, at which my master had set me to work, and went out to the doorway. There, not at all to my satisfaction, I saw the small Hessian, Captain von Heiser, our third and least pleasant boarder, the aide of General Knyphausen. Worse still, he was on Lucy. It was long before I knew how this came to pass. They had two waggons, and, amidst the lamentations of the hamlet, took chickens, pigs, and grain, leaving orders on the paymaster, which, I am told, were scrupulously honoured.

Two horses needed shoeing at once, and then I was told Lucy had a loose shoe, and my master called me a lazy dog, and bid me quit staring or I would get a strapping, and to see to the gentleman's mare, and that in a hurry. It was clear the dear thing knew me; for she put her nose down to my side to get the apples I liked to keep for her in my side pockets. I really thought she would betray me, so clearly did she seem to me to understand that here was a friend she knew. A wild thought came over me to mount her and ride for my life. No horse there of the heavy Brandenburgers could have kept near her. It would have been madness, of course, and so I took my sixpence with a touch of my felt hat, and saw my dear Lucy disappear in a cloud of dust, riding toward the town.

"That was a big risk for thee," said the smith, wiping the sweat from his forehead with his sleeve. "I will mount and ride with thee across-country through the Welsh Barony. There thou wilt not be far from the river. It is a good ten-mile business."

After a little, when I had had some milk and rum, the horses were saddled, and we crossed by an ox-road through the forest past the settlement of Cardington, and then forded Cobb's Creek. A cross-road carried us into the Haverford road, and so on by wood-ways to the old Welsh farms beyond Merion.

We met no one on the way save a farmer or two, and here, being near to the Schuylkill, my old master farrier took leave of me at the farm of Edward Masters, which lay in our way, and commended me to the care of this good Free Quaker.

There I was well fed, and told I need to look out only on this side the river for Tories. They were worse than Hessianers, he said, and robbed like highwaymen. In fact, already the Tories who came confidently back with the British army had become a terror to all peaceful folk between Sweedsboro and our own city. Their bands acted under royal commissions, some as honest soldiers, but some as the enemies of any who owned a cow or a barrel of flour, or from whom, under torture, could be wrested a guinea. All who were thus organised came at length to be dreaded, and this whether they were bad or better. Friend Masters had suffered within the week, but, once over the Schuylkill, he assured me, there need be no fear, as our own partisans and foragers were so active to the north of the stream as to make it perilous for Tories.

With this caution, my Quaker friend went with me a mile, and set me on a wood path. I must be put over at Hagy's Ford, he feared, as the river was

in flood and too high for a horse to wade; nor was it much better at Young's Ford above. Finally he said, "The ferryman is Peter Skinner, and as bad as the Jersey Tories of that name. If thou dost perceive him to talk Friends' language in reply to thy own talk, thou wilt do well to doubt what he may tell thee. He is not of our society. He cannot even so speak as that it will deceive. Hereabouts it is thought he is in league with Fitz." I asked who was Fitz. He was one, I was told, who had received some lashes when a private in our army, and had deserted. The British, discovering his capacity, now used him as a forager; but he did not stop at hen-roosts.

With this added warning, I went on, keeping north until I came to the Rock road, by no means misnamed, and so through Merion Square to Hagy's Ford Lane and the descent to the river. I saw few people on the way. The stream was in a freshet, and not to be waded. My ferryman was caulking a dory. I said:

"Wilt thou set me across, friend, and at what charge?"

To this he replied, "Where is thee bound?"

I said, "To White Marsh."

"Thee is not of these parts."

"No."

He was speaking the vile tongue which now all but educated Friends speak, and even some of these; but at that time it was spoken only by the vulgar.

"It will cost thee two shillings."

"Too much," said I; "but thou hast me caught. I must over, and that soon."

He was long about getting ready, and now and then looked steadily across the stream; but as to this I was not troubled, as I knew that, once beyond it, I was out of danger.

I paid my fare, and left him looking after me up the deep cut which led to the more level uplands. Whistling gaily, and without suspicion, I won the hilltop by what I think they called Ship Lane.

Glad to be over Schuylkill and out of the way of risks, I sat down by the roadside at the top of the ascent. The forest was dense with underbrush on either side, and the hickories, and below them the sumachs, were already rich with the red and gold of autumn. Being rather tired, I remained at rest at least for a half-hour in much comfort of body and mind. I had been strongly urged by my love for Darthea to await her coming; but decisions are and were with me despotic, and, once I was of a mind to go, not even Darthea could keep me. Yet to leave her to my cousin and his wiles I hated. The more I discussed him in the council of my own thoughts, the more I was at a loss. His evident jealousy of one so much younger did seem to me, as it did to my aunt, singular. And why should he wish me to be away, as clearly he did? and why also malign me to my father? I smiled to think I was where his malice could do me no harm, and, rising, pulled my snapsack straps up on my shoulders, and set my face to the east.

Of a sudden I heard to left, "Halt, there!" I saw a long rifle covering me, and above the brush

a man's face. Then stepped out to right, as I obeyed the order, a fellow in buckskin shirt and leggings, with a pistol. I cried out, "I surrender;" for what else could I do? Instantly a dozen men, all armed, were in the road, and an ill-looking lot they were. The leader, a coarse fellow, was short and red of face, and much pimpled. He had hair half a foot long, and a beard such as none wore in those days.

I had but time to say meekly, "Why dost thou stop me, friend?" when he jerked off my sack and, plunging a hand inside, pulled out a pistol.

"A pretty Quaker! Here," and he put back the pistol, crying, as the men laughed, "sergeant, strap this on your back. Quick! fetch out the horses; we will look him over later. Up with him behind Joe! Quick—a girth! We have no time to waste. A darned rebel spy! No doubt Sir William may like to have him."

In truth, no time was lost nor any ceremony used, and here was I strapped to the waist of a sturdy trooper, behind whom I was set on a big-boned roan horse, and on my way home again.

"Which way, Captain Fitz?" said the sergeant. "The ford is high." In a moment we were away, in all, as I noted, about a score.

The famous Tory chief—he was no better than a bold thief—made no reply, but rode northwest with his following for the ford below Conshohocken, as I fancied. He went at speed through the open pine forest, I, my hands being free, holding on to my man as well as I could, and, as you may suppose, not very

happy. A mile away we came out on a broad road. Here the captain hesitated, and of a sudden turned to left toward the river, crying loudly, with an oath, "Follow me!" The cause was plain.

Some twenty troopers came out into the road not a hundred yards distant, and instantly rode down on us at a run. Before we could get as swift a pace, they were close upon us; and then it was a wild and perilous race downhill for the river, with yells, curses, and pistol-balls flying, I as helpless, meanwhile, as a child. The big roan kept well up to the front near the captain. Looking back, through dust and smoke, I saw our pursuers were better horsed and were gaining. A man near me dropped, and a horse went down. With my left hand I caught hold of the strap which fastened me to the rascal in the saddle. He was riding for life, and too scared to take note of the act. I gave the buckle a quick jerk, and it came loose, and the strap fell. I clutched the man by the throat with my right hand, and squeezed his gullet with a death-grip. He made with his right hand for a holster pistol, losing his stirrups, and kicking as if in a fit. I only tightened my grip, and fetched him a crack under the left ear with my unengaged hand. He was reeling in the saddle when, at this instant, I was aware of a horseman on my right. I saw a sabre gleam in air above us, and, letting go my scamp's throat, I ducked quickly below his left shoulder as I swung him to left, meaning to chance a fall. He had, I fancy, some notion of his peril, for he put up his hand and bent forward. I saw the

flash of a blade, and, my captor's head falling forward, a great spout of blood shot back into my face, as the pair of us tumbled together headlong from his horse. I was dimly conscious of yells, oaths, a horse leaping over me, and for a few seconds knew no more. Then I sat up, wiped the blood away, and saw what had happened.

The trooper lay across me dead, his head nearly severed from the trunk, and spouting great jets of blood. A half-dozen dead or wounded were scattered along the road. Not a rod away was the sergeant who had my sack pinned under his horse, and far ahead, in a cloud of dust, that terrible swordsman riding hard after the bandit. Fitz, well mounted, got off, I may add, and, with three or four, swam the river, living to be hanged, as he well deserved.

By the time I was up and staggering forward, bent on recovering my sack, the leader, who had given up the chase, rode toward me. I must have been a queer and horrid figure. I was literally covered with blood and mud. The blood was everywhere,—in my hair, over my face, and down my neck,—but I wanted my precious sack.

"Halt!" he cried out. "Here, corporal, tie this fellow."

"Pardon me," said I, now quite myself. "I was the prisoner of these rascals."

"Indeed? Your name?"

"Hugh Wynne."

"Where from?"

"From the city."

"Where to?"

"To join the army."

"Your business? What are you?"

"Gentleman."

"Good heavens! you are a queer one! We shall see. Are you hurt? No? Great Cæsar! you are an awful sight!"

"I was tied to that fellow you disposed of, and with your permission I will get my snapsack yonder."

"Good; get it. Go with him, corporal, and keep an eye on him."

In a half-hour the dead were stripped and pitched aside, the wounded cared for in haste, and the horses caught.

"Can you ride?" said my captor. "By George, you must!"

"Yes, I can ride."

"Then up with you. Give him a leg."

I wanted none, and was up in a moment on the bare back of a big farm mare; their errand had been, I learned, the purchase of horses. The captain bade me ride with him, and, turning north, we rode away, while the big brute under me jolted my sore bones.

"And now," said the captain, "let me hear, Mr. Wynne, what you have to say. Take a pull at my flask."

I did so, and went on to relate my adventures briefly—the duck-shooting, which much amused him, the escape at the forge, and what else seemed to be needed to set myself right. He looked me over again keenly.

"You had a close thing of it."

"Yes," said I; "you are a terrible swordsman, and a good one, if you will pardon me."

"I meant to cut him on the head, but he put his neck where his head should have been. There is one rascal the less; but I missed the leader. Hang him!"

"He will take care of that," said I.

Then my companion said I must join his troop, and would I excuse his rough dealing with me?

I declared myself well content, and explained as to his offer that I was much obliged, and would think it over; but that I desired first to see the army, and to find my friend, Captain Warder, of the Pennsylvania line.

"Yes; a stout man and dark?"

"No; slight, well built, a blond."

"Good; I know him. I was testing your tale, Mr. Wynne. One has need to be careful in these times." For a few moments he was silent, and then asked sharply, "Where did you cross?"

I told him.

"And are there any outlying pickets above the upper ferry on the west bank?"

I thought not, and went on to tell of the bridging of the river, of the lines of forts, and of the positions held in the city by the Grenadiers and the Highlanders. A large part of the army, I said, was being withdrawn from Germantown, I supposed with a view to attack the forts below the city.

"What you say is valuable, Mr. Wynne." And he

quickened the pace with an order, and pushed on at speed.

It seemed to me time to know into whose company I had fallen, and who was the hardy and decisive rider at my side.

"May I take the liberty to ask with what command I am?"

"Certainly. I am Allan McLane, at your service. I will talk to you later; now I want to think over what you have told me. I tried to get into the city last week, dressed as an old woman; they took my eggs—Lord, they were aged!—but I got no farther than the middle ferry. Are you sure that troops are being withdrawn from Germantown?"

I said I was, and in large numbers. After this we rode on in silence through the twilight. I glanced now and then at my companion, the boldest of our partisan leaders, and already a sharp thorn in the side of General Howe's extended line. He was slight, well made, and dark, with some resemblance to Arthur Wynne, but with no weak lines about a mouth which, if less handsome than my cousin's, was far more resolute.

I was ready to drop from my rough steed when we began, about nine at night, to see the camp-fires of our army on either side of Skippack Creek. A halt at the pickets, and we rode on around the right flank among rude huts, rare tents, rows of spancelled horses,—we call it "hobbled" nowadays,—and so at last to a group of tents, the headquarters of the small cavalry division.

"Halt!" I heard; and I literally almost tumbled off my horse, pleased to see the last of him.

"This way, sir," said McLane. "Here is my tent. There is a flask under the pine-needles. I have no feather-bed to offer. Get an hour's rest; it is all you can have just now. When I find out the headquarters, you must ride again." And he was gone.

I found a jug of water and a towel; but my attempts to get the blood and mud out of my hair and neck were quite vain. I gave it up at last. Then I nearly emptied the flask which McLane had left me, set my sack under my head, pulled up a blanket, and in a minute was out of the world of war and sound asleep.

I do not know how long my slumber lasted on my fragrant bed of pine. I heard a voice say, "Are you dead, man?" And shaken roughly, I sat up, confused, and for a moment wondering where I was.

"Come," said McLane. "Oh, leave your sack."

"No," I said, not caring to explain why.

In a moment I was in the saddle, as fresh as need be, the cool October night-wind in my face.

"Where are we bound?" I asked.

"Headquarters. I want you to tell your own news. Hang the man!" We had knocked down a lurching drunkard, but McLane stayed to ask no questions, and in a half-hour we pulled up in the glare of a huge fire, around which lay aides, some asleep and others smoking. A few yards away was a row of tents.

McLane looked about him. "Holloa, Hamilton!" he cried to a slight young man lying at the fire.

"Tell his Excellency I am here. I have news of importance."

A moment after, the gentleman, who was to become so well known and to die so needlessly, came back, and we followed him to the larger of the tents. As he lifted the fly he said, "Captain McLane to see your Excellency."

On a plain farm-house table were four candles, dimly lighting piles of neatly folded papers, a simple camp-bed, two or three wooden stools, and a camp-chest. The officer who sat bareheaded at the table pushed aside a map and looked up. I was once more in the presence of Washington. Both McLane and I stood waiting—I a little behind.

"Whom have you here, sir?"

"Mr. Wynne, a gentleman who has escaped in disguise to join the army. He has news which may interest your Excellency." As he spoke I came forward.

"Are you wounded, sir?"

"No," said I; "it is another man's blood, not mine" He showed no further curiosity, nor any sign of the amazement I had seen in the faces of his aides-de-camp on my appearance at the camp-fire.

"Pray be seated, gentlemen. Do me the favour, Captain McLane, to ask Colonel Hamilton to return. Mr. Wynne, you said?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

Then, to set myself right, I told him that I had had the honour to have met him at the house of my aunt, Mistress Wynne. "With permission, sir," I added,

"I am charged to deliver to your Excellency eight hundred pounds which Mistress Wynne humbly trusts may be of use to the cause of liberty." So saying, I pulled the English notes out of my long stockings and laid them before him.

"I could desire many recruits like you," he said. "Mr. Hamilton, I beg to present Mr. Wynne. Have the kindness to make memoranda of what he may tell us." He spoke with deliberation, as one who had learned to weigh his words, not omitting any of the usual courteous forms, more common at that time than in our less formal day. General Knox came in as we sat down.

He was a sturdy man with a slight stoop, and had left his book-shop in Boston to become the trusted friend and artillery officer of the great Virginian, who chose his men with slight regard to the tongues of the Southern officers, for whom they were too often "shopkeepers" or "mere traders."

"Report of court martial on Daniel Plympton, deserter," said Knox. The general took the papers, and for ten minutes at least was intently concerned with what he read. Then he took a pen and wrote a line and his name, and, looking up, said, "Approved, of course. Parade his regiment at daybreak for execution. Your pardon, gentlemen." And at once he began to put to me a series of questions rather slowly. The absence of hurry surprised me, young as I was, and not yet apt to take in all I might see. Every minute some one appeared. There were papers to sign, aides coming and going, impatient sounds with-

out, a man's death decreed; but with no sign of haste he went on to finish.

At last he rose to his feet, we also standing, of course. "Are you sure that Sir William has recalled any large force from Germantown?—any large force?"

I knew that the Grenadiers and many Hessians had come in, and a considerable part of the artillery, but to what extent or precisely in what numbers I could not be sure. He seemed to me to be intensely considering what I told him.

At last he said, "You must be tired. You have brought much needed help, and also good news." Why good I did not then understand. "And now what do you desire? How can I serve you, Mr. Wynne?"

I said I wished to be in the ranks for a time, until I learned a little more of the duty.

He made no comment, but turning to McLane, said, "Captain McLane, you will care for this gentleman. I trust occasion may serve, Mr. Wynne, to enable me to offer Mistress Wynne my thanks. When you desire a commission, Mr. Hamilton will kindly remind me of the service you have done your country to-day. You have acted with your usual discretion, Captain McLane. Good-night, gentlemen." We bowed and went out.

On our way back we rode a footpace, while the captain, now ready enough to talk, answered my many questions. "Yes; the general was a reserved, tranquil man, with a chained-up devil inside of him;

could lay a whip over a black fellow's back if a horse were ill groomed, or call a man—and he a general—a d—— drunkard; but that would be in the heat of a fight. An archbishop would learn to swear in the army, and the general had no more piety than was good for men who were here to commit murder."

The next day I set out afoot, as I preferred, to look for Jack, and a nice business I found it. The army was moving down the Skippack road to Worcester township, and the whole march seemed, to me at least, one great bewildering confusion of dust, artillery, or waggons stalled, profane aides going hither and thither, broken fences, women standing at farm-house doors, white and crying, as the long line of our foot passed; and over all rang sharp the clink and rattle of flanking cavalry as the horse streamed by, trampling the ruddy buckwheat-fields, and through ravaged orchards and broken gardens. Overhead, in a great cloud high in air, the fine dust was blown down the line by the east wind. It was thick and oppressive, choking man and horse with an exacting thirst, mocked by empty wells and defiled brooks. No one knew where any one else was, and in all my life, save on one memorable evening, I never heard as great a variety of abominable language.

I had done my best, by some change of underclothes and the industrious use of soap and water, to make my appearance less noticeable; but it was still bad enough, because I had no outer garments except those I was wearing. Had I been better dressed, I had fared better; for in those days clothes were con-

sidered, and you might easily tell by his costume if a man were a mechanic, a farmer, a small trader, or a gentleman.

I fell at last upon an officer who was endeavouring to get his horse a share of wayside ditch water. I said to him, seeing my chance, that his horse had picked up a stone; if he would wait a moment I would knock it out. On this, and upon his thanking me, I asked where I might find Wayne's brigade, for in it, as I knew, was my captain of the Third Pennsylvania Continental foot. He told me it was a mile ahead. Comforted by this news, I walked on, keeping chiefly in the fields, for there alone was it possible to get past the marching columns.

About eleven there was a halt. I passed a lot of loose women in carts, many canvas-covered commissary waggons, footsore men fallen out, and some asleep in the fields,—all the scum and refuse of an army,—with always dust, dust, so that man, beast, waggons, and every green thing were of one dull yellow. Then there was shouting on the road; the stragglers fled left and right, a waggon of swearing women turned over into a great ditch, and with laughter, curses, and crack of whip, two well-horsed cannon and caissons bounded over the field, crashing through a remnant of snake fence, and so down the road at speed. I ran behind them, glad of the gap they left. About a mile farther they pulled up, and going by I saw with joy the red and buff of the Pennsylvania line. Behind them there was an interval, and thus the last files were less dusty. But

for this I should have gone past them. A soldier told me that this was the regiment I sought, and, searching the ranks eagerly as they stood at ease, I walked swiftly along.

"Holloa!" I shouted. I saw Jack look about him. "Jack!" I cried. He ran to me as I spoke. I think I should have kissed him but for the staring soldiers. In all my life I never was so glad. There was brief time allowed for greetings. "Fall in! fall in!" I heard. "March!"

"Come along," he said. And walking beside him, I poured out news of home, of my Aunt Gainor, and of myself.

A mile beyond we halted close to the road near to Methacton Hill, where, I may add, we lay that night of October 2. Having no tents, Jack and I slept on the ground rolled up in Holland blankets, and sheltered in part by a wicky-up, which the men contrived cleverly enough.

I saw on our arrival how—automatically, as it seemed to me—the regiments found camping-grounds, and how well the ragged men arranged for shelters of boughs, or made tents with two rails and a blanket. The confusion disappeared. Sentries and pickets were posted, fires were lit, and food cooked. The order of it seemed to me as mysterious as the seeming disorder of the march.

After some talk with Jack, I concluded to serve as a volunteer, at least for a few weeks, and learn the business better before I should decide to accept the general's kindness. Accordingly I took my place

in the ranks of Jack's company, and, confiding most of my gold to his care, kept in a belt under my clothes not more than six guineas, as I remember. No uniform was to be had at any price; but I was hardly worse off than half of the men who made up our company. A musket, and what else was wanted, I obtained without trouble, and as to the drill, I knew it well enough, thanks to the Irish sergeant who had trained us at home.

Our duties, of course, kept us much apart—that is, Jack and myself; but as he made use, or pretended to make use, of me as an orderly, I was able to see more of him that day than otherwise would have been possible. My pistols I asked him to use until I could reclaim them, and I made him happy with the tobacco I brought, and which I soon saw him dividing among other officers; for what was Jack's was always everybody's. And, indeed, because of this generosity he has been much imposed upon by the selfish.

C0-AEY-864